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THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.
OR
ANNALS OF LITERATURE.
VOL. X.

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SERIES THE THIRD.

VOL. X.

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THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. X.

JANUARY, 1807.

No. I.

ART. I.—*Poems and Plays, by William Richardson, A. M. Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.* Longman, 1805.

ALL the compositions contained in these volumes, except a few very short poems, have already at different times appeared before the public, and undergone the fiery ordeal of criticism. Professor Richardson has now collected all those children of his fancy whom he considers worthy of parental protection, and on whose merits he grounds his claims to the immortality of the poet. He has courted the muse under as many disguises as ever Jupiter assumed in the prosecution of his less chaste amours, but whether or not with the same ultimate success as the heathen god, is now to be decided. At one time he puts on the demure methodistic air of an elegiac bard, and weeps, sighs, and whines in a manner sufficiently deplorable to melt the most obdurate heart. At another, he brightens up into a spruce and fashionable beau, powdered, perfumed, and apparelled in a stile altogether irresistible. Ere long, he starts up in the form and dress of a shepherd, with a becoming crook over his shoulders, and puffing away with zeal and delight on the Scotch bag-pipe. While the prolonged sound of the drone is yet humming in our ears, who should rise before us, but the professor wrapped in the sweeping stole, and treading the lofty buskin in tragedy with a bloody dagger in the one hand, and a poisoned bowl in the other! The volumes are indeed a perfect raree shew. One page is drawn up, and lo! shepherds and their lasses sporting in the vale! Down it falls, and behold an Indian chief with hatchets, scalps, and tomahawks! The eye is soon relieved with the less formidable muster of a volunteer corps advancing against a

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dreadful discharge of blank cartridges, and again is startled at the spectre forms of Fingal, Starno, and other staring heroes. There is, doubtless, something very attractive in this variety of spectacle, and, at the time, we willingly overlook any defects, however glaring, in the execution of the several groups, satisfied with the general effect of the whole contrivance. When reason however begins to assume her sway over the impressions of sense, a revolution of sentiment often takes place in the mind, and we are apt to feel surprise, not unmixed with shame, at the easy liberality with which we bestowed our commendation.

It may not be amiss to follow this poetical Proteus through several of the most remarkable of his transformations. We shall probably find that, under all his disguises, his general appearance retains enough of its original air to discover the concealed professor, and that beneath the sable suit of elegy, the gay attire of Cupid, the commodious kilt of the mountain shepherd, or the gorgeous pall of tragedy, there is a stiffness, or to speak more correctly a pedantry, acquired perhaps from his academical avocations, that does not exactly correspond with any of these characters, and rather tends to exhibit professor Richardson in an awkward point of view. An actor who attempts to perform a great many different characters seldom succeeds remarkably well in any; he is apt to perform them all in one way; to decorate Othello with the polite nonchalance of Ranger, and to carry the air of Scrub into the closet scene of Hamlet.

Let us consider the professor in the first place as a dealer in elegies. There are so many real evils in the world, that if a person is disposed to be exceedingly melancholy, he need not go far out of the ordinary walks of human life to discover topics of lamentation. By seizing on some of the more prominent misfortunes to which poor mortals are subject, and trusting to the emotions of our own reflecting hearts for their embellishment, any man of taste and feeling might easily manufacture a middle-sized poem of such gloomy materials as to awaken doleful associations even in the bosoms of those inclined to be jocular. Of this truth people in general are so well convinced, that they do not feel themselves greatly obliged to a writer who ransacks every corner of his imagination, for hidden images of pain, grief, and despondency. Accordingly, fictitious sorrows are not so delightful to the sensible people of this country as they formerly were, and strains that wail with fancied woe are in general permitted to contribute exclusively to the private enjoyment of the bard by whom they were indited. There is a native manliness in the soul of Britons, that

disdains the whining ejaculations of written grief, and we trust that it will never suffer itself to be subdued by that childish cant of morbid sensibility that many modern poetasters have raised over the island. Professor Richardson may justly be included in the number of these plaintive mourners. We suppose his situation as professor of humanity in the university of Glasgow must be very comfortable. Why then should he terrify himself by such shocking visions as the following ?

‘ Fancy listens to my lay ;
Shrouds in her dusky pall th’ expiring day !
Anon, athwart the burden’d skies
Slowly the deep, congenial glooms arise :
The lonely moan of the forlorn,
On the slow, pausing breath of midnight borne,
Flows from the visionary vale !
Seen by the livid gleam of fear,
Dimly featur’d shapes appear,
And melancholy’s slow-puls’d heart assail :
Glaring fiends and spectres gaunt,
That from the gulf of horror rise, avault !’ Vol. I. p. 80:

With such acquaintance as here described constantly dangling at one’s heels, existence must be very uncomfortable. But our author is quite another melancholy Jacques ; he thinks nothing of moralizing on a stream half a summer’s day, and ‘ loses and neglects the creeping hours of time’ in very stale and unprofitable musings. Alluding to an oak that was shattered by a whirlwind, he proceeds thus :—

‘ Sweet emblem ! will the minstrel say
Who sighs and pours the plaintive lay ;
And bending o’er the sculptur’d urn
Invokes the tuneful nine to mourn :
Sweet emblem ! will the minstrel say
And sigh and pour the plaintive lay ;
And grieve that merit cannot save
From dire disease and an untimely grave.’ Vol. I. p. 82.

So completely has professor Richardson weakened his mind by such sickly effusions poured forth under a doze of imaginary evil, that when a subject of real interest occurs, he has nothing to bestow on it, but the lowest dregs of exhausted sentiment. He begins an elegy on the death of a young lady of his acquaintance as follows :

‘ Ah ! shepherds, what a lamentable change !
Behold that cheek where youth and beauty bloom’d
Lifeless and pale !’

In a little time, he exclaims in the affectation of phrenzy,

‘Wake! lovely maid! but she can ne’er awake!
For who can burst the fetters of the tomb?’

And again:

‘Ah me! if heavenly charms
Or softest melody could soothe the rage
Of rueful fate, our Phœbe had not died!’

He then goes on to prove, which he does by the most irrefragable arguments, that all men are mortal. (Vol. I. p. 59.) But the following elegiac hymn on an highly interesting subject is quoted by us as the very worst combination of words in the way of poetry existing in the English language.

‘*Hymn for the anniversary Meeting of the Glasgow Society of the Sons of the Clergy.*’

‘Shall they whose pious parents were
Devoted to the Lord,
Bow’d at his altar and unseal’d
His everlasting word,

‘Strove with his people and subdued
Their heart to melt in prayer,
Or glow with thanksgiving, be doom’d
To wrestle with despair?’

‘Tho’ cold and crumbling in the dust,
The pious father lies;
Jehovah! tho’ no more on earth
His orisons arise;

‘Thou carest for his children, thou
Wilt shield them from all ill:
They, if they trust in thee will have
In thee a father still, &c.’ Vol. I. p. 100.

But,

‘Away with melancholy no doleful changes ring
On life and human folly, but merrily, merrily sing fa, la!’

And this well-known verse of a jolly popular song, introduces very neatly to our notice the professor as a votary of Cupid, chanting hymns and epithalamia with vast effect. He has now doff’d ‘the trappings and the suits of woe,’ and shakes his quiver with all possible archness and malice. The ‘fruitful river in the eye’ is dried up to its very channel, and the ‘windy suspiration of forced breath’ is softened down into the sigh of languishment and desire. In an address to a sky-lark, after many pretty little advices, he tells it ‘to seek the bower where Ino lies,’ and exclaims,

' Go ! flutter round her heaving breast,
But oh ! while thus supremely blest !
Waste not thy time in silent gaze.
But warble wild thy native lays !
Or sing of Ino, and delay
For once to hail returning day !' Vol. I. p. 22.

After telling the lark not to *waste his time*, we little expected that he was to improve it in the empty task of singing, an occupation neither new nor interesting to an animal who had nothing else to do all the days of the week.

It would be no easy task to give a general character of the amorous verses addressed by professor Richardson to his various mistresses, under the names of Ino, Daphne, Lesbia, &c. His own opinion of them, however, is expressed in the following verses of an Anacreontic :

' When I sing the power of love,
Melody delights the grove !
Fragrant blooming flowers arise,
Breathing incense to the skies ;
Soft as evening zephyr's blow,
The ambling easy numbers flow,
And by this proof convinced I see,
O love ! I have no muse but thee !' Vol. I. p. 69.

We cannot however quit the professor as a votary of Cupid, without shortly noticing the ' Epithalamium on the marriages of the duchess of Athol, and of the honourable Mrs. Graham of Belgowan.' Whether he was afraid to trust his fancy with such warm images as the celebration of the marriage ceremony naturally excites, or was of opinion that all earthly passions were too sinful to enter the pure bosoms of the above mentioned ladies and their husbands, we shall not stop to conjecture ; but true it is that throughout the whole of the said epithalamium, not even the most distant hint of marriage is dropped, nor any feeling described that might lead the reader to imagine that the poet was speaking of living creatures. It resembles a charade for the Lady's Magazine, and we think few unmarried females could discover its solution. After a description of the month of May, which is commonly supposed more favourable to intrigue than matrimony, he proceeds thus :

' ———'Twas then where Doran guides
His winding current, in a verdant vale,
Ling'ring with fond delay, and raptur'd all
With the adornment of a cultur'd hill,
Lav'd by his wand'ring wave, the rural swains
Beheld two roses of illustrious stem

Blushing with orient bloom. The morning dew
Lay on their leaves, impearling them.

* * * * *

'No noisome weed was near them, and no shrub
Of noxious quality, with fast embrace
Twining insidious mid the tender shoots,
Empoison'd them.'—Vol. I. p. 98.

In short, they were two full-blown roses ripe for the matrimonial bouquet, or in other words, two young ladies weary of a single life. The metaphor is carried on to the end of the poem, and certainly produces a very singular effect. We have seen some verses by a friend on an epithalamium something similar to this one, which appear to describe very accurately the nature of the invention.

Hark! the rapt bard of love and marriage sings,
While o'er his harp vex'd Cupid flaps his wings,
And wonders much, yet wonders still in vain,
What means the strange, inexplicable strain!
Tho' beauty ask, and love inspire the theme,
The dearest names that bless the poet's dream;
Tho' blushing Venus half unveils her charms,
And bright-eyed Hymen spreads his eager arms;
While in glad smile and changing cheek appear
The bridegroom's ardour, and the virgin's fear;
Far from the naughty sight our chaste bard flies,
And to preserve his morals, shuts his eyes!
Unlike the warmth of Ovid's amorous strain,
Or modern Little's love-descriptive vein,
His frigid verse no glowing charm reveals,
Nor lovelier renders what its art conceals.
In classic phrase he speaks of hooks and crooks,
And streams that commune with the babbling brooks,
'Till after balmy gales and vernal showers
And shrewd discourses from tongue-gifted flowers,
The wond'ring reader to the end when carried
Learns from all this—a loving pair were married!
Thus while the board with various dishes spread,
The glorious sirloin smoking at the head,
With watery mouth the tantalized sinner
D——s the long grace that keeps him from his dinner!

We come now to consider our author in the light of a shepherd swain, unacquainted with the noise of cities, and invested with the simple air of rusticity. He performs this part with considerable dexterity, and has contrived to write verses as guiltless of all signification, as the silliest talk of the silliest shepherd that ever waved his kilt to the mountain gales of Caledonia.

'Mild,' he sung, 'as orient day,
And beauteous as the bloom of May;
She moves with grace, and speaks with ease,
For nature form'd the fair to please!

* * *

'He paus'd: the swains who by him stood
Replying in a playful mood,
Said archly, we have also seen
The goddess dancing on the green!' Vol. I. p. 26.

* * *

'Tis said, should Virtue leave the skies
And visit earth in mortal guise;
Glowing with elegant desire,
All that beheld her would admire.
With this opinion I agree,
For, Ino, she would smile like thee!

Professor Richardson, however, sometimes forgets that he is a shepherd, and discovers a degree of learning, classical and otherwise, which would become an academical gown better than a tartan plaid. He converses in the most familiar terms with sylvans, fauns, oreads, dryads, naiads, satyrs, and so forth; and dubs himself 'minstrel of the Idalian grove,' a title not to be found in the genealogy of Scottish shepherds. We have heard that the peasantry of Scotland are very well informed; but we hope they do not study the amatory Greek and Latin poets.

Professor Richardson now pays his addresses to the tragic queen, who in due time is delivered of two bantlings, the 'Indians,' and the 'Maid of Lochlin.' We shall offer a few remarks on the respective merits of each. The scene of the 'Indians' is laid in the wilds of North America, and consequently the greatest number of the *Dramatis Personæ* are savages. The heroine, Maraino, however, is sprung from British blood, having been carried off when a child from her murdered parents. We find her married to a chief called Onaiyo, who had inspired her with sentiments of a tender nature by his dexterity in massacring and scalping her countrymen. At the opening of the tragedy this savage is from home fighting General Wolfe, and Maraino is induced to believe, by the cunning of one Yerdal a rejected lover, that he has had the misfortune of being killed. In the mean time a prisoner is brought in, tied neck and heels, who is about to furnish the subject matter of a bonfire, when, he providentially turns out to be Maraino's brother. He had, it seems, contrived to escape at the time the rest of his family had suffered; but the mode of his escape is left to the reader's conjectures. Ere long Onaiyo returns perfectly alive in every respect, and after the expression of some little

jealousy, embraces this new relation, Sydney, who it seems had saved his life in battle, kills the villain Yerdal, and spreads universal joy over the tribe. Such is the outline of the plot, and, though common-place enough, it is certainly not devoid of interest. Some of the scenes are tolerably well executed, particularly the last of the 4th act, where Sydney is supposed to have killed Onaiyo, and his sister hesitates about sacrificing him to the manes of her husband. But on the whole nothing can be worse managed. Every thing is immediately foreseen, whether we will or not; and we are fatigued by tedious narratives of events that we had long ago anticipated. The whole of the first act consists of a conversation between Maraino and her father in law Ononthio, that must have been, both from its dullness and duration, very fatiguing to that worthy old gentleman, and which endangers the perusal of the tragedy by encouraging the influence of sleep. The most gross violation of savage manners every where occurs. In the middle of a battle an amorous and bold savage is represented giving away to an enemy who had felled him to the earth, the wampum belt that his wife had woven and bestowed as an eternal memorial of her love. This belt is afterwards made use of to prove the existence of its former wearer, a poor and unnatural device. Ononthio, an old warrior, is violent in his curses against human sacrifices, though he must have presided at them from his youth, and does not appear to have conversed with the missionaries. Onaiyo, on discovering his wife hanging on the breast of a stranger, walks quietly away to inquire of a friend the meaning of the phenomenon. A savage would instantly have stabbed him. Indeed, the North Americans are represented as a nation of philosophers. They all speak according to the rules of Quintilian for the formation of orators, and they deliver harangues, that in point of style would not yield to a maiden speech in the British senate. This seems not altogether so natural as might have been.

The 'Maid of Lochlin,' which our author chuses to call a lyrical drama, is founded upon a story in Fingal, a poem attributed to Ossian. It was read at one of the meetings of the literary society in Glasgow college, and we suppose Professor Richardson availed himself of the many excellent critical remarks suggested by the collected wisdom of that very learned body of men. The public have therefore a right to expect the Maid of Lochlin to be a perfect beauty. The story is shortly thus: Fingal king of stormy Morven, pays a friendly visit to Starvo king of Denmark, gains the love of his daughter Agandecca, and the

consent of her parents to their marriage, when a wicked high-priest takes it into his head to prophecy that their union will be productive of destruction to the state. On hearing this, Starno withdraws his consent to the match, and Fingal invades Denmark, determined to assert his right to Agandecca by force of arms. Starno is vanquished in single combat, and yields up his daughter in a friendly way to the victor. The shame of defeat, however, rankles in his breast, and after attempting to make away with Fingal, first by poison and then by the sword in both of which attempts he is baffled by the good sense and presence of mind of Agandecca, in revenge he stabs that agreeable young lady, and then decamps to the forest, having first expressed his resolution of becoming a second Nebuchadnezzar. On the whole, this tragedy is scarcely so bad as the 'Indians.' The haughty, revengeful, daring, stern soul of Starno is delineated in a manner not entirely destitute of effect; nor is Agandecca an ill-drawn representative of a mild, timid maiden willing to obey the authority of a parent, yet trembling for the safety of an adored lover. But all the other characters are miserably delineated. The high-priest is an unreasonable idiot-monster, wicked without being terrible, and clothed in all the deformity without any of the sublimity of superstition. Fingal himself is a poor driveller without feeling or energy of any kind, and remarkable solely for great muscular strength. His love for Agandecca, instead of partaking of the violent impetuosity of a youthful warrior, resembles exactly the assumed passion of a considerate old gentleman, who determines on taking a wife for the better management of his household affairs. His bosom-friend Ullin, like the 'fidus Achates' of Æneas, is a perfect cypher; and if we may be allowed to judge from his specimens of poetry, one of the dullest bards that ever woke the Gaelic harp. As for the old queen, it is not easy to know what she would be at. We are sometimes inclined to take her for a good kind of a body, who wishes to conciliate matters as much as possible, and to steer clear of every thing either unpleasant to her own feelings or those of her husband and daughter. At other times she uses poor Agandecca very harshly, and abuses Fingal like a pick-pocket. How she was affected by her daughter's death, the deponent sayeth not, for though she supports the murdered Agandecca in her last moments, she does not open her mouth upon the subject. This silence was perhaps meant for nature, like that of Ajax to Ulysses, and of Dido to Æneas in the shades. But nothing can be more inconsistent with the character of the queen, who seems to have

been chiefly remarkable for want of feeling, and superabundance of loquacity. When writers imitate the ancients let them do so with their eyes open.

We cannot meet with any passage in this tragedy deserving quotation on the score of excellence. The language is uniformly stiff and formal, and occasionally very bombastical. Agandecca replies to a question from her mother concerning her health in the following words :

'Thou hast no child ! I am no more ! this form
Consists of adamant, and is the pillar
That must uphold the globe. Perchance thou deem'st
This arm, thus laced with azure veins, a limb
Fashion'd like thine ; but 'tis of solid marble ;
And Odin's throne rests on this feeble arm.' Vol. I. p. 145.

The rough and boisterous Starno uses this infantine language to Fingal about his daughter's illness :

' A thrill of maidenhood and modest terror ;
An evanescent page of timid coyness.'

How simply natural ! how like the style of ordinary conversation is the following little table talk of the queen !

' O ! that his venturous keel had never plough'd
The foamy ridges of our billowy main !
And that the pine, that bore the snow-white sail,
Still flung her shadow from the rocky steep
That stems the western ocean !'

Professor Richardson might as well have mentioned his theft of this passage from the *Medea* of Euripides, which he has endeavoured to conceal by washing out the original colour of the article, and staining it with the rancid oil of his midnight lamp ; nor would the liver of Sir Richard Blackmore have burned with envy, at the perusal of

' Nay, let perdition
Confound this peopled orb ; shake and convulse
With horrible turmoil, the rocks that rib
Th' embodied earth, and plunge them in the main,
Whose billows dash yon western sky, that bends
To their rude greeting ; or with giant gripe
Tear from his sapphire throne the Lord of day,
Nor ever let usurping night be chased
From her dominion, rather than my soul
Mate with disgrace, stoop, by compulsion stoop
To insult, nor my burning thirst of vengeance
Slake in the life spring of this caittif's blood !'

After such passages as these, how quietly does the mind repose on the following gentle strain !

‘ She breathes her latest breath !
 Heaves a departing sigh !
 How motionless in death
 The lustre of her eye !
 ‘ How chang’d to deadly pale,
 Her cheek so rosy red !
 O youth and old bewail
 Our Agandecca dead ! ! !’

We have now followed professor Richardson with some attention through his various characters. Before bidding him farewell, we shall merely address to him a few general observations. In the first place, he has adhered longer than any modern versifier with whom we are acquainted, to the old-fashioned slang of poetry. We are rarely, now-a-days, provoked with senseless invocations to some imaginary being called a muse, since experience has confirmed the non-entity of all good spirits so denominated. But the professor not only invites her to take an occasional stroll with him among the woods and glens of Scotland, but declares on his word of honour that she has frequently accepted of the invitation, and blessed him with the most loving endearments. In an agony of delight he exclaims : (Vol. I. p. 36.)

‘ In the stream-divided glade
 O how sweet with thee unseen,
 By the bloomy hawthorn shade
 To enjoy the pensive scene !

* * * *

‘ How dear to love and friendship, thou
 Of turtle eye and placid brow ;
 For feelings exquisitely fine,
 And truth and tenderness are thine.’

Instead of calling the morning Aurora, the evening Hesper, and the moon Cynthia, it would have been more sensible, and just as pretty, to have called them by their own names in good king's English.

Another general fault of Mr. Richardson's compositions in verse is his perpetual use of personification. He never speaks of any strong feeling of the mind or striking quality of external nature, without making it a living character. This is a dangerous attempt ; for it frequently leads into extravagance and absurdity, and generally renders the idea so expressed dim, vague, and obscure. A poet of vivid imagination, of great powers of abstraction, and possessed of a copious command of fairy language, like the

mild and plaintive Collins, may, if he chuses, revel in all the luxuriance of imagery, and roam unfettered through the enchanted paradise of visionary personifications. His song will be of the higher mood: obscure only to the obtuse, and extravagant only to the dull; but to spirits touched with congenial fire, bright with the hues of heaven. But shall the feeble poetaster dare to tread the ground that the genius of Collins has hallowed? Let him not be guilty of profanation to the ashes of the mighty dead. He then ceases to be ridiculous; he becomes indecent.

To mention, however, all the faults of style and sentiment that swarm over these volumes, would require a patience and an industry which our readers may be glad we do not possess. Unfortunately, they are all faults arising from sterility of soul. Our author's fancy seems perfectly famished, and reduced to mere skin and bone. Accordingly, she devours whatever comes in her way, less solicitous for dainty morsels, than lumpish gross materials fitted to satisfy the cravings of her voracity. In her eagerness for something to devour, to use the words of Shakspeare, 'she looks even impossible places,' and after rummaging through an ode, comes out at the end of it, with a hungry deploring look that is truly lamentable. Sometimes too, after stumbling by accident upon a tolerably good thing, she gives it a few convulsive mastications, and then throws it aside, much to the credit either of her self-denial or stupidity.

We have been induced to dwell longer on professor Richardson's volumes than they deserve, from our respect for his character as a man of literature. We are truly sorry that he should ever have mistaken his talents so far as to come before the public as a priest of Apollo. Much time must have been lost in the composition of his plays and poems; that might have been usefully and creditably employed. He has shewn in his *Essays on Shakspeare* no contemptible talent for philosophical criticism, and sincerely do we wish that he had addicted himself exclusively to pursuits of that kind. Though he might not, perhaps, have exhibited any new vices of human nature, he might have expressed old ones in a neat and attractive manner, and probably have thus acquired a place at the bottom of the second-rate essayists. In place of this rational conduct he has pursued a road to glory where he has been lost and bewildered, and never advanced a single step farther since the commencement of his journey. Nothing can be more distressing to the feeling heart than to behold a man advanced in years, (as the professor's portrait, prefixed to his poetical works, leads us to

suppose him) staggering about on the great north road of fame, unprovided with the coin of genius to gain admittance through the various turnpikes, and exposed to the sneers and mud of more successful travellers. As friends, we advise him to desist from the journey; and though it may be known at present to some persons, that he has published a long account of his hitherto short excursion, he may console himself with the rational belief that it will soon be forgotten, and that the witnesses of his disgrace will shortly be confined to the unprofaned shelves, set apart for the skeletons of deceased poetry.

ART. II.—*Dissertations on Man, philosophical, physiological, and political; in answer to Mr. Malthus's 'Essay on the Principle of Population.'* By J. Jarrold, M. D. 8vo. Cadell. 1806.

FEW works have produced a stronger impression, or made a more sudden and violent revolution in the sentiments of many, than that, of which it is the object of the present *Dissertations* to expose the fallacy and refute the arguments. Before the appearance of Mr. Malthus's book, several good and wise men, some of whom had perhaps adopted a rather visionary philanthropy, imagined that many essential improvements might be introduced into the present vitiated state of our political institutions; by which the happiness of mankind might be considerably increased; by which the pressure of poverty and woe might be alleviated, and the means of subsistence furnished in greater abundance to every individual. But Mr. Malthus's *Essay on Population* no sooner appeared, than it seemed to dispel in a moment the gay and fascinating schemes of philanthropical speculation. By one striking argument, which was hastily believed to rest on the basis of immutable truth, Mr. Malthus endeavoured to prove that all the alterations which were proposed in the present forms and combinations of civil polity were founded in error, and would only increase the evil which they were intended to remove. Mr. Malthus argued that there was a tendency in population to increase beyond the means of subsistence; and that the new forms of political society, which were so strenuously vindicated by well meaning but mistaken individuals, by giving new force and activity to this tendency, would inevitably augment the privations and sufferings of mankind. Mr. Malthus states that in countries in which the principle of human increase experiences no material check, the population will double its numbers every twenty-five years, but that the increase of subsistence, instead of keeping pace with this rapid

multiplication, would soon fall so considerably below it, that the most fatal confusion and the most accumulated misery must ensue. The increase of population, when unchecked, would proceed, according to Mr. Malthus, in a geometrical ratio, as the numbers, 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, &c. ; while the increase of subsistence, even under the most favourable circumstances, could not be expected to advance in any other than an arithmetical ratio, as the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, &c. However true this may appear in theory, we believe that it will be found false in fact. However much it may seem confirmed by a few partial instances, it is refuted by general experience. The whole history of the world, with very few exceptions, may be adduced to subvert the argument. And though it is apparently established by the algebra of Mr. Malthus, it is proved to be only a delusive phantom by the realities of life. It is one of those paper-calculations, which for a time dazzle and confound, but in which there is neither solidity nor truth. The effect however of his reasoning, as far as it has operated, has been most pernicious. It has repressed the activity of benevolence, and chilled the ardour of philanthropy. It has encouraged and indurated the selfish feelings of the heart ; and perhaps misled even many a virtuous mind to relax its exertions in the service of humanity. It has shaken the trust of many in the moral government of the Deity ; and made them consider vice and misery as inseparable ingredients in the constitution of the world. It has afforded a sanction to those, who were before but too much inclined to perpetuate the ignorance and depravity of man ; and there is no one species of political depravity, not even excepting the slave trade itself, which may not be vindicated on the principles of Mr. Malthus, and made to wear even the appearance of humanity.

One great and incontrovertible objection to the argument of Mr. Malthus, is that it supposes something irrelevant and contradictory in the plans of Providence. In the works of God and in the administration of the world we behold singular wisdom displayed in the adaptation of the means to the end which is to be produced. But the theory of Mr. Malthus supposes ample means without any corresponding end. It supposes a great power given, by which no adequate effect can be produced, and which cannot be exerted according to the original intention of him who gave it, without the most calamitous consequences. It makes the divine fiat, INCREASE AND MULTIPLY, a command which it behoves us rather to transgress than to obey. For, according to Mr. Malthus, a superfluous and destructive ener-

gy is given to the principle of population, beyond that, to which, with every possible exertion of human industry, the increase of subsistence ever can be adequate. The multiplication of the human species is made in an almost incalculable degree to exceed the possibilities of subsistence. What is this but to suppose something radically wrong in the constitution of the world? Is it not to ascribe absurdity or impotency, want of consistency or want of power to the moral government of God?

Mr. M. in order to give the greater force to his argument, puts extreme cases which never have occurred and which never can occur. He says that as the population of any country, where it is unchecked, will double itself every twenty-five years, the population of this island, supposing it at present 11 millions, would at the conclusion of a single century amount to 176 millions; while the means of subsistence, even if they increased in an arithmetical ratio every 25 years, would be equal only to the support of 55 millions, leaving a population of 121 millions totally unprovided for. But common sense will teach us that nothing of this kind can ever happen, and in matters of practical concern like the present, it is useless to frame impracticable hypotheses, or to put cases which never can be realized. This can serve only to impose on the ignorant and mislead the unwary. Mr. Malthus himself confesses that '*population is necessarily limited by the means of subsistence.*' The numbers of mankind then never can increase beyond the food which is necessary for their support; and it is absolutely impossible that population should increase beyond the means of subsistence to the extent which is assumed by Mr. Malthus, so as to leave 121 millions without a morsel of bread. If population be limited by the means of subsistence, and cannot go beyond it, they must be regarded as two equipollent powers. The force of the one is in a state of equipoise with that of the other. The ratio of increase is not different, but the same. The universal experience of all ages and all nations proves this to be the case; and a fact which is established by such experience, is not to be subverted by the calculations of algebra, assisted by the ingenuity or the logic of Mr. Malthus. The increase of subsistence keeps pace with the multiplication of the consumers; as the consumption of any article is found by daily experience rather to augment than to diminish the quantity. For the more there are to consume, the more there will be to produce, and the greater encouragement to the production. God gives nothing to man without industry, but industry seldom fails to be excited in proportion to the hope of re-

compense. He who told all mankind to use this diurnal supplication, 'give us this day the food which is sufficient for us,' did not teach any to pray for what they never could obtain. This would have been to deride the common sense of man and the unspeakable goodness of God. The earth is not made up of loaves of bread, but it may be made to produce as much bread as those who people its surface can consume. Did mankind multiply as fast as Mr. M. thinks that they might, and supposes that they would, if the principle of population were unchecked, they would soon have to lament not only the want of subsistence but the want of space. The sentient myriads of this habitable globe would be pressed into an incorporated mass, panting for breath. But who entertains any apprehensions of such a calamity? And yet it is almost as probable and quite as possible as that over-peopled world which the sapient Mr. Malthus would teach us to dread. Mr. Malthus in this respect is like a man who would prevent us from going in quest of some good, which we might obtain, by portending some overwhelming evil which is never likely to arrive. His book is better calculated than any which we have ever perused, to make selfish and cold-blooded politicians, who are indifferent to the feelings and the happiness of their fellow-creatures, and who will congratulate themselves on having so able a master and so specious a system to justify their schemes of cruelty and oppression, their base and interested attempts to prolong the period of ignorance, of slaughter, and of woe.

It appears to us to happen rather unfortunately for the argument of Mr. Malthus, that, in this country, in which he thinks that the population, if unchecked, would, in the short revolution of a century, amount to the enormous sum of 176 millions, the principle of population has, since the revolution under the auspices of the Prince of Orange, experienced no material check, and yet the whole population of the island does not appear to be double what it was more than one hundred years ago. But during all this period subsistence was abundant; and in the first sixty or seventy years, not only adequate but superior to the necessities of the people: much more food was produced than was consumed; and after supplying the home market, a large quantity of grain remained for exportation. In this interval, there were no years of famine or of pestilence to fill our sepulchres with the untimely dead. Some wars occurred, but the destruction of the species in these, was comparatively small, and at least by no means so great as to account for the difference between the actual population of the country and that which it ought to have been according to the calcula-

tions of Mr. Malthus. We have here, at least for the greater part of the last century, an instance of a country in which no material check was given to the principle of population, in which subsistence was abundant, and so far from having reached its farthest point of extension as to be susceptible of great increase, and yet in which this overwhelming principle of population appears to have remained almost stationary, or at least to have made only a tardy and imperceptible advance. Mr. Malthus will tell us that in some of the North American states the population has been known to double itself in 25 years; but though we are far from admitting that the principle of population is so much more active on one side of the Atlantic than on the other, yet, allowing the partial instance, we feel ourselves justified in denying the general conclusion. For Mr. Malthus omits a very important consideration which makes against his argument: the variation of the principle of fecundity in different countries and at different periods. Mr. M. supposes this principle to be equally efficacious in all nations, all climates, and all times. All that, according to him, is wanting to render it operative at all times and in all places, is a sufficiency of food. In proportion as food is increased, numerous mouths will issue from the womb and open to receive it. The birth of babes and sucklings is made tantamount to the power of appeasing the cravings of hunger and of thirst. But it is so far from being true, as Mr. Malthus asserts, that population not only always keeps pace with the increase of subsistence, but is constantly making advances beyond it, that, in many instances where subsistence is plentiful, population is comparatively small. This was particularly the case in this country in one of its happiest and most glorious periods, the first seventy years after the revolution, when the subsistence exceeded the wants of the population; though, according to the fallacious statements of Mr. Malthus, there ought in that period to have been a surplus of starving millions. Did Mr. Malthus never hear of or never observe any thing like providential arrangement in the government of the world and in the affairs of men? And will not this, where other causes are insufficient, account for the manifest difference in the fecundating power in different countries and periods? The laws of God, though general, are never exempted from particular controul; and the present action is by no means incompatible with the past regulations of his providence. The revolutions of the seasons are general laws; but were two seasons ever the same? There is a general providence, and there is a particular and a present administration. This particular administration of general laws, by adapting them to every variation of circumstances, may, and we have no

doubt does, though by a secret and invisible agency, keep the population of the world on a level with the means of subsistence and often below it, without calling in, as Mr. Malthus does, vice and misery to his aid.

Vice and misery, or moral and physical evil of every species and description, with every possible combination and circumstance of want and woe, are Mr. Malthus's merciful expedients to bridle and restrain this wild and impetuous principle of population. He does indeed talk of moral restraint; but he seems to allow it so little efficacy that it is in fact no restraint at all. His great and powerful engines, his instruments of torture, his screws and presses to keep down the population to a level with the possibilities of subsistence, are vice and misery. These are the means which the benevolent father of mankind is supposed to have devised in order to counteract his own first command, INCREASE AND MULTIPLY.

If the principle of population were so active, and the multiplication of mankind so rapid as Mr. Malthus asserts, it seems very strange that the world, which is so many thousand years old, should not yet be half peopled; and that even the most civilized countries, in which few checks have been opposed to the operation of the fecundating power, should present so many uncultivated wastes. If, therefore, the principle of population should not proceed more rapidly in the future than it has in the past, many thousand years must yet elapse before the world can obtain its full complement of inhabitants; or before there can be human beings enough to exhaust the ample reservoirs of subsistence, with which the bounty of nature has enriched the surface of the earth. That period, therefore, when countless millions are to languish in all the extremity of want, which Mr. Malthus represents as such an approximating woe and an object of such immediate alarm, is either never likely to arrive, or else is placed at such an immeasurable distance, as to be no object of apprehension or dismay. Why then should we be deterred, by the ominous calculations of Mr. Malthus, from seeking that good which is real, from the senseless dread of having to encounter an evil which exists only in the imagination? If we can alleviate the present misery, or augment the present happiness of our fellow creatures, let us prosecute the object with that diligence which it deserves, without suffering any remote improbable contingencies, any mysterious delineations of invisible calamity to divert us from our purpose. If by any improvements in our domestic and civil polity, we can improve the condition of the lower classes of society, let not the gloomy speculations of Mr. Malthus chill the ardour of our philanthropy, or cast over our

minds a cloud of sceptical inquietude, which, by making us doubt the wisdom or the goodness of the divine administration, may repress these energetic exertions which we should otherwise make in the service of humanity. The present Dissertations have induced us to make these strictures on Mr. Malthus's celebrated essay ; because we are convinced, that as far as it has made any impression on the public mind, that impression has been adverse to the happiness of mankind. It has diminished the sensibility of the benevolent, and increased the apathy of the selfish. It has taught many to consider vice and misery as necessary ingredients in the present constitution of the world, and appointed as the corrective of those laws which Omniscience established. Instead of the gay colouring of hope and joy, it casts the funereal hue of sorrow and despair over the future prospects of man. It tends to excite the belief that we are living in a world in which evil will keep perpetually accumulating, because it is connected with the increase of population, of which he represents the inordinate exertions, as incapable of being restrained without the salutary interposition of vice and misery. We have been taught to cherish the hope, which the arguments of Mr. Malthus will not readily induce us to abandon, that the sufferings of mankind are not a necessarily increasing quantity, but are susceptible of a considerable diminution. We do not indeed anticipate any thing like a state of pure and unmixed happiness in this probationary sphere ; but we do look for a degree of enjoyment greater than the present ; when vice will be less prevalent and misery less diffused. We do not assent to any chimerical supposition of the perfectibility of man ; but not only the voice of revelation but of reason and experience teach us that man may keep indefinitely improving in virtue and in happiness. To the increase of civilization no limits can be assigned ; and though the perfection of virtue is far beyond our reach, yet there are many points below perfection, yet far above our present point of moral degradation, to which we may safely aspire ; and which, as the Christian doctrine becomes more operative in our souls, we shall certainly attain. It is this doctrine, in which alone we confide as the best means of improving the state of man, the precepts of which, in proportion as they are practised, will render subsistence more abundant by making industry more active and benevolence more diffusive. It will heighten and refine the passion of love by mingling it more largely with the spirit of virtue and of piety. It will oppose no unnatural check to population, but will encourage it to proceed within those limits, and subject to those restrictions, which modesty prescribes and

the Creator designed. And when that principle is thus exercised, the population of the world never can go beyond the possibilities of subsistence; nor can the earth present the mournful spectacle, which the fancy of Mr. Malthus portrays, of starving millions. On the contrary, the increase of subsistence, favoured by the providential arrangements of God, will be more than adequate to all the wants of the peopled world.

In the present work of Dr. Jarrold we have found many just and pertinent observations, some of which Mr. Malthus will find it difficult to refute. We have perused his Dissertations with considerable satisfaction, and we think that they may be read with advantage by those who have unwarily been led to think that the arguments of Mr. Malthus, which are so formidably invested in the armour of arithmetic, may safely defy the hostility of every assailant.

ART. III.—*The Works of Sallust; to which are prefixed two Essays on the Life, Literary Character, and Writings of the Historian; with Notes, historical, biographical, and critical. By Henry Steuart, L.L.D. F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. Royal 4to. 4l. 12s. Baldwin. 1806.*

TRANSLATION has, until within these few years, been very undeservedly regarded by the literati of this country rather in a contemptuous light. Dr. Jortin seems to have thought little better of it than Cervantes. But this error seems to arise from misapprehending the principal object of translation, which is not to furnish the unlearned with a substitute for the originals, so much as to accommodate the half-learned with a sort of perpetual commentary in its most pleasing and illustrative form. A regular annotation, by drawing off the attention of the reader to detached parts, prevents his perception of the united effect of the whole. At least in poetry and oratory this is the case, and accordingly we remember that Spence in his *Polymetis* confesses that he never apprehended the full scope and beauty of some of Horace's satires and epistles, arising from the connection of the several parts, until he read Pope's imitations of them. Again, a commentator, if he meet with an obscure passage, can slur it over with the affectation of perceiving no difficulty, or (which is worse) he may talk about it and about it till by pouring forth a vast mass of irrelevant quotation he has rendered confusion worse confounded. But a translator must make some sense of his original, if it be only to save appear-

ances. Such then is the importance and utility of translation. But unfortunately the fame of success in this branch of literature has rarely risen to such a height as to prove sufficient either as a recompense for past or a stimulus to farther exertions.

It may not be amiss briefly to consider the different orders of translators that have sprung up among us. The first set were the *doers into English*, the mere verbal translators, like Hobbes, Littlebury, and Philemon Holland. These were perfectly satisfied with rendering the words of one language into the words of another, never dreaming of the propriety of transfusing idioms. In their poetical translations also they followed the same law, exemplifying the old Italian proverb which terms translators *tradittori*, or traitors. In both kinds, as Wakefield observes of Hobbes's Homer, their versions bore the same resemblance to the originals as a dead carcase bears to a vigorous living body. Meanwhile our continental neighbours were commencing a series of elegant and easy versions from the classics, and this gave rise to a second class of translators in England, namely those who worked for hire and copied after their French predecessors. Thus translation by degrees dwindled down to a mere bookseller's job, and many a Grub-street garret-keeper, no doubt, was obliged to repel the cravings of hunger or the claims of his creditors until he had rendered the appointed sheetfull of letter-press, 'and sweat to earn his cream-bowl duly set.' Hence the press groaned under such translations as that of Tacitus by Dryden and Co., of Plato's Dialogues from Dacier, &c. almost all furbished out of French translations (themselves no doubt imperfect), and consequently exhibiting little more resemblance of the originals than the shadow of a shade. Since this, translation has gradually been extending her territories and asserting her rights. During the last half-century, and even within the last twenty years, this degraded branch of literary labour has risen sensibly in the public estimation, and men of real learning, taste, and leisure are beginning to employ their talents in producing such copies of the ancients as need not be ashamed to be confronted with them, and in such English as an Englishman can read with pleasure.

Nevertheless, perhaps, as formerly our translations were too meagre and verbal, so they now threaten to be too licentious and decorated. To avoid stiffness and servility we run into the opposite extreme of superinduced ornament. If a metaphor occurs, we catch up the bauble, turn it round and round, and stick it all over with spangles. If a strong or pointed expression meets us, we give it a cumbrous strength.

In a word, in search of grace, we forget simplicity, and 'o'erstep the modesty of nature.' Melmoth's Cato, Major, and Lælius are compositions of great merit for originality and elegance. But to a reader of taste who compares him with his model, there will appear a luxuriance and finery in those essays foreign from the neat Attic style of Cicero. Mr. Murphy's Tacitus is a work which Dr. Steuart loads with deserved praises, and seems to look up to as a model of translation. Yet even in him a little less dilatation and amplification of style would have been an improvement. Observe, we are far from recommending the old *mumpsimus* instead of the modern *sumpsimus*; we wish not to see the hum-drum verbal fashion of translating renewed; but we do wish translators to recollect, first, that all superfluous decoration is apt to weaken; secondly, that the original writer is more likely to know the proper limits within which he may expatiate than a translator; lastly, that though it is easy enough to attain the appearance of originality and ease by entirely new-casting a sentence, and as it were transplanting it into a rich compost of our own, yet if a little of the native mould be not kept about the roots, these full grown plants rarely fail to degenerate in a foreign soil, or, to drop the metaphor, a sentence can hardly be wholly varied in its form and texture without more or less mutilating and inringing the sense. Of these positions we shall shortly have occasion to offer a few examples from the work under consideration: not that Dr. S. is often guilty of misrepresenting his author: but if in so perspicuous a writer as Sallust this is occasionally the case, it may serve as a warning to free translators of other authors, who are more obscure.

The first sentiment which must strike every one on a sight of the present work is—How is it possible that Sallust can furnish matter sufficient to fill two thick volumes in quarto, price four pounds twelve shillings? To account for this we must briefly state the contents: the first volume contains a dedication and preface, two long dissertations with copious notes treating not only of the subjects mentioned in the title-page, but of the times in general in which Sallust lived; the progress of historical composition among the Romans; in short, of every thing which had any connection with the subject of the historian. Dr. S. is not a writer of the Catonic cast (*qui multa paucis absolvunt*), and in the notes particularly, though mixed with much substantial information and judicious remark, is no small portion of that literary tittle-tattle which is become so fashionable, and to which we should make less objection if we were not obliged to pay so dear for it. Next follow the two letters or political

discourses addressed (as is supposed) by Sallust to Cæsar on the reformation of the government,* with notes. The second volume contains the Catilinarian and Jugurthine wars, with copious illustrations to each.

On the character of Sallust, Dr. S. is a staunch advocate. He fairly shews that most of the commentators have followed too implicitly the common notion of his scandalous debauchery, founded principally on a passage in Horace, in which it is far from certain that it is the historian who is attacked. Le Clerc he thinks (and in our judgment justly thinks) guilty of malignant prejudice against his author. At the same time perhaps, in some points he lays himself open to a charge of partiality almost as inexcusable. It is certain that Sallust in the government of his province exercised a degree of oppression and extortion, which was offensive in an age when even a Brutus was not ashamed of the practice, as may be seen in Cicero's letters. At the same time there is not a writer of antiquity who preaches up the virtues of justice, integrity, and moderation, and inveighs with more warmth against the opposite vices of avarice, luxury, and peculation. At this Le Clerc is justly indignant, and stigmatizes him for a hypocrite. Dr. Steuart calls this indignation 'striking at the root of morality,' and attributes the moralizing vein of Sallust to the contritions of repentance, willing to compensate by words for the villainy of past crimes. But we may ask—was not Sallust, at the time of his railing against avarice and luxury with such a show of integrity, enjoying in princely grandeur the fruits of his exorbitance? And is not the sincerity of his repentance under such circumstances extremely problematical? and are not the same rigid principles enforced in his two letters to Cæsar, which, according to Dr. S.'s own account were composed in an earlier part of the historian's life? lastly is that man likely to reform the world by his lectures who is obliged to add—do as I say and not as I have myself done; or rather is he not doing serious mischief by inducing an opinion that all strictness of precept is equally insincere?

Dr. S. admires the prefaces of Sallust. They have always appeared to us stiff and formal common-place, wholly inapposite to the compositions to which they are prefixed. The want of connection indeed may be somewhat excused by the well known practice of Cicero, who kept an assortment of these scraps by him with which he could top and tail his treatises as occasion required. Yet Livy soon after

* *De republica ordinandâ*; not very accurately rendered by our translator, On the administration of the government.

had the sense to write a preface suited to his subject, and at the same time extremely elegant in itself.

Dr. S.'s comparison of the respective characteristic styles of Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus is judicious and discriminating.

'Sallust is concise, strong and rapid. Like a stream which rolls over a firm and rocky channel, he is often harsh and abrupt, but always pure and perspicuous. Livy is copious, smooth, and flowing. He is a majestic river, passing over a fertile soil; but of which the windings are sometimes artificial, and the waters sometimes turbid: while their successor Tacitus, who copied the abruptness of the one, and far surpassed the art and obscurity of the other, charms with the strokes of original genius, and rises to an energy peculiar to himself. Of the three, Sallust is the most chaste and pure; Livy the most diffuse and eloquent; Tacitus the most vigorous and impressive. Perhaps they were all too apt to forget, that the highest, as well as the most pleasing effort of art unquestionably is, when it effects its own concealment. Had the first been less sententious and abrupt, the second less artificial and declamatory, and the third less affected and obscure, nothing more would have been to be desired, as a perfect model for imitation. As it is, no one of them can be strictly said to come up to our idea of such a standard.'

The great excellence of Sallust is undoubtedly this, that though brief, he is not obscure. Livy also is upon the whole a perspicuous writer, though not so transparent as Sallust. In the sentences adduced by Dr. S. in a note, his expression is certainly involved and awkward. But that this proceeded, as he conjectures, from the enigmatical style of declamation which already, as Quintilian informs us, began to be recommended in the rhetorical schools, we can by no means believe. That the public taste even then began to decline, may perhaps be admitted. But the question how far Livy's mind had caught the infection, must after all be referred to a critical examination of his history. Now in the obscure passages cited from the first decade, and perhaps most others which *could* be cited from the same writer, the obscurity appears to proceed from involved and intricate construction, and this from a rapid and ardent habit of composition, where the thoughts crowd so fast upon the writer's mind, that he cannot give them clear utterance. It is from this cause, and not from a premeditated intention to darken the meaning (*σκοτιζειν*), that Livy's few obscurities seem to us to arise.

Dr. S. is very anxious to convict Tacitus of petty larceny from Sallust. Mr. Murphy dwells much upon Tacitus's originality, and surely with justice. For with all his affected abruptness, studied brevity, and occasionally poetical diction, Tacitus is certainly in manner an unique. He

has every where the appearance of writing from the workings of his own energetic mind, tinctured as it confessedly was with the false taste of his times. It would be too long to examine with nicety every resemblance which Dr. Steuart finds between these two writers, and attributes to imitation *prepenſe*. The address of Catiline to his accomplices previous to the engagement with Petreius, is conceived to be the prototype of Galgacus's speech in the life of Agricola. The character given of Sempronia by Sallust, is supposed to have furnished the outlines of Tacitus's portrait of Poppæa. In an account of Jugurtha's encouragement to his soldiers before the battle near the Muthul, Sallust has this passage :

‘Singulas turmas et manipulos circumiens monet ;...quæ ab imperatore decuerint, omnia suis provisa: locum superiorem ; uti prudentis cum imperitis (Qu. should not this be read *imparatis* ?), ne pauciores cum pluribus aut rudes cum bello melioribus manum consererent ;...illum diem aut omnis labores et victorias confirmaturum, aut maxumarum ærumnarum initium fore.’

The similar passages in Tacitus, in which he deems the imitation ‘too marked and striking to escape the notice of the critical reader,’ are as follows:

‘Quæ provideri astu ducis oportuerit, provisa ; campos madentes, et ipsis gñaros, paludes hostibus noxias. Hist. V. 17.’

‘Enimvero Caractacus, huc illuc volitans, illum diem, illam aciem testabatur aut recuperandæ libertatis aut servitutis æternæ initium fore. An XII. 34.’

Now if tried by the criteria so judiciously laid down by bishop Hurd in his Essay on Imitation, that is, by the principles of good-sense, we conceive that the resemblance in the above passages is not so close but that it may still be accounted for as fortuitous. There is nothing so peculiar either in the thought, or in the construction, or in the words themselves, as to make it necessary to conclude that Tacitus deliberately copied from Sallust. The expressions of the latter *might* be floating in the memory of the former, or they might *not* : none can determine. We ourselves, in the course of perusing Sallust's histories with the present work before us, have remarked a singular resemblance of sentiment, though on different occasions, between Sallust and Demosthenes, unnoticed by Dr S. In the inflammatory harangue of Marius to the people, he says :

‘At ego scio, Quirites, qui postquam consules facti sunt, tota majorum et Græcorum militaria legere præcepta cœperim ; homines

præposter! nam gerere, quam fieri, tempore posterius, re atque usu prius est.

Now if we turn to the second Olynthiac of Demosthenes, we find a maxim exactly analogous to the preceding:

Το γὰρ πράττειν, τοῦ λέγειν καὶ χειροτονεῖν ὕστερον ὢν τῇ τάξει, πρότερον τῇ δυνάμει καὶ κρείττον ἐστὶ.*

Yet is it not very possible that Sallust might have written his remark without so much as ever having read the similar one of the Athenian orator? In a word, let it but be granted that on like occasions the same thought may occur to different authors, and that the same thought is likely to suggest similar expressions, and nine-tenths of what commentators call instances of imitation, will turn out to be mere casual coincidences.

Of the translator's notes in general it is but justice to remark that great pains have evidently been taken to render them useful and instructive to the student. The accounts given of all the personages mentioned by his author are at once full, satisfactory and clear. And this is no light commendation: for from the extensive ramifications of the Roman families, and the frequent recurrence of the same prænomens, it is a matter of considerable difficulty to comprehend and communicate correctly and luminously the distinctive characters who under the same name figured in the Roman republic. This task Dr. S. has executed with the hand of a master, and what gives additional value to his notes, he seldom fails to subjoin his sources of information and his authorities at the end. Sometimes however he swells them with unnecessary details of what every school-boy knows, or may know if he pleases, by consulting his Kennet or Adam. Of what use is it, for instance, to give an account of the Roman calendar, which is at the head of every Ainsworth's dictionary? On such subjects, if he had referred his reader to the latter of the two above-mentioned manuals, and corrected or supplied their errors or deficiencies, it would have been amply sufficient, and at the same time have stopped the mouths of shallow impertinents, who may be apt to quote against him the sarcasm of Martial, '*Aliter non sit, avite, liber,*'—and perhaps to translate it thus:

Unless these treasures we resort to,
How shall we fill a royal quarto?

* The same remark is applicable to the resemblance between a thought in the preface to the Cat. Consp. and one in Plato de Rep. L. 9. unnoticed by Dr. S. Ἄλλα, βισκοματων διὰ κατω ἀει βλέποντες, καὶ μεκυροῖς ἐῖς γὰρ κ. τ. λ.

But superfluities ought not to be ridiculed where there is so much of substantial value, and we once more declare that Dr. S.'s notes are a magazine of information to those who shall hereafter have occasion to direct their researches to the history of the Roman republic in its decline. One particular respecting these notes, though of inferior moment, ought not to pass unobserved, which is, the very inconvenient way in which the translator introduces his quotations. Immediately after his own remarks he proceeds, without any warning to his reader, to translate a passage of Cicero, or some ancient author, which the reader in course mistakes for a continuation of the preceding strictures, until at the end the passage itself or a reference to it occurs to undeceive him.

But it is high time to turn our attention to the translation itself. As we have remarked before, it contains rather too much of that adscititious decoration and florid amplification of the original which is grown into fashion. Dr. S. in his preface, justifies his freedom in this respect on the principles laid down in the ingenious essay of lord Woodhouselee. But we conceive the *panni adsuti* of Dr. S. do not always sufficiently blend and harmonize with the main piece. Sallust's style is nervous and pointed, but remarkably terse and pure. Dr. S. is often ornamented to excess, rich to a degree of luxuriance, and in a word, the very reverse of what may be termed a *neat* style. What is stated by Sallust in plain language as a plain fact becomes heightened in his translator's hands into language unseasonably strong and metaphorical. In proof of our assertions take an example of two.

When Metellus tampers with Bomilcar, and urges him to betray his master, Sallust tells us that 'he easily prevailed on the Numidian, in consequence not only of that natural inclination to perfidy which he possessed in common with the rest of his nation, but of his private apprehensions lest, if peace should be concluded with the Romans, he himself should by the stipulations be surrendered up to justice.' We do not pretend to give an unobjectionable translation of the passage; but such is the plain matter-of-fact manner in which the circumstance is told by Sallust. Now hear Dr. S.

'The agreement was struck without delay. The Numidian, besides the perfidious genius of his country, justly apprehended, that, were the king induced to conclude a peace with the Romans, he himself, in all likelihood, would be marked out as a victim, and his blood be the sacrifice that would seal the treaty.' Vol. II. p. 417.

In the Catilinarian war we have the following remark upon

the profligacy of the Roman youth : 'Animus, imbutus malis artibus, haud faciliè lubidinibus carebat ; ed profusiùs omnibus modis quæstui atque sumptui deditus erat.' This is strong and spirited ; but it hardly authorizes the translator's poetical imagery :

'When a dereliction of principle is once admitted into the mind, vice and sensuality naturally enter at the breach. In their train come riot and dissipation and wild extravagance, with no anxiety except for the means of ministering to their support.' p. 18.

The simple, but expressive, sentence, (*opulentia negligentiam tolerabat*) in Cato's speech, is thrown into the form of a hacknied metaphor thus : 'while the vessel of the state went steadily forward : the calmness of the sea might in some measure admit the inattention of the pilot.' p. 74.

We have given ourselves but little trouble in searching for the above instances : perhaps we have not been very happy in our selection. But they will serve well enough as individual samples of a species. We will only add that in the course of comparing the Latin and English together, which we have done with much care through the Jugurthine and Catilinarian wars, we remember to have been very frequently disgusted with these unnecessary attempts to improve upon the original ; attempts the less excusable, because Sallust is an author who never flags or faints : if any thing, he is too uniformly fond of abrupt and rugged strength.

Sometimes, but not often, Dr. S. offends by the introduction of colloquial solecisms and vulgar phrases. In p. 381. to give the force of 'missitare supplicantes legatos,' he has, 'deputies *on the heels of one another*, were continually dispatched to Aulus,' &c. At the end of the Catilinarian war, the veteran ranks are said to be *sorely thinned*. In p. 68. we meet with the ungrammatical expression '*Was you*' for *were you* ?

'Quasi verò mali atque scelesti tantummodò in urbe, &c.' is certainly a strong sarcasm in Cato's admirable speech. But in the following translation it seems caricatured, and the proud stoic is made to descend to a familiar jocularly, ill-befitting his own dignity or that of his hearers. 'But I would demand of Cæsar, by what right the city of Rome shall thus monopolize the whole vice of Italy, and the municipal towns be denied their share ? If their pretensions be admitted.' &c.

We shall now mention promiscuously a few passages in which the translator has failed of giving the precise meaning of his original, and we shall mention them not as mate-

rially affecting the merit of the volumes before us, but rather indeed to testify our sense of their merit. For that which is not good upon the whole, does not deserve the attention of partial corrections.

Magistratus et imperia—‘the honours of the magistracy and high command,’ is hardly rendered with sufficient precision. It should have been rendered—‘the honours of *civil* magistracy or *military* command.’

When Metellus first arrives in Africa to take the command of the army, he finds the soldiery in a state of the highest licentiousness and insubordination.

‘Statuit tamen Metellus (says Sallust), quamquam et æstivorum tempus comitiorum mora imminuerat, et expectatione eventûs civium animos intentos putabat, non priûs bellum attingere, quàm majorum disciplinâ milites laborare coegisset.’

Dr. S. translates it thus:

‘In consequence of the delay which had attended the elections, the summer was far advanced; and he was aware that at Rome the whole city was erect with expectation as to the issue of the campaign. For these reasons he determined to proceed with caution, and avoid hazarding an action, until, by a course of duty and manly exercise, he should wean the soldiers from their dissolute manners, and be able to restore the antient discipline of the camp.’ P. 391.

It was not in consequence, but in spite, of the advanced state of the season and the impatient expectations at Rome, that Metellus resolved to defer his military enterprises until he should have brought back his army to a state of order and discipline. And here is an instance of what we before stated, the difficulty of habitually departing from the *construction* of the original, without sometimes garbling the *sense*.

‘Forum rerum venalium totius regni maxumè celebratum,’ in the description of Vacca, is rendered, ‘in all the kingdom the most celebrated mart of trade.’ Here *mart of trade* sounds tautological, and the word *celebrated* does not communicate to the unlearned ear the meaning of *celebratum*. The most frequented mart would have been shorter and better.

In the siege of Zama, ‘evadere alii, alii succedere,’ is erroneously rendered, ‘some attacking and retiring, while others supplied their place.’ The meaning of the original is merely this, that some mounted the ramparts, while others hastened to their support. The word *evado* is used in the same sense in another passage of the Jugurthine war: *advorso colle, sicuti præceptum fuerit, evadunt*.

In the hortatory address of Metellus to his men before the attack on Vacca, ‘prædam benigne ostentat’ is falsely rendered, ‘he took care to add in a soothing strain that the

plunder of the place should reward their labours.' The word *benignè*, which Dr. S. probably intended to translate by the words printed in italics, is to be taken with *prædam* (*furturam* being understood), and signifies in *abundance*. 'Abnuentes omnia,' a few lines above this, means, we conceive, not as Dr. S. renders it, 'refusing to advance beyond the spot,' but merely fainting with fatigue, *calling off*, as the vulgar term is, in Greek ἀπαγορευόντες. P. 427.

The natives of Mauritania are sometimes called the Mauri, and sometimes the Moors. One or the other should have been adhered to, and perhaps the former in preference.

Of Zama Sallust says, 'Id oppidum in campo situm, magis opere, quàm natura munitum erat.' Dr. S. has through inadvertency strangely reversed the sense. 'That city (says he) was built upon a plain. It was fortified by *nature rather than by art.*' p. 411.

We will only trespass upon the patience of the reader with a correction or two in the Catilinarian war. Does *repulse* carry to the English reader's ear the full meaning of *repulsa* in Latin, that is, the rejection of the pretensions of a candidate for some office in the gift of the people? Sallust tells us of a report which prevailed that the arch-conspirator in one of his cabals handed round among the accomplices of his plot a bowl of wine mixed with human blood, adding that he did it—'quo inter se magis fidi forent, alius alii tanti facinoris conscii;' i.e. according to Dr. S. 'he gave them to understand, that it was to impress their minds with a solemn reverence, and thereby draw together more closely the ties of a union, which had for its object a design so vast and daring.'—He seems to have mistaken the sense of the concluding words cited above. The fact is thus: Catiline told them he had done it with a view of attaching them more firmly to one another, from a mutual consciousness of having joined in committing such an outrage on human feelings. Again, soon after, 'the election of Cicero and his colleague to the consulship,' says Dr. S. 'was *the first severe blow* sustained by the accomplices in the conspiracy.' It is a matter of no great importance, but the meaning of the original is 'this circumstance *at first* threw a damp upon the hopes of the conspirators.'

If the reader thinks us too minute in our reprehensions, he must recollect that the translator professes to present the public with a book that may be introduced with advantage into our schools and seminaries to assist the young student in the useful task of *double translation*. As such, it ought surely to be unobjectionable both as to style and accuracy.

But one thing remains still to be mentioned. Dr. S. in

his translation of those parts of his author, which treat of military affairs, runs rather too much into what he calls *technical* translation, that is, the adaptation of modern terms in tactics, &c. to antient circumstances. What in Sallust is expressed in general terms, and in a manner intelligible enough to common readers, is here drawn out into particulars, and clothed in the language of ad-rill-serjeant. Had uncle Toby and corporal Trim laid their heads together to translate Sallust, they could not have exceeded Dr. S. in technical minuteness on subjects of tactics. It is true we are metamorphosed into a military nation; but it is not desirable for our literary performances (as the play expresses it) to smell too strong of the shop.

After all these exceptions (and where is the work to which exceptions may not be made?) there remains behind much sterling merit in the volumes before us, and we shall be glad to hail their contents again shortly in an humbler and less costly form. With the correction of a few errors and the retrenchment of a few exuberances in the translation itself, and a little compression and curtailment of the notes, Dr. S. may easily render his work at the same time of less price and of more value.

ART. IV.—*The Apocalypse, or Revelation of St. John, translated, with Notes, critical and explanatory; to which is prefixed, a Dissertation on the Divine Origin of the Book; in Answer to the Objections of the late Professor J. D. Michaelis. By John Chappel Woodhouse, M.A. Archdeacon of Salop. Large 8vo. Hatchard. 1806.*

IF we suppose the Apocalypse, or Revelation which is ascribed to St. John, to contain, as some commentators argue, a prophetic history of the state and fortunes of the Christian church from the earliest periods to the consummation of all things, there can certainly be no book in the New Testament of more momentous and universal interest. Such a work too must be considered as containing the most indubitable because a permanently miraculous proof of the truth of Christianity. For, a prediction of such wide extent, and embracing the vicissitudes of the Gospel and of its professors amid so many nations, and for such a succession of ages, must be regarded as a standing miracle. In considering therefore this mysterious book, the first question which occurs, and on the determination of which its interest and importance entirely depend, is, whether it be the inspiration of God or the forgery of man. This ques-

tion can be decided only by the careful examination of the evidence; and, after maturely weighing and opposing probabilities, by shewing on which side rests the preponderance of proof. The evidence divides itself into the external and internal; that which is founded on the testimony, and that which is furnished by the contents of the book. Mr. Woodhouse has commented at large on both these species of evidence, and though we may not accede to the inference which he has drawn from the examination of the proofs, we are willing to pay every tribute of applause to the candour and the moderation with which he has conducted the controversy. He has none of the bitterness of a polemic, and throughout his remarks we observe the urbanity of a scholar, and the charity of a Christian.

It is well known to the readers of ecclesiastical history that the Apocalypse has long been considered as a book of doubtful authority; that both the person by whom and the time when it was written, are matters of great uncertainty; that Eusebius, after the most inquisitive search, and at a time when many helps were extant towards the discovery, which are now irreparably lost, could discover nothing certain in respect to this mysterious book. Indeed, however much we may be willing to concede to the advocates for the divine original of the Apocalypse, they cannot but allow that the evidence in its favour is very different in the degree of credibility from that which may be adduced in support of the acts of the apostles, the epistles of St. Paul, the first epistle of St. Peter, and the first epistle of St. John. To us, who have examined the subject with strict impartiality, and biassed in favour only of the truth to whichever side it might incline, it appears that the external proof by no means warrants us in believing the work to be the genuine production of St. John.

But the internal evidence has always appeared to us the most proper to decide the momentous question; for a really prophetic book, the contents of which are not the production of erring man, but of the omniscient mind, will furnish its own proof. It needs not the adventitious support of external testimony. It will declare its own truth with a voice which is divine. Every page will bear the marks of more than human knowledge; and the impress of celestial truth will be too strong to be gainsaid, and too clear to be mistaken. But does the Apocalypse bear marks of a divine original? Are the characteristic features of a supernatural agency thus irresistibly striking, thus luminously clear? We have little hesitation in answering, No!

First, if the book, as it is stated by its advocates, do con-

tain predictions of the state and fortunes of the Christian church from the earliest periods to the end of time, it must at first sight strike us as very extraordinary, that there is no one event out of the vast mass of occurrences which are said to be the object of the prophecy, that is distinctly marked by the characters of time, place, and circumstance. Thus accordingly there is no part of the prophecy which is susceptible of a distinct and definite application. There is no part of the whole which is determinate and clear. There is no part which may not be referred to twenty different events, and all with equal shew of truth. This very accommodating nature of these supposed predictions is in itself a strong argument against their truth.

Prophecy may be considered as the history of an event before it takes place, but so marked with distinctive circumstances, that though it may be obscure before, it is so clear after the completion, as not to be susceptible of an endless diversity of applications. It is so identified with the event which it presignifies, that the likeness cannot be mistaken. The resemblance is not vague, general, and indefinite, but characteristic and particular. Of prophecies which are confessedly divine, this is the nature and the character. If we examine the several predictions of our Lord himself, we shall find that they were so clear and so marked by distinctive circumstances, as not to be very liable to be mistaken before the event, but to be so clear after the completion as not to admit of a double or ambiguous application. Our Lord frequently during his ministry foretold his death and resurrection; and though the apprehensions of his disciples, which were perverted and obscured by accumulated prejudices, were so gross as not clearly to anticipate the meaning of his prophetic declarations, yet after they were illustrated by the completion they could no longer doubt about the exact appropriation of the particular prophecy to the particular event. There was an individuality and distinctness in the prediction, which any longer prevented ambiguity. When our Lord foretold the apostacy of Peter, he spoke in terms too plain and intelligible to be mistaken. The time, manner, and circumstance were distinctly expressed. 'I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt three times deny me.' But of all the prophecies of our Lord, the most definite, forcible, and clear, is that respecting the destruction of Jerusalem, in which we have a literal specification of time, place, and circumstance, an enumeration of particulars, which makes it appear like the narrative of one who was present at the scene. But is there any one prophecy in the whole book of Revelations

which can at all be compared with this in the distinctive marks of time, place, and circumstance ; or, in short, in any of the genuine and unambiguous features of prophetic inspiration ? Though of those prophecies which are indubitably divine, the majority have been clear before, yet there is not one which has not been too clear to be mistaken after the completion. For to suppose any prophecy to be as obscure and ambiguous after the completion as it was before, is to supersede its use. We request the advocates for the divine authority of the Apocalypse to attend to these remarks, which are produced by a sober consideration of the subject, and a pure and disinterested regard for truth.

If the end of prophecy were to prove the prescience of God, we may ask how could that prescience be proved by oracles so equivocal and obscure, as to be susceptible of an hundred different interpretations, and to have any meaning whatever, or no meaning at all ? Does not such ambiguity of expression, such variety of application, and versatility of resemblance, look more like the work of human artifice than of a supernatural inspiration ? If prophecy be designed as a potent auxiliary to the evidences of revelation, to illustrate and to strengthen the truth of Christianity, we may ask how could those evidences be increased, or that truth established by predictions which are so doubtfully expressed, and of which the symbols and the imagery are so void of any determinate, distinct, or characteristic traits, that they rather perplex than instruct, rather engender doubt than produce conviction ?

Before we can determine the drift or the completion of any prophecy, it is necessary that we should be able to determine what it really means. But how can we determine what that means, which has either no meaning in itself, or which is so vague and indefinite, that it may have any meaning which caprice, which prejudice, or ignorance may dictate ? In reading the host of commentators who have written on the Apocalypse, we agree with Michaelis in thinking that each is right as far as he asserts all the others to be wrong. Nothing like a clear and satisfactory exposition of this cloudy panorama of visions has yet been seen. Indeed, how can we expect a clear and luminous explanation of a book which is so impenetrably ambiguous and obscure ? Even the genius, the penetration, and the learning of Sir Isaac Newton were unequal to the task. Whoever may have been the author of the book of Revelations, it seems evident from the perusal that he was a man of rich and fervid imagination, well versed in the symbolical imagery which is found in the prophetic visions of Daniel and Eze-

riel. Of this he has made a copious use; but it must be allowed that he has adapted it to his purpose with considerable taste and skill. In whatever light we may consider the vision itself, it must be confessed that there is something striking in the delineation and grand in the effect. We will venture to suggest that if ever any clue be found for the rational explanation of this, it must be sought in the history of the times immediately preceding or contemporary with the publication? Does it appear probable that it was written in a period of persecution? Does the author draw a metaphorical and exaggerated picture of the persecutions which had preceded the times in which he wrote, but in which, at the conclusion, he comforts the sufferers of the present and the past by a splendid perspective of a happier æra, in which the saints were to inhabit the new Jerusalem, when the persecutors were to cease, and the persecuted to be avenged?

It is not a little remarkable that in an age when critical research was much less common than at present, Luther was convinced, chiefly from the internal evidence, that the Apocalypse was not of divine original. The expressions which he employs in speaking of it show the strength of this persuasion. He says that 'he puts it almost in the same rank with the fourth book of Esdras, and cannot any way find that it was dictated by the Holy Ghost.' 'Besides,' said he, 'I think it too much that in his own book, more than in any other of the holy books, which are of much greater importance, he (the author) commands and threatens that if any man shall take away from the words of this book, God shall take away his part out of the book of life;' (a declaration which appears to us not only presumptuous, but to afford no uncertain indication that the author, conscious of the weakness of his own prophetic pretensions, wished to supply the defect of his claims by confidence of assertion,) 'and moreover declares that he who keepeth the words of this book shall be blessed, though no one is able to understand what they are, much less to keep them,' &c. (See Marsh's *Michaelis*, vol. iv. 458.) Luther's remarks on this subject are very rational and acute. On the opinion of Michaelis himself, the most learned and industrious theologue of the 18th century, it is needless to make any observations. It is well known that after the most impartial and laborious examination of the evidence on both sides, he could by no means acquiesce in the divine authority of the Apocalypse. There are some persons so prepossessed in favour of this mysterious composition, that they revile without charity and moderation, those who are constrained only by the weight of proof and the

force of argument to deny its claims to celestial inspiration. They perhaps fondly imagine that the truth of christianity is identified with the high pretensions of the Apocalypse. They do not remember that the divine mission of Jesus may be supported by proofs, which greatly exceed any that can be produced in support of the divine authority of this ambiguous production, in number, in lustre, and in force. The truth of the Gospel is founded on a rock, which can derive no increase of strength from the artificial buttresses of imposture. Christianity stands immoveable on its own eternal base; and the structure will only appear the more solid and resplendent, when it has been cleared from the rubbish which artifice or ignorance, which blind superstition, or designing craft have heaped around it.

We shall now present our readers with a short specimen of Mr. Woodhouse's translation and notes. The former differs from the common version, chiefly in a more literal adherence to the original, but on the whole we give the preference to the common version. The latter display no very striking marks of superior sagacity or erudition; they are not however disgraced, like many of the commentaries on the Apocalypse, by fanciful and absurd interpretations. The part which we shall select for quotation, is section v. the opening of the third seal, not because it contains any thing very striking, but because it is brief. Chapter vi. verse 5, 6.

Woodhouse.

5 'And when he opened the third seal, I heard the third living creature saying, 'Come.' [and I beheld,] and lo! a black horse! and he that sat on him having a yoke in his hand: 6. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four living creatures, saying, 'a chaenix of wheat for a denarius, and three chaenices of barley for a denarius; and the oil and the wine thou may'st not injure.'

Old Version.

5 'And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld and lo! a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. 6. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, A measure of wheat for a penny; and three measures of barley for a penny, and see that thou hurt not the oil and the wine.'

5. *Lo! a black-horse.* 'Another change,' says Mr. Woodhouse, 'now ensues, still for the worse; by a colour the very opposite to *white*; a colour denoting mourning and woe, darkness and ignorance. What a change in this pure and heavenly religion! but history will shew that christianity, as professed and practised on earth, underwent this change.' On the words in his translation '*having a yoke in his hand*,' which the common version renders *a pair of balances*, &c. Mr. Woodhouse makes a note which is longer than we have space to

insert, in order to shew that the word ζυγόν in the original does not in this place signify a *balance* but a *yoke*. The word *yoke* certainly better agrees with the interpretation which Mr. Woodhouse affixes to the passage, who supposes it to indicate the mass of senseless superstitions, with which christianity was oppressed, and which he denominates the '*papal yoke*.' But it appears to us that there is no allusion whatever in this place to the yoke of popery or of Mahomedism, but that the author is employing imagery characteristic of a great dearth, when bread would be so scarce that the scanty pittance which each person received for his support was carefully weighed out to him by the magistrate or master of the family. The word ζυγόν therefore in this place means '*trutina*' a balance or pair of scales, and is well adapted to the subject.

'*A chænix of wheat for a denarius, and three chænices of barley for a denarius, and the oil and the wine thou mayest not injure.*' On these words Mr. Woodhouse imparts to us this valuable piece of information, that '*wheat, barley, oil, and wine, were with the eastern nations of antiquity the main supports of life.*' To this the author adds another piece of intelligence equally recondite and profound, '*that under these terms (wheat, &c.) plenty is generally expressed. We beg leave to know when the idea of plenty is decomposed, how it can be done so naturally as by an enumeration of the means of subsistence which are principally included in the term?*' Mr. Woodhouse proceeds; '*Now it is proclaimed from the throne, that during the progress of the black horse, how desolating soever, there shall be still a certain price at which wheat and barley may be bought, and a certain preservation of the more precious commodities, wine, and oil. These prices will be found to be very high, which infers great scarcity of the commodity. But still there is not to be an utter failure; they are to be purchased at some price.*' But by the words '*wheat, barley, wine, oil,*' Mr. W. does not understand, according to the most simple and most approved interpretation, any deficiency of physical subsistence, but of *spiritual nutrition*. Of this nutrition the reader will perhaps be able to extract something from the notes of Mr. Woodhouse, but he will often find it rather a plain article, not much elaborated by criticism, refined by sagacity, or enriched by erudition.

ART. V.—*Miscellaneous Poetry. By the Honourable William Herbert. 8vo. 2 vols. Longman. 1806.*

AT a time when the ports of southern Europe are shut against us, and when a just fear is entertained that the north may be compelled to acquiesce in our exclusion, Mr.

Herbert, to prevent the ill consequences of this measure, has from time to time been importing from that quarter a variety of articles, quite sufficient for our consumption until we may regain our former footing. He has, with great labour, perseverance, and hardihood, unshipped on the coasts of this our proscribed island a store of cumbrous commodities, which from their heaviness and clumsy texture should rather have been taken on board his vessel as ballast, than as goods saleable either from their utility or ornament. They resemble lead in their weight, and incapability of receiving a polish. In malleability they are far inferior to that metal, as we defy all the hammering in the world to beat them into any shape. But even supposing them to be plumbeous, is not the translator convinced that there is lead enough to be found every where in the united kingdom, and that if we must be treated with nonsense, a cap and bells, or one of feathers, in short any thing that is light, airy, elastic and laughable, is preferable to such recondite, grave, and serious trifling as that which he has here presented for our amusement? This gentleman stood very high at Eton and Oxford for his classical attainments. There is a time when the boy should be laid aside; when the name of bright and clever lavished by the juniors, and the honours conferred by the seniors of schools and universities become suspected; and he who has a mind will wish to try its strength, not against a few persons of the same opinions and habits as his own, and whom he has always foiled at their own weapons, but against those who have attained to eminence in the more expanded circle of the world. Our author accordingly ventured on ground nearly untrodden, and if mere eccentricity were a test of merit, would certainly claim a distinguished rank.

It would be perilous and invidious to discourage learning. The utmost that can be done is to direct a thirst for it to fountains from whence we may drink deep without danger. There is one remark, however, which we can by no means forbear, suggested as it is by the great abilities and greater attainments of the author before us. The desire and aptitude for general excellence are seldom indicative of great superiority in any one line. Genius is soon prepossessed in favour of one or two objects on which it employs itself, giving and receiving light. Mr. Herbert, to a rare and unusual intimacy with two ancient languages, adds the knowledge of Spanish, Italian, French, German, Danish, and Icelandic tongues. In days of old he could have discoursed with the natives who dwelt on the banks of the Cephissus or the Tiber; in modern days he might be the citizen of almost any country in Europe, and a scholar in all. From his known character, it may be taken for granted, that he is

not merely a novice, but that he has thoroughly attained to all the objects to which he has directed his attention. The power of ranging through a field so wide, could not have been procured at his time of life, but by absolute devotion to study. His desire appears to have been knowledge in the gross; his affections divided among such a variety, seem weak and undetermined. We are therefore not to look for any bold, decisive character in his compositions; his writings possess no originality, but, like their author, they are of all climates indiscriminately. The same might be said of the works of the great Sir William Jones, whose zeal for knowledge surmounted every obstacle; to whose stores, languages and science were alike tributary. No man was more 'natus rebus agendis,' than that illustrious character, and in no man was such a rare assemblage of talents united, and matured by cultivation. But, excepting in their utility, his writings display no feature of greatness. The universality of his attainments allowed him no room for that strong preference, which gives a tinge, a cast of character to writings. All the stamp of originality is effaced by collision. His manner (for it cannot be called style) is easy and inoffensive; there is nothing so said, as to take root in the memory, and to obtrude itself without effort on occasions requiring something more than the usual energy of language. He was the greatest learner, and probably the most learned man on record.

It is by no means intended to compare our author with him who digested the Hindoo laws, beyond the two points in which they seem to coincide, viz. a strong and insatiable passion for literature without any particular bias or prepossession, which would of itself produce the consequent similarity in their works which has been just noticed, that of their having no marked feature. Here however all comparison must end; for it would be a profanation to place the specimens of Icelandic poetry with those naturalized from the Persic and Arabic by the great man above-mentioned, either in point of selection or execution. Indeed, the selection must be supposed small enough from the nature of the subjects, and more particularly from the nature of those saturnine children of the pole, whose words (for they cannot be termed thoughts) have been presented to the English public in our own language.

There is no greater regret than that which we feel on being convinced that our long and laborious attention has been applied in obtaining an object of no value in itself. It is by no means implied that our translator has failed in the aim of his ambition. He has directed his attention to learning

the words of European languages. He has learned them. His poems are 'words, words, words.' An idea is hardly to be found in a volume. It would be difficult to say which of the two was in possession of the most valuable secret, the mountebank of old who by long and unremitting practice had learned to shoot peas through the eye of a needle, or the proficient in Icelandic literature. This may seem presumption in those who, like ourselves, are ignorant of that Hyperborean language. But we have a right to judge from the specimens here offered to notice, which are of course selected as the very best. In translations from languages within our reach, a comparison might be made between the original and the version. But criticism must here confine itself solely to the consideration of what degree of value is to be attached to the ideas, images, and descriptions as it finds them in an English dress. And here the 'labor ineptiarum' is woefully apparent. Every thing is repulsive, dull, and inanimate.

It would be vain and extravagant to suppose that any treasures in the north, of equal richness with those to be found in more genial regions, were hoarded up to this late day unexplored or undervalued. But from the land of fiery and roaring mountains, of boiling cataracts and of snowy wilds, where rumblings are heard beneath, where caverns yawn dark and bottomless, we had expected some wildness at least, some barbarous grandeur, some mysterious horror occasionally in the sentiment or description. But the land seems to have communicated to her children nothing but the coldness of their mother. Their literature presents a prospect barren without wildness, rude without sublimity, neither promising pleasure, nor inspiring terror. It is a flat, bleak, and 'idle desert, defended hitherto by its poverty from invasion. Mr. Herbert, however, has invaded it, and borne off the hips and haws from its naked and stripped hedges. He has made the language his study, and writes it; and he who has laboured hard to gain an object, will not easily be induced to undervalue what he has with difficulty mastered.

The book commences with an ode in the Icelandic language addressed to a friend at Copenhagen. Of the matter and manner of this ode no opinion can be formed. It has never fallen to our lot to hear the language pronounced; but from the quotations frequent in this book, the words appear to be of a finer texture, less clogged with consonants, and with a far greater proportion of liquids than the German. The termination in the vowels *a* and *i* is frequent; and some words promise from their component letters a sound not unlike the Italian. In comparing the space oc-

cupied by a literal prose translation with its original in p. 64, the Icelandic appears to be the closer language. The first translation is entitled the Song of Thrym on the recovery of the hammer. Instead of a thunderbolt, Thor, the pagan Jupiter is furnished with a hammer, and even here the niggard imagination of the natives is apparent. They not only venerated a god, armed like a blacksmith or carpenter, but they even stunted this hammer to 'seven spans, as the length of a moderate sceptre requires.' The lovers of what is termed simplicity may admire the verses, and there are some antiquaries who might relish the rust of this poem.

Thor, the most powerful god of the Norwegians, and the son of earth, had lost his hammer during sleep. On waking he dispatches Loke, the son of Laufey or Laufeyia, one of the Asi, in quest of it. This messenger posts to Freyia, the daughter of Niorder of the nation of the Vani, for a winged robe to seek the hammer round the world. Borne on this magic robe, he reaches the Jotunheim bounds, where

'High on a mound of lofty state
Thrym, the king of the Thursi sat,
For his dogs he was twisting collars of gold,
And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.'

Thrym owned to the theft, and with unparalleled audacity refuses to return the property until Freyia shall be brought to share his bed. After much deliberation on this answer from the giant king among the Asi and Asinia, the gods and their wives and daughters, and after the positive refusal of the offended and blushing Freyia to expose her necklace and her charms to the roguery and libertine passion of Thrym, Heimdallar, like a mery wag as he is, proposes that Thor should go in masquerade to the land of the giant king, and get his hammer by stratagem. Accordingly, the whole green room of the immortals fairly and softly begin the metamorphosis of Thor into a female. The latter, however, is highly indignant at the thoughts of wearing a petticoat, but becomes pacified on hearing that he was in danger of losing his kingdom if he failed to regain his hammer. He submits to the operation,—

'Then busk'd they Thor, as a bride so fair,
And the great bright necklace gave him to wear,
Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hung down to his knees,
And on his bosom jewels rare,
And high, and quaintly braid his hair.'

On rising from the toilet he sets off with his trusty Loke, who seems to be the Mercury of the Norwegians, for the land of Thrym, who is sighing hot as furnace for the arrival of the real Freyia. The ill-fated unsuspecting giant is delighted at the supposed coming of the lady; and as if convinced that 'sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus,' he gives an entertainment equally remarkable for the delicacy of the viands and generosity of the host. The master of the feast fixes his eyes on the fair Freyia, as he vainly imagines. Meanwhile the lady visitor, to recruit her spirits after the fatigue of so long a journey,

'——ate alone

Eight salmons, and an ox full grown,
And all the cates on which women feed,
And drank three firkins of sparkling mead.'

Thrym, by no means a niggard of his cheer to the fair guest, is at length quite scandalized at her appetite. Loke, however, informs him that she had not broke bread for eight days and nights from the most delicate of all reasons, her eagerness to consummate the marriage. The giant lover then assays to salute those beauties which the veil might keep concealed from sight. But on lifting it up, full of amorous raptures and hopes, he discovers on the supposed fair-one a look so dire, that horror soon took place of softer emotions. Loke satisfies him that want of sleep, occasioned also by longing for the marriage rites, had brought on that grimness of visage. The giant's sister, an avaricious lady, wishes for Freyia's rings of gold. Thrym now orders the hammer to be surrendered to the maid, and must doubtless have been astonished at seeing the lovely creature arise and lay about her with it so lustily. The fair visitor becomes now pretty generally known and felt, and whatever might have been the force of her charms, that of her hammer is undisputed.

'The Thunderer's soul smiled in his breast,
When the hammer hard on his lap was placed;
Thrym first the king of the Thursi he slew,
And slaughter'd all the giant crew.
He slew that giant's sister old,
Who pray'd for bridal gifts so bold.
Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot.
Thus Odin's son his hammer got.'

The prelude to the descent of Odin is among these pieces. The opening to the song of Asbiorn approaches the nearest to feeling, but like every Icelandic, it soon freezes, and

should this not succeed, the story of Gunlaug and Rafen will not fail to make any man blow his fingers in July. In the song of Hroke the Black, the translator departs from his usual placid demeanor, and in assuming the character of bold, he becomes rash. For what is it but the summit of imprudence to risque such words as 'haried,' 'garr'd,' 'wighty,' 'gars' and 'kemps'? Our old friends Gondul and Skogul, with whom we became acquainted in the Tales of Wonder, are here tricked out anew. But their manners are not bettered, and their company is now absolutely insupportable. Our author digs deep in quest of the very roots of words; and is often contented with the *quasi* of the Lexicographers:

'From *are* I believe our word *eyrie* is derived; Johnson derives it from *ey*, an egg, properly *ei*, German: but I do not believe there is a word in the English language (unless very modern) of German origin, and the Germans have no word to express *eyrie*, which in French is spelt *aire*. In Anglo Sax. *æg* is an egg; in Icel. *egg*; in Galic *ubh*, or *ugh*. *Ey* is an island in Icel. The words, which we have in common with the Germans, are not borrowed from them, but drawn from a higher source.'

He reminds us of that profound etymologist who derived the name of Mr. Jeremiah King, a gentleman of the first respectability, from the word cucumber, by the following process—Jeremiah King, Jerremy King, Jerryking, Jerkin (corrupted by use into gherkin) cucumber.

The song of Harold the Valiant was translated by Mason, and has found its way into some notice through the medium of a glee, the music of which is worthy of the words, and the words of the music, the total value of both summed up amounting to nothing. We subjoin a literal translation of the original by Mr. Herbert, who accuses his predecessor of having departed from the sense of the original.

'The ship sailed wide round Sicily. Then we were magnificent. The brown winged stag (*i. e.* ship) glided well according to our hopes under the youths. Mindful I hope in the meeting to be equally active in love to the virgin. Hence the maid of the gold ring in Russia consents to embrace me.

'Such was the conflict, that the men of Trondhiem, they had the largest host. That fight, which we executed, was certainly terrible. Young I was separated from the young king fallen in stour, &c.

'Together sixteen we worked the pump, when the tide waxed, (the sea rushed into the laden planks) on four benches. Mindful I hope in the meeting to be equally active in love to the virgin, &c.

'I ken eight exercises. Ninepins; (*Quere.*)—I can array an army; strong in working at the forge; I am keen on horseback;

I have sometimes taken the sound ; (*as we say, to take the water ;*)
I can slide on skates ; I shoot and row, so as to be useful, &c.

‘ But nor widow nor young maid may (*deny*) that we were (where
we made the clash of swords) southward in the city at morning.
We were reddened round with weapons. Those works are notorious,
&c.

‘ I was born, where the Uplanders bend the bow ; now I let my
war-ship, hated by the countrymen, kiss the breakers. Wide at a
distance from men have I frequented the abode of islands, (*i. e. the
sea*) with my ship, &c.’

From materials so very unpromising our author has made
the following poem, which appears to us superior to any of the
preceding from some degree of interest excited by the description
of a rude life, which imposed on the same man the necessity of
being skilled in all those exercises which enable him to trust to his
own means for defence, food, and raiment—It is besides more
intelligible than the foregoing odes, and is free from allusions to
gods and mortals of no importance.

‘ My bark around Sicilia sail’d ;
Then were we gallant, proud, and strong :
The winged ship by youths impell’d
Skimm’d (as we hoped) the waves along.
My prowess, tried in martial field,
Like fruit to maiden fair shall yield !
 With golden ring in Russia’s land
 To me the virgin plights her hand.

‘ Fierce was the fight on Trondhiem’s heath ;
I saw her sons to battle move ;
Though few, upon that field of death
Long, long, our desperate warriors strove,
Young from my king in battle slain
I parted on that bloody plain.
 With golden ring in Russia’s land
 To me the virgin plights her hand,

‘ With vigorous arms the pump we plied,
Sixteen (no more) my dauntless crew,
And high and furious wax’d the tide ;
O’er the deep bark its billows flew.
My prowess, tried in hour of need,
Alike with maiden fair shall speed.
 With golden ring in Russia’s land
 To me the virgin plights her hand.

Eight feats I ken ; the sportive game,
The war-array, the sabrile art ;
With fearless breast the waves I stem ;
I press the steed ; I cast the dart ;

O'er ice on slippery skates I glide ;
My dexterous oar defies the tide.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

' Let blooming maid and widow say,
Mid proud Byzantium's southern walls
What deeds we wrought at dawn of day !
What falchions sounded through their halls !
What blood distain'd each weighty spear !
Those feats are famous far and near !
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

' Where snow-clad uplands rear their head,
My breath I drew mid bowmen strong ;
But now my bark, the peasant's dread,
Kisses the sea its rocks among.
Midst barren isles, where ocean foam'd,
Far from the tread of man I roam'd.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.'

In the note on the discovery of Iceland is much curious conjecture on the Thule of the antients, which our author thinks most probable to have been a part of Norway, 'which still bears the name of Thyle-mark, where the traces of Phœnician commerce are visible ; where great mines had been dug, and forests felled ; a period so early that no account appears of it in the old histories, and at a time when the rude and ignorant natives could not easily have performed works of such magnitude.' And again, after an interesting description of the first colonists, 'the names of all the early settlers in Iceland, and the spots which they occupied, were carefully recorded ; and the Icelanders of the present day can trace their pedigrees up to the ninth century with tolerable certainty.'

We took our leave of the dreary Iceland and its poetry without regret, in hopes, how fond, and how delusive ! of meeting something more worthy our attention in the exotics of more happy climes. Our author appears tired with his Latin and Greek muses, who certainly are the associates of boys only. For although no scholar who knows how to appreciate the exhaustless treasures of the two antient languages, would cease to be a reader and admirer, yet few will be found, in a country with a language of its own adapted to all the purposes of vigorous or of soft expression, willing to write in any but his native tongue.

In a Latin *Vale* to a friend we find little to observe but

that the style is affected, the display of the names of places and rivers pedantic, and the costumes of antient and modern names confused without a reason in several instances. Thus between the antient names Thamesinus and Sabrina, he inserts the modern and unclassical name Humber for a Latin word, instead of Abus.

The Greek version of Ossian's Berrathon is, as all modern Greek versions ought to be, which have any pretension to correctness, a cento of words and phrases from Homer.

The translations are singularly dull and unmeaning; many of them are from authors of no consequence, the Cowper's, the Hayley's, and the Bowles', of Spain, Italy, and Germany. In the Epithalamium from the Italian of Parini, the double ending which occurs twice in every stanza, certainly without rhyme, and without a shadow of reason, is a wanton defiance of harmony.

In stanza v.

‘ To see her

Pour tenderest words of bashful love,’

is an oversight.

But what is this epithalamium in point of absurdity, when compared with the translation from the *Zaire* of Voltaire, done at full gallop !

‘ My God, I have fought sixty years for thy fame,
Seen thy temple demolished, and perish thy name ;’ &c.

the metre borrowed from

‘ A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,’

which, although conformable to the structure of the French language, is the most forcible conveyance of ridicule in the English.

The tribe of gentlemen authors, from the little trouble which they take in quest either of originality of thought or language, appear to consider poetry merely as an accomplishment, and that to limit their words to a certain number of syllables, with a regular, or even an irregular recurrence of rhyme, and the selection of a few words not ordinarily found in common conversation or familiar writing, is composing at least gentlemanly poetry. There can be no objection to an innocent and childish pastime, provided it be confined strictly to a circle rich enough to be exempt from the bad effects of mispending their time. But when gentlemen obtrude their levities on the world, it becomes pretty evident that they are candidates for fame, and it is equally evident that if encouragement be given to these forward children of parents blind to their faults, the press would teem with abortions.

No antient author is so frequently referred to as Horace. Nay, we do not believe that the amount of current quotations from all the authors antient and modern combined, equal in number and utility those extracted from Horace alone. This originates in the variety of subjects on which he treats, and more especially in that bold, figurative, and appropriate language which adapts itself exclusively to every successive subject. He seldom if ever deals in general expressions. It is inconceivable, why so many versifiers who deal in nothing else, should have the heart to attempt him. Some of his odes owe their celebrity almost entirely to their choiceness of diction. We will instance this in one of his most admired,

Quis multâ gracilis, &c.

or as we have seen it suggested,

Qui multâ gracilis, &c.

which gives a new spirit to the whole ode. Here is nothing striking in the thought; the phraseology, if not its only, is undoubtedly its highest claim to merit. Young poets, conscious only of the charm, and inattentive to the cause of it, reduce all those niceties of expression in which the secret excellence consists, into general and obvious language. While they attempt to grasp the body, which is too diminutive to be seen clearly, the subtle spirit has evaporated. To transfuse the thoughts and style of a foreign and antient poet into our native tongue, requires that the translator's mind should be in unison with his original, and in the choice of smaller pieces we generally decide from accident. The prominent feature of an ode presents itself to us in our own language, without any or with very little effort; and being pleased with having mastered the difficulty, and secured the characteristic beauty, we attempt the remainder. But what beauty, what character, what encouragement in the outset, middle, or end, could have goaded this gentleman into an effort to translate the '*Integer vitæ* ?'

'That happy man, whose virtuous heart
Is free from guilt and conscious fear,
Needs not the poison'd Moorish dart,
Nor bow, nor sword, nor deadly spear;

'Whether on shores that Ganges laves,
Or Syrtis' quivering sands among;
Or where Hydaspes' fabled waves
In strange mæanders wind along.

' When free from care I dared to rove,
And Lalage inspired my lay,
A wolf within the Sabine grove
Fled wild from his defenceless prey.

' Such prodigy the Daunian bands
In their drear haunts shall never trace;
Nor barren Libya's arid sands,
Rough parent of the lion race.

' O place me, where no verdure smiles,
No vernal zephyrs fan the ground,
No varied scene the eye beguiles,
Nor murmuring rivulets glide around !

' Place me on Thracia's frozen lands,
Uncheer'd by genial light of day!
Place me on Afric's burning sands,
Scorched by the sun's inclement ray !

' Love in my heart shall pain beguile,
Sweet Lalage shall be my song;
The gentle beauties of her smile,
The gentle music of her tongue.'

Where could have been the invitation to translate? Was it the matter of fact contained in the first stanza? Was it in the music of the genitives attached to words already ending in *s*, in the second stanza, by which the verse is very properly made to hiss its author? Was it the inelegant and ungrammatical omission of the article in

' Such prodigy the Daunian bands?'

Was it the common and uncharacteristic verbiage of the three last stanzas? Did Mr. H. really imagine that the gloomy picture of Horace,

Quod latus terræ nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget,

met with any representation in

*No varied scene the eye beguiles,
Nor murmuring rivulets glide around ?*

or in the following?

' Place me on *Thracia's frozen lands*
Uncheer'd by genial light of day;
Place me on *Afric's burning sands*
Scorch'd by the sun's inclement ray.'

On the expressions ' varied scene,' ' beguile the eye,' ' murmuring rivulet,' ' genial light,' ' arid sands,' ' inclement ray,' &c. young ladies and amorous fellow-commoners at the universities, could say more than ourselves. Disarm poetry of these *façons de parler*, and it would be taken out of the hands of many a puny whipster. But there must have been some encouragement to our author in attempting this ode *invita Minerva*. The last stanza, which we think to have been written first, seems to be a clue which unravels the whole. Here it is—

' Love in my heart shall pain beguile,
Sweet Lalage shall be my song,
The gentle beauties of her smile,
The gentle music of her tongue.'

How surprised will the admirer of Lalage be to hear that instead of an encouragement, he should have considered this a positive end to all his hopes ! He appears to have been deceived by the seeming prettiness of the two last lines ; to give them a place he repeats the word *beguile*, that darling word of demi-poets, and fashions the whole stanza after his own conceit. Phillips had said

' Who hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.'

In saying this, although he departed entirely from the manner of Sappho, which indulges in no prettiness, he certainly excelled Catullus, and equalled Horace. This should have stopped the mouth of any one who had nothing better to substitute.

The admirers of Cowper will drivel with delight over the following overflowing of simplicity from Catullus :

' With mournful voice and faltering tongue,
With sweetly sympathetic moan,
Begin, ye loves, the funeral song !
The bird, my fair one's joy, is gone !

' The bird she nurs'd with anxious care,
And fondly cherish'd night and day
For never from the gentle fair
The little darling wish'd to stray.

' Now perch'd upon her graceful head
With frolic wing and warbling throat ;
Now on her snowy bosom laid
He sweetly tuned his artless note.

'Cold death, alas! has clos'd his eyes
(With tears bedew his funeral urn!)
In those sad realms of night he lies,
Whence mortal beauties ne'er return.

'Ye barbarous fates, who love to crop
The prime of youth and beauty's flow'r,
Ah! could ye not relenting stop
The furies of your cruel pow'r!

'Behold my fair one's swollen eyes
With tears of never ceasing grief!
Behold her bosom heave with sighs,
To heart-felt pangs the faint relief!

'Tis ye, that cause these tears to flow;
'Tis ye, that cause that breast to heave;
Your hands have oped the source of woe,
And doom'd my lovely nymph to grieve.'

Here are, besides, some original poems. Here is a song on the peace of Amiens, enough to put any one in good humour; the weather is now (this 10th of January) wet and foggy. We the reviewers, who are doubtless assembled at our great round table in daily debate, begin to partake of the general gloom of the season. But as our wish is to keep up the spirits of the public, and to divert them from the calamities usually attending this hanging and drowning season, and having moreover very good natural voices ourselves, of which we feel ourselves not a little proud, we will, without waiting to be pressed, sing the two first stanzas of this song.

'Song on the Peace of Amiens.

'Our arms have thunder'd
And Europe has wonder'd
At trophies of valor by Britain display'd;
But April expiring
Has heard the guns firing
To sound the sad fall of her glory and trade.

Here the counter-tenor was fit to kill himself with laughing, owing to the full bottom'd wig of Dr. ———, the reviewer of metaphysical tracts, slipping over his left eye in the extacy of one of the Doctor's very best shakes on the word *and*. After a severe reprimand from the Soprano, order being restored, we were enabled most clearly and harmoniously to chant as followeth:

'The power of France growing,}]
All thrones to her bowing,

Our wealth to republican losses a prey ;
 Our trophies all faded,
 Tho' grossly paraded,
 The tackle which held us is all cut away.
 Sing rumty-iddle-dy, rumty-iddle-dy,
 rumty-iddle-dy, rowdy.'

The agitation occasioned by an excess of cheerfulness was followed by an accident that had well nigh put an end to our festivities. For while we were waving our ink-horns in singing the chorus *con spirito*, some of the black ingredients dropped out, and left an unseemly blur on the new, fawn-coloured, double milled, and striped kersey-mere breeches of the gentleman who beat time on the triangle. Here all was turbulence, which however subsiding at last into a pleasing melancholy at the damaged inexpressibles, with sad, plaintive, and tender voices we sung the song which will be found in p. 104. as one perfectly adapted to an occasion so serious. After having chanted thus melodiously, we were resolved to have some recitation, and then to express our gratitude for the evening's entertainment in a few concluding remarks. For the first part of our design we fixed on 'The Narrative of a true Story called William Lambert,' or nothing. This was most ably executed, and with extraordinary piquancy, by a gentleman who speaks to a miracle through his nose, and has withal a humming way with him. Having adjusted our wigs, many of which had fallen off, and some of which were turned the back-part before, owing to the festivities of this Arabian night's entertainment, we were enabled to proceed again to business, and to conclude our remarks. And first we observe that the author prefixes to his poems the date of the year in which he achieved a deed of such hardihood. This led us to notice that the early poems are neither better nor worse than the latter, and in no respect differ from them, excepting that they are more excusable from being the indiscretions of youth. Our author wrote and printed long ago an ode to Hellebore, or nonsense, we forget which. No man who follows the bent of his genius will ever make a bad figure, and no man who baulks his natural propensity in favour of what is contradictory to his inclination, can ever make a good one. Mr. Herbert's ode drew forth this remark. In this ode the juvenile bard displayed such a thorough intimacy with the subject, and succeeded so eminently, that it is really surprising he should have deserted a cause to which he was a proselyte, and expatiated in the dangerous and profitless fields of sense.

The extended name of Mr. Herbert, the confidence just-

ly placed in his information, and the encouragements held out to him to become a poet, founded on seemingly good grounds, extorted from us the preceding remarks. He is an example of the inefficacy of mere learning to produce any work of merit, if strength of conception, and decided original powers be wanted to leaven the mass. The reviewer of this article, in turning his attention to the pages of prose and verse before him, to which all Europe has made contributions, lost and perplexed as he was in the dull and elaborate disorder, could not help exclaiming,

Quæ quibus anteferam, quæ prima aut ultima ponam ?

Mr. Herbert deprecates an unjust and unfounded attack made upon a trifling translation in the last series of the Critical Review, stating that it had been the vehicle for Jacobinism. He complains justly. Had the present conductor of the Review been concerned in it, he should have received ample redress for an assertion so very idle and unfounded. However hardly an author may feel himself dealt withal, the strictures of a reviewer should be confined merely to the work, without any reference to private character, provided the writer shows no disposition to give currency to bad principles. It should be remembered that in questions of religion and loyalty, the slightest breath will tarnish the fairest fame, will expose a man to a warfare with the artful, designing and stupid part of the community, who owe their rise to similar persecutions. If that scent be once given, the whole pack of fools, knaves and hypocrites are instantly unkenelled; they join in the hue and cry, and never give up the chase, until they have run down their victim. We know not what could have drawn from our predecessors a remark, which cannot be supported by a single word or thought contained in the volumes before us; but we are sincerely happy in bearing testimony to the validity of our author's claims to loyalty and patriotism.

ART. VI. *A descriptive Tour to the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, in the Autumn of 1804.* 8vo. Ostell, 1805.

IT would be no easy task to enumerate all the varieties of character among that portion of human existence, which during the genial season of summer, is employed in forcing its way through the opposing qualities of external nature, and of which so many detached members annually commit outrages on the public patience, under the denomination of

tourists. In a country like this, where wealth has multiplied the desires and the means of enjoyment, and idleness fosters every capricious whim that ignorance or extravagance may have conceived, dissipation runs a wider round, and folly soars to a more adventurous height, than the limited absurdity of a poorer age, ever dared to attempt or hoped to attain. This blind passion for untried pleasures, nursed by the phantoms of imagination, and unrestrained by the dictates of reason, impels people to the prosecution of objects at variance with the dispositions of their nature, and often diverts the calm current of their lives into some rugged channel, over which Providence never intended it should flow. It is thus we are enabled to account for that epidemical rage for travelling, which has of late years afflicted the inhabitants of this island. Nothing can stop the dire contagion; it attacks with equal fury the young and the old, the robust and the infirm; it preys indiscriminately on men, women and children. Even those most worthy persons who, long accustomed to sedentary employments in the manufacturing towns of this prosperous realm, were hitherto considered as fixtures, have fallen victims to this desolating plague, and spurning the sordid trade of gold, scamper over the thinly peopled districts of rural retirement, in vagaries deeply distressing to their old friends and highly amusing to their new acquaintance. During what publicans call the busy time of the year, the country now presents a very singular and comical appearance, and the once quiet regions of Westmoreland offer almost as great a variety of spectacle as Cheapside.

In the course of those peregrinations, in which we too are glad to indulge, after a winter spent in the labour of critical dissection, we have occasionally met characters not unproductive of entertainment; we have sometimes found ourselves in the room with a class of ladies and gentlemen, who having accidentally heard in the course of conversation, that all the world was not in every respect similar to London, determined to prove by experience the truth of that information, and no longer to sit silent and ignorant in company, when the theme of conversation should chance to extend beyond the liberties of Westminster. It must not, however, be supposed, that a rational curiosity made any part of the motives which drove them from their homes, or that they suffered any thing but downright mental pain from the time they delivered their first injunctions to the delighted postillion. They see no prospect but through the cracked window of a post chaise, they hold no conversation but with the landlord or chambermaid. They are, however, supported under their

sufferings by two considerations; first, the anticipation of those future hours of glory, when, seated round the social fire, they shall assume the air of travellers, and astonish the weak minds of their city friends by narrative, description and anecdote; and secondly, by the proud consciousness of the gorgeous magnificence with which they came on the eye of the gazing rustics. Chaises, gigs, buggies, horsemen, swell the cavalcade, and its transit through a village is remembered like a thunder-storm or a fiery meteor.

There is a second class of tourists, less ludicrous than the good people above mentioned, but much more disagreeable. These are persons who pride themselves on their inquisitive spirit of curiosity, and who wish to acquire the reputation of accurate and extensive knowledge. They resolve to see, smell, touch, hear and feel every thing obvious to the external senses, that the country through which they pass may have the misfortune to possess. They accordingly provide themselves with every tour, journal, post-chaise companion, map or engraving that has libelled the scene in question. When they see a large tree, or a stream, or a mountain, or a village, a general consultation is held on the subject of the discovery, and its name being found, its history is perused with voracious eagerness, and laid up in the memory as an inestimable treasure. The unfortunate landlord too of each inn is overwhelmed with a flood of questions, poured in at once upon him from all quarters; and should the village boast a guide, he is resorted to as a museum of every thing curious in the natural and moral world. But by thus endeavouring to see every thing, it happens that persons of this description see nothing, for though the objects meet their senses, no impression is conveyed to the seat of understanding. They trust entirely to others, what ought to be the province of their own minds, and consequently after leaving the scene of observation, they recollect nothing but a multitude of dry names and still more arid facts, unadorned by one ray of intelligence, unenlivened by one association of remembered thought. When inclined to be talkative, they are the pests of society, and destroy the gaiety of the social circle, by a hubbub of unconnected phrases, which for dull absurdity might nearly equal the contents of a chapter in John Carr's *Stranger in Ireland*.

A third class of tourists may be termed jolly fellows, who have no idea of travelling in a hum-drum style, or of rusticating the free and easy manners of city fashion. It often happens that gentlemen of this description are hard run for amusement during the summer months, and as a last resource, take to the desperate measure of visiting the coun-

ury. They care not for the beauties of external nature, and would rather pass an evening in the box-lobby of Drury-lane theatre than witness the finest moonlight scene in the north of England. Accordingly their amusement during the day, consists in displaying their dexterity in the guidance of the reins or flourishing the whip, and during the night in pouring out copious libations to the rosy god. They draw close the curtains to exclude the lingering light of eve, and sit down to serious drinking. They all agree that the day's tour has been a stupid bore; and an act is passed to fine in a bumper, every man who drops an hint of their being on a rural excursion. Ere long the Bacchanalian song arises, and to use Walter Scott's language, 'fragments of the lofty strain' float down the stream of intoxication. In some distant parlour the peaceful traveller hears the horrid din, and the trembling waiter, ere he opens the door, stops till the sound of the long-rung bell dies on his ear before he has courage to face the noisy crew. Midnight witnesses their obstreperous orgies; and in the morning, pale-faced spectres are observed silently wandering about, who a few hours before had given such unequivocal testimony of their existence.

Widely different from these 'bons vivans,' is the sentimental tourist. The amiable enthusiast is cursed or blessed (which you will,) with a soul so tremblingly alive to the slightest impressions either of pain or pleasure, that he steals his way through the beauties of nature, as if afraid to be shocked to death at witnessing the thistle-fare of a jack-ass, or dissolved into extacy at hearing the drawling sing-song of a milk-maid. He flies from every thing rude and boisterous, and reposes on the bosom of innocence and peace. He will write an elegy on a beggar without giving him a farthing, and if he hears of a thief being brought to the gallows, will forget that he had incurred the guilt of stealing, in a lamentation over the misfortune of his getting hanged. In the course of his peregrinations he forgets that God implanted any manliness in his soul, and gives way to a confirmed habit of grief and sympathy, that would in the highest degree become a man-milliner fresh from the Sorrows of Charlotte and Werter.

We know not to which of the classes now described the author of the Tour before us ought to be assigned. He has nothing sufficiently discriminative or striking about him to belong exclusively to one particular character. He is the most trifling and insipid of God's creatures; the most common-place observations are for ever trickling from his pen; and while his mind is insensible to the mildest and most sublime scenery, it is affected by objects altogether tame and

uninteresting. What his motive was in visiting the Lakes, we cannot conjecture, unless it was simply *to look at them*. He never by any accident conversed with the inhabitants of the country through which he passed, either high or low, rich or poor, except when compelled by dire necessity to order dinner of the landlord, or to answer some impertinent question, suggested by the curiosity of his guide. He explored none of the secret haunts of nature; none of the savage dells, the lonely cataracts, the wild tarns, the beetling cliffs which far amid the recesses of mountain scenery, the solitary wanderer beholds with a fearful and trembling rapture. In general he kept jogging along the public road, delighted with the regular rows of larch-trees, whose shade kept the flies and sun from his face; admiring 'the white clouds sailing through the blue sky,' a phenomenon which we think might have been enjoyed during the summer months in any other part of the habitable globe, and endeavouring, at the close of day, with, we fear, very little success, to construe an ode of Horace or Anacreon. Indeed, little as the illiberal prejudices and pitiful conceit of our tourist are entitled to serious compassion, we could not help, during the perusal of his unprofitable pages, often feeling acutely for the helpless and desolate state in which he and his companion must have passed the long summer evenings. Fatigued, as by his own confession he generally was, with the slender exertions of the day, and destitute, by the confession of his book, of all mental resources, the interval between a late dinner and an early bed must uniformly have passed in that disturbed kind of slumber, which is too high a price for the deathlike sleep by which it is at length followed. We figure to our mind's eye, our disconsolate tourist yawning in the incommodious inclosure of a great, hard, wooden arm-chair, overturning by frequent starts from a dreary drowsiness the ill-contrived fender, and finally, giving orders for bed-room candles in a tone of indistinct surliness to a chambermaid, whose natural pertness acquires new acidity from the unreasonable bad humour of her unpolite guest. Such sufferings may have been imposed upon himself as a penance for sins committed in secret; but we cannot bring ourselves to think that one crime can be expiated by another, or that a man ought to seek a cure for a distressed conscience, in the punishment which he inflicts on an innocent public. Whoever reads this performance will suffer much, very much. If the tourist who wishes to be informed of every place and every object that may be seen at the English lakes, expects to derive that information from this volume, he will find nothing but a few names

known to all the world; if the sentimentalist peruse its pages to indulge his sensibility, he will doubtless meet with a few miserable scraps of pathos, but nothing to satisfy his diseased palate; if the admirer of grand, wild, and beautiful scenery, hopes to see nature as in a mirror, he will find that common glass has no power of reflection; and if the philosopher, the student of character, expects to be enlightened by the exhibition of mind, he will fling the 'printed pageant' indignantly away, as destitute of intellect, speculation or theory. It is one of the few books we have seen, possessing nothing to recommend it, not even a sufficient quantity of sheer absurdity. The paper and types alone deserve praise, to which Mr. W. Pople, Old Boswell-court, Strand, is well entitled.

To justify the severity of castigation, we shall shortly analyse the performance. And let us observe in the first place, that more than a third part of it has no connection whatever with the Lakes, nor indeed with any thing else, but merely contains a journal of that portion of the author's life, which was spent in the summer of the year 1804 between London and Kendal. The first glimpse we catch of him is going up Highgate-hill on his way to Ashbourne, but whether he is enjoying the interior of the mail coach, or of the 'Derby Dilly carrying three insides,' the darkness of the evening prevents us from ascertaining. Either vehicle, however, must have been equally pleasant to him, as he slept all the way to Northampton, which we are informed 'contains some well-built houses.' Passing through the town of Leicester, 'which is inhabited chiefly by graziers,' he arrived at Ashbourne, where, wonderful to relate, 'the country and the weather seemed to brighten together.' He there saw two French generals. Pajot and Boyer, speaking of whom he says that 'veracity beamed on every countenance,' using, we suppose, the word 'countenance' in the restricted sense of 'feature.' Here he visited the village of Ham, which, like every other village mentioned in the tour, 'consists of a few scattered huts.' Ham house is inhabited by 'a gentleman who is a very active justice of the peace.' Near this village he saw 'a mossy tablet encircled with a bench of stone, which is said to have inspired the genius of the facetious Congreve in the composition of his Old Bachelor.' How this could have been we know not. On the banks of Dove, he saw a rabbit-warren, 'where rabbits are every where seen running about,' and the stream itself is distinguished from all other streams by the following very remarkable properties, viz. 'its artless and incessant murmur,' and 'its sometimes gliding smoothly,' and 'at others being impeded and broken in its course.' It moreover 'reminds him

of the river Wye,' by means probably of the associating principle of contrariety. He met on its banks with a most extraordinary character, namely, 'a man who had reared a numerous family by the sweat of his brow,' whose 'food consisted of oaten cake, or a mess of meal pottage,' and who 'was accustomed at the clear brook to slake his thirst.' These singularities were only to be equalled 'by his never having heard of the French Revolution.' For our part we see nothing very remarkable in the character of this man, unless it be the rare habit of drinking when he felt thirsty, and the extraordinary materials of his beverage. The only remark our tourist makes upon Matlock is, that 'its delightful retirement is profaned by that insipidity of conversation and amusement which forms the disgusting characteristic of a modern watering-place.' To those who have not spirit to enter into lively amusement, good-nature to be delighted with seeing people happy around them, or polite manners to render them easy and comfortable in the society of gentlemen, a modern watering-place must no doubt be very disgusting. On the wonders of the Peak he makes a few tame remarks, occasionally enlivened by quotations altogether inapplicable to the scene; and concludes his account with informing the world of a circumstance not generally credited, that Mam Tor is more than 6000 feet above the level of the sea, which makes it considerably higher than the highest hill in Great Britain. He next proceeds to Sheffield, where we are told 'swords and knives are made,' and agrees with Mr. Gray and the rest of mankind, that 'Leeds is an ugly, dirty, smoky town.' Harrowgate he says 'is remarkable only for its chalybeate waters,' which proves he never had the misfortune of drinking them. He shrewdly conjectures that the Abbey of Kirkstall 'formerly consisted of refectories, dormitories, chapels, and penitentiary cells.' This reminds us of the sea captain, who starting up in a paroxysm of enthusiasm and inspiration, smote his fist upon the table, and 'swore that there was more harm done by sea and land than in all the rest of the globe beside.' He then proceeds to Askrig, a place 'remarkable only for dullness,' a remark which we think must have been peculiarly applicable to that lively little spot during the stay of our tourist. Kendal he describes by the satisfactory appellation of a 'moping town,' and at last he catches a glimpse of Winandermere. Here then, strictly speaking, his business with the public and ours with him commence. After describing in very vague terms the feelings excited in his mind by the first sight of this magnificent lake, he concludes a short but tedious chapter with the following prophetic paragraph.

'We took shelter at the delicious repose of Lowood, a spot which I soon ventured to predict would at no very distant period become the favourite resort of every northern traveller who has any correct taste for the wild or beautiful in nature.' p. 54.

The wonder excited in the reader's mind by this daring prophecy is somewhat abated, when he considers that the event to which it alludes was fulfilled many years before the prophecy was delivered.

As we propose following the track of our tourist as regularly as possible, we beg leave to quote part of p. 55.

'On the morning of the 19th we opened our astonished eyes on the glorious expanse of Winandermere *floating a tract of 14 miles in extent. The beams of the sun quivered prettily on the margin of the lake, and a little fleet of boats rode at anchor in the peaceful harbour of Lowood.*

This is quite in the dashing style of modern description, confused, bombastical and false. From the inn at Lowood scarcely one half of the lake can be seen, so that it is ridiculous to speak of 14 miles. Why the sun should quiver more on the margin of the lake than the lake itself seems unreasonable; and to speak of that luminary 'quivering prettily,' discovers a contempt for the source of flame which in Persia might render our author a victim to its omnipotence.

But in denominating a few fishing-boats, tied by ropes no longer fit for the stable, to the edge of a creek, employed chiefly for washing foul linen, 'a fleet of boats, riding at anchor in a peaceful harbour,' this nameless gentleman has outdone himself, and exhibited the perfection of a sentence where bombastic expression gains an inglorious victory over imbecillity of thought.

In the vain hope of finding some remark calculated to remove the melancholy excited by the previous display of mental weakness, we hastened to page 58. We there met with the following specimen of taste and description:

'The mediocrity of the southern boundary (of Winandermere) however conspicuous, might have escaped the severity of criticism if it were not unfortunately exposed by the splendour of connection. In scenes like these, where nature working in the style of a bold and independent master, launches into the wild and fanciful, and soars beyond the conception of human genius, we are unable to reconcile an association so distasteful, and would rather have been blind to the beauties than have witnessed the deformities of such a picture. Consistency is surely compatible with the boldest design, and it is painful to see the liveliest colours mixed on the same canvass with the sombre.'

This is certainly a curious piece of criticism on the works

of nature. It is painful to see the lively mixed with the sombre!! What! is the variety of nature offensive? Is the sweet interchange of hill and dale, the verdant field stealing through the brown forest, the shaggy precipice frowning over the quiet meadow, the lofty mountain sloping down in gradual beauty to the long level plain;—are these objects to shock the soul of a rational being? And where does nature exhibit this delightful variety in more attractive loveliness than on the banks of Winandermere? In truth, the mystic charm of this exquisite picture consists precisely in the very circumstance which, according to our tourist, destroys the effect of the whole, namely, the contrast between the sublimity of the upper and the beauty of the lower part of the Lake. There is nothing discordant in this contrast; every feature of nature is mellowed imperceptibly into the one most opposite to it, like the colours of the rainbow; and the effect of the whole scene, thus uniting every charm of wildness and cultivation, grandeur and loveliness, is more fairy, more magical, than ever poetic fancy created in the brightest charm of inspiration. And yet, down comes a gentleman from Highgate, who declares ‘that he would rather have been blind to the beauties than have witnessed the deformities of this picture’!!!

Hitherto we have confined ourselves principally to an exposition of this unfortunate gentleman’s want of taste and judgment, but a passage in p. 59. contains in its first clause a statement which would lead us to infer that he also wants his eyes, though in its last we find a remark that tends to prove his vision more acute than that of a lynx.

‘The woody valley of Troutbeck or Trout-river, an interesting walk of two miles from Lowood, *boasts a few scattered cottages, a moss-gray church, and a stream so beautifully clear that not a fish nor a weed can escape detection.*’

The village of Troutbeck is the largest in that part of the country, being nearly a mile long; and though we have often angled in the stream alluded to, we have found, much to our mortification, that the fish eluded detection most dexterously.

From the following passage in p. 61. we suppose our tourist has been nettled at some circumstance that occurred during the day’s excursion, else he would not have been so very petulant and impertinent to the venerable Bishop of Landaff. ‘Beneath us in a marshy bottom stood the heavy edifice of Calgarth house, the residence of the Bishop of Landaff, a station so unhappily selected as to exclude every interesting view of the enchanting scenery that surrounds

it.' This 'appears to be very bad manners.' From the expression 'beneath us,' it is certain that this rural critic did not visit the spot he thus abuses, so that he is convicted of injustice out of his own mouth. Calgarth is situated low, but not on a marshy bottom, as it is surrounded by a fine dry lawn. Though it does not command a very striking prospect, some of the views from the high windows are extremely delightful.

In tracing the course of the river Rothay under the majestic rocks of Rydal, p. 63, the object which principally attracted his attention was the following: 'Here the solitary cow cautiously descending crops in uninterrupted security the delicious herbage. Such is the tremendous elevation to which she aspires that the animated speck would be unperceived but for an accidental motion.' It seems singular that a man who can see a trout at the bottom of a pool cannot see a cow half way up a precipice. This river furnishes him with a great deal of description. He speaks of it in p. 70, 'as dashing with foamy fury over the precipitous sides of a tremendous gill,' and says that the 'fir-trees have veiled it in Cimmerian darkness.' The spot here alluded to is a beautiful retired scene on the Rothay, distinguished for a softness of character, and partaking in some measure of the wild and picturesque, but unmarked by a single feature either of sublimity or horror. Cimmerian darkness was however too good a phrase to be out of the service, and though it is a veteran that has acted in all the tours of this and the last century, it is here put into the front rank, and makes a very soldierlike appearance.

Before leaving this part of the country our author pays a visit to Mr. Curwen's island, p. 64.

* Embarked at Lowood, and made a pleasant excursion of six miles to Mr. Curwen's island. *We could not but admire* the stillness and transparency of the lake, which is in some parts nearly a hundred yards deep, and three quarters of a mile across. In the winter season it is frequently so rough as to render the management of a boat extremely hazardous. It abounds with *char*, a coarse fish caught in nets, of which a great quantity are potted. In addition to these there are trout, perch, and eels; the former are more numerous in the brooks and rivulets by which the lake is fed. The eels are pierced by a sharp instrument, *a model of the harpoon*, as they coil *anxiously* on the grassy bottom. On our approach the village of Boness rose among the trees on the opposite shore. From the poetical rhapsodies of the guides in delineating the charms of these islands, *the imagination revels among fairy bowers and Rosierucian sylphs*; but instead of these, what Mr. Gray would have expressively termed *a put-in-urbest's house*, and a neglected garden served rather

to excite pity than to aggravate disappointment. The shores, as might be expected, are low and uncommanding. A lofty point of rock on the western beach is occupied by a station-house, a most favourite resort of the islanders. Here, after a laborious ascent, we gained little novelty of prospect,' &c.

This is the only passage that gave us a high idea of our author's imagination, for it abounds in fictions. We shall only mention seven of the most prominent. In the first place, it is not six miles from Lowood to Curwen's island; in the second, char is an exceedingly delicate fish; in the third, the instrument by which eels are pierced bears no resemblance to a harpoon; in the fourth, 'these islands' means this island; in the fifth, there is no garden on the island, and that on the edge of the lake is highly cultivated; in the sixth, shores are not low on which there are lofty points; and in the seventh, instead of there being little novelty in the prospect from the station here alluded to, novelty is its principal recommendation. These are points of little importance, but they are characteristic of the man.

Let us now accompany him to Derwent Water. He gets very garrulous upon this lake, very garrulous indeed. We verily believe that he amounts nearly to twenty pages. He continues to massacre the reputation of Mr. Gray with a savage ingenuity of torture, that would make him a great character among the North American Indians. He drags him from the asylum of the grave, and under the mask of admiration, exposes to insult the skeleton of that majestic bard. He backs every paltry observation of his own, with 'as Mr. Gray says,' and not unfrequently obliges the deceased poet to bear witness to the truth of remarks, of whose falsity he would have been the first to express pity and contempt. We shall content ourselves with a few specimens of this part of the Tour. Speaking of Derwent Water, he says,

'On the most considerable island of this little archipelago stands a tasteless mansion, the residence of a gentleman whose splendid regattas have acquired him an extensive celebrity in the country.'

He here alludes to a gentleman universally beloved for his philanthropy and benevolence, and whose name is never pronounced but with a blessing by the child of poverty. Such is the scurrility of narrow-minded rancour! He has not proceeded many pages before he gives another proof of the liberality of his sentiments:

'As we crossed the rapid tide of the river Greeta, we observed, at the distance of a stone's throw from the road, an old embattled

brick mansion *apparently an uninhabited ruin*; in this, however, we were mistaken: it was the Villa Lucretilis of one of the most celebrated of that *corpusculum poetarum* who it cannot be denied have afforded abundant specimens of the exuberance of their genius. His lyric brother occupies a house on the banks of Grassmere, for which, as his landlord assured us, he paid an annual rent of five pounds. *Sic itur ad astra.*

A more shameless example of low-minded abuse than this, we never were doomed to peruse. Were it not for the malignity apparent in this pitiful passage, it would be amusing enough to hear this person speaking contemptuously of such men as Southey and Wordsworth. If he means any thing, he wishes to laugh at those gentlemen for being poor; which, if the fact were so, would prove his want of feeling, and since it is not so, shews that he gratifies his malice at the expence of his veracity. There is a passage in one of Wordsworth's pastorals, which describes very accurately this silly rambler:

These tourists, heaven preserve us, needs must live
A profitable life! some glance along
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel aloft,
Long as their summer lasted: some as wise,
Upon the forehead of a jutting crag
Sit perch'd, with book and pencil on their knee,
And look and scribble, scribble on and look,
Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.
But for you moping son of idleness,
What does he yonder?

Of the same stamp with the above is the following sentence relative to pedestrian travellers: (p. 93.)

‘Nothing could be more absurd than this extravagance, which, like most other excesses, however, soon corrected itself: this was that cant and affectation of stoicism which would convert a toil into a pleasure, by combating the existence, or steeling us to the perception of pain; and which, as it originated only in sophistry, soon terminated in disgust.’

In this senseless jargon it is easy to discover the ill-natured reasoning of a man, who is vexed at not possessing the power necessary for that mode of travelling which he condemns. He speaks of the natural and easy operation of setting down one foot after the other as a labour only to be endured by a Hercules. But it is not for persons whose ambulatory exploits have been confined to Bond-street, or the park on a Sunday, to deliver lectures on the agony of muscular exer-

tion. Neither is it for such gentlemen to pretend making a tour of the Lakes in post-chaises and hired gigs, and after finding that in such vehicles they can see nothing, to abuse through pure and ludicrous spite, the more rational part of mankind, who have discovered that legs were given them for the purpose of walking. It is impossible to see one half of the wonders of the North of England except on foot; and this we venture to assert in contradiction both of our equestrian tourist, and that facetiously drunken landlord at Keswick, with whose accomplishments he was so greatly delighted. As to the descriptions of scenery with which he has diversified these moral remarks, we think them almost as bad as those of Sir John Carr, Knight. We decline quoting any thing so very stupid. His account of the cataract of Lowdone may amuse, from the circumstance of its distinguishing one waterfall by qualities that necessarily belong to every other. p. 88.

‘The character of this famous fall (*the Niagara of England*) varies with the season, as might be expected from the nature of its resources. The cataract which, during the floods, rolls with uninterrupted volume and impetuous velocity, and *shakes the mountains with its rebound*, dwindles in the drought of summer,’ &c.

Of the lake itself he says a great many long words, which may be agreeable to those who understand them, but a glossary is wanting. He speaks of ‘rare coloured stones of granite glittering in the pellucid stream, like the phrases of a prism,’ expressions which would stumble on the lips of any boarding school miss, into whose hands her mamma might accidentally place this precious performance. He says,

‘That from the cliffs fragments of rock are *flung in awful profusion*, and from the *danger of an instant succession*, no part of the dale appears secure.’

But a truce with quotation, for the silliness of this person destroys the amusement we might otherwise derive from his absurdity.

As yet he has visited only Winandermere and Derwent Water. What does he say of Estwhaite Lake? That it ‘resembles closely Winandermere.’ Every person who has seen these lakes will agree with us in thinking that they resemble each other as much as their names, of which all the consonants are different, and the vowels differently arranged. What does he say of Coniston Lake? He never saw it, though at one time he was within two miles of it, and though in simple loveliness it yields not to any sheet of inland water in Britain. What does he say of Rydal water,

which in quiet beauty is little inferior to Grassmere? He says that it is called Rydal Water. What does he say of Bassenthwaite? That it is naked and uninteresting beyond description; and that the chief merit of one view, near Keswick, consists in this lake's being out of sight. What does he say of Ulswater? That its merit consists 'in sober serenity,' a quality which must therefore be composed of tremendous mountains covered with eternal clouds, and precipices where the Danger of Collins might fling his giant limbs to rest. What does he say of Hawe's Water? He never saw it, though within a few miles of it for nearly a week. What does he say of Wast-Water, (or Wasse-water as he calls it?) He says it is 'a lake of considerable picture.' Here he may be excused for erring so egregiously, for from the route he followed, it is impossible he could have seen it. Those 'foolish sophists,' the pedestrians, can alone visit this wonderful scene. If any of these should chance to read this article, and have a taste 'for Desolation's sullen majesty,' let them visit Wast-Water, and humble themselves before the sublime altar of nature. Of Grassmere, which has been called with singular felicity, 'beauty sleeping in the lap of horror,' he gives a pale water-colour description, which, without the assistance of the name, the most ingenious man living could not discover to belong to the scene.

We intended to have followed this harmless wanderer to the termination of his rambles; but, we dare say our readers are as tired of him, as he must frequently have been of himself. Before leaving him, we wish to ask him why he so constantly abuses commercial pursuits? He attributes to their malign influence, every kind of vice and misery. This notion is rather the worse for wear; it is perfectly threadbare, and we have heard that Mr. Pratt himself is ashamed of it. We would ask this tourist a question suited to his narrow capacity, what would become of agriculture in this island were it not for commerce? From a man who laughs at poets and pedestrians, we expect a little common sense; but he possesses neither the generous enthusiasm of the lover of nature, nor the shrewd discernment of the man of the world, while he exhibits in ripe perfection, the vast judgment that too often belongs to the one, and the callous insensibility that almost always accompanies the other. This is the more surprising as he appears to have visited foreign countries, and speaks of France in particular, in terms of jocular familiarity. Indeed, he has all the garrulity without any of the liveliness of the French, and were we to conjecture his origin from his writings, we should suppose him to be the

son of a Gallic mantua-maker by a Dutch burgo-master. Scarcely a page passes without some allusion to his stay at Paris, and some vulgar French proverb, that would sicken a nocturnal Cypriat in the vicinity of the Louvre. We now leave him without one feeling of regret, but with a serious advice never again to put pen to paper with a view to publication ; or, if from the inveteracy of long continued habits he find that impossible, let him confine his molestations against the peace of the reading world, to the unhappy pages of Phillips's Monthly Magazine, which has long been infested with delinquents who shelter themselves under its guardian cover from the penal terrors of criticism.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town ; Representative of the County of Nottingham in the long Parliament, and of the Town of Nottingham in the first Parliament of Charles II. &c. with original Anecdotes of many of the most distinguished of his Contemporaries, and a summary Review of Public Affairs written by his Widow Lucy, Daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, &c. Now first published from the Original Manuscript, by the Reverend Julius Hutchinson, &c. &c. To which is prefixed, the Life of Mrs. Hutchinson. written by Herself. A Fragment. 4to. Longman. 1806.*

IT is not without good grounds that the repositories of the house of Hutchinson have been ransacked to fill the pages of this volume. Contemporary memoirs of important transactions possess a peculiar interest. We do not expect in them that cool partiality, that cynical severity of judgment, or that penetration into the causes of events, which can hardly be attained, till the progress of years has disclosed the secret motives, and extinguished the vehement passions of the actors. But we have some right to hope, and we are here frequently gratified to meet with a natural and vivid representation of events, which bring long passed times before us with the clearness of a present scenery, and which communicate to us all the enthusiasm of an actual spectator of the actions which are described. Mrs. Hutchinson, the authoress of these memoirs, displays in her writings abundant proofs of a cultivated understanding, and of a taste correct at least in relation to the age in which she lived ; and upon the whole we are disposed to judge very favourably of the literary merit of her

productions, which have thus unexpectedly escaped from the dust of ancient records to revel in the magnificence of modern typography, and be adorned with the fairest ornaments of the engraver's art.

With regard to the editor we wish that we had more opportunity to speak : but of the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, with his host of *et ceteras*, we have no knowledge save only what we derive from his unwearied annotations, which illustrate nothing, and praise every thing. We learn however from a genealogical tree which is presented to the reader, that '*Julius the editor*' stands in the relation of great grand-nephew to colonel Hutchinson. This tree, it may easily be perceived, has been contemplated by its proprietor with great complacency, and he has thus generously resolved to impart his grateful feelings to all who may peruse his work. We know not however how far the world may sympathize with his sensation ; especially as they are deprived of the pleasure of inspecting that 'very handsome emblazoned genealogy originally traced by Henry St. George, king of arms, and continued and embellished by Thomas Brand, esq. his majesty's writer and embellisher of letters to the Eastern princes, anno 1712.' Yet unless Julius the editor be a man of great personal antiquity, we fear that his name cannot have met the high honour of being emblazoned by these masters of the heraldic art, but must have been crammed into his magnificent tree, after a second-hand manner, by some modern dabbler in the science of arms.

Colonel Hutchinson was a zealous and probably a conscientious republican of the age of Charles I. He assisted at the condemnation of that monarch, and with difficulty saved his own life and fortune from forfeiture at the era of the restoration. His brother, from whom Julius the editor is descended, was a man of other principles ; and by a judicious attention to the doctrine of the loaves and fishes, not only in the end possessed himself, like another Jacob, of his elder brother's inheritance, but contrived to persuade his wife's father also to dispose of all his property in his favour. The son of this disciple of Plutus, however, having married one Betty Norton from Hampshire, returned to his family principles, and we suppose hated all men richer or greater than himself, with as much cordiality as any demagogue can be expected to do. No farther notice being taken of the tail of this morsel of genealogy, we imagine that matters continued much in the same state as they did in the days of the son of the apostate. At all events, our

curiosity must now seek food of another, and more interesting nature.

The first part of this work contains a sketch of the life of Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson written by herself, and preceded by a very elegant portrait of that lady, from which we may infer that she was no less eminent for personal, than for mental accomplishments. She was the daughter of sir Allan Apsley, whose family has now merged into that of Bathurst, and whose name affords a second title to that noble house. Mrs. Hutchinson appears with great modesty in the account of her own life. She describes her father and her mother with sentiments of affectionate admiration, and attributes to their unusual care and extraordinary powers, whatever progress she may have made in knowledge, or in virtue. She was born in the year 1620, the land, she observes, being then at peace, 'if,' continues she, 'that quietness may be called a peace, which was rather like the calm and smooth surface of the sea, whose dark womb is already impregnated of a horrid tempest.' In this quotation we have not followed the antique orthography of the work. We do not approve of the care with which the editor has preserved the spelling of Mrs. Hutchinson, even when in the same page the same word appears in different forms. It seems to have been unwise to abstract the attention of the reader from the solid merits of this lady's composition. Though we would not permit one sentence or one phrase to be altered, we would assist with pleasure to prune the superfluous letters, nor can we carry our regard for antiquity so far as to admire even its defects.

Mrs. Hutchinson next proceeds to express her love of her native country, and, in a short digression, epitomises with considerable elegance and ability the history of its most remarkable revolutions. If in this part of the life there be too much panegyric, men have learned to forgive the amiable prejudices of patriotism, and to excuse the warmth of the expression for the honesty of the feeling. It is now customary to consider the period previous to that in which Mrs. Hutchinson wrote, as only the dawn of English literature, where, though a few luminaries of extraordinary magnitude and brightness shed an illustrious light, yet a vein of bad taste ran through the finest compositions of the age, and diminished without extinguishing the most gigantic efforts of genius. It appears, however, that it is essential to nations to believe in their own excellence, which they sometimes reach, but always claim; and no true-born Englishman at any period, was ever known to acknowledge the superiority of another country. Mrs. Hutchinson, in whose

breast the fire of patriotism burned with a bright flame, felt this sentiment of preference in an eminent degree, and ingenuously expresses her opinion in the following terms:

‘Nor is it only valour and generosity, that renown this nation; in arts we have advanced equal to our neighbours, and in those that are most excellent exceeded them. The world hath not yielded men more famous in navigation nor ships better built or furnished. Agriculture is as ingeniously practised: the English archery were the terror of Christendom, and their clothes the ornament: but these low things bounded not their great spirits; in all ages it hath yielded men as famous in all kinds of learning as Greece or Italy can boast of.’

Mrs. Hutchinson next proceeds to descant on the eminent advantages of the British islands over every part of the world in religious matters, and her birth in this spot favoured of heaven, she enumerates among the blessings of her life. Though the authoress was in heart a keen republican, it appears that in those days it was reckoned no inconsistency to join the aristocratical feelings of the ancient family to the factious spirit of the demagogue. It is here related that sir Allan Apsley succeeded to the inheritance of his ancestors by the will of his relation, though not the nearest of kin, on account of the low intermarriages of the elder branch. The descendants of the uncles of Mrs. Hutchinson also are passed over by her with a contemptuous notice of their existence. ‘The rest of my father’s brothers,’ says she, ‘went into the wars in Ireland and in the Low Countries, and there remained none of them nor their issues when I was born, but only three daughters, who bestowed themselves meanly, and their generations are worn out except two or three unregarded children.’

But with whatever neglect poor and distant relations are treated by this lady, she atones for her remissness in these respects by her expressions of warm affection to her nearer connexions, who are painted with every human excellence and virtue. Her mother’s history is detailed at full length, and it appears that amongst other misfortunes that lady suffered a grievous disappointment in love. A gentleman who made her many professions thought fit during her absence to marry another person, ‘having been by the most vile practices and treacheries drawn out of his senses.’ Upon this event she went to reside with an uncle, but this personage becoming jealous of his wife, who as usual in those cases was one of the most injured of women, his house proved a disagreeable residence, and was quitted for an asylum in Jersey, where sir Allan Apsley met and married her. All

these adventures had occurred before lady Apsley had attained the age of sixteen.

The character of the father of our authoress is depicted in terms of glowing admiration, and we doubt not that he deserved much of the praise which is here bestowed upon him. We would willingly prove the justness of our opinion by extracting the entire passage, but it is too long for that purpose, and we must content ourselves with recommending it to the perusal of the reader. Amongst his other virtues is mentioned generosity, and it appears that he permitted his lady to supply sir Walter Raleigh when a prisoner in the tower with the means of pursuing some chemical inquiries, and beguiling by the aid of science the tedious hours of confinement. An air of unaffected and pleasing piety pervades all the writings of Mrs. Hutchinson. The age in which she lived favoured the acquisition of religious knowledge, and our authoress at an early age imbibed the prevalent doctrines. The example of her parents encouraged her progress, and she quickly became the admiration and terror of all less initiated than herself.

‘Play amongst other children,’ she observes, ‘I despised; and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company; to whom I was very acceptable, and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourses being frequent at my father’s table and in my mother’s drawing room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up many things that I would utter again to great admiration of many that took my memory and imitation for wit. It pleased God that through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it, and to practise as I was taught: I used to exhort my mother’s maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought when I had done this on the Lord’s day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to any thing that was not sin, for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked. I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs or amorous sonnets or poems, and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was so apt that I became the confident in all the loves that were managed amongst my mother’s young women, and there was none of them but had many lovers and some particular friends beloved above the rest; among these I have * * * * *

Here follows in the manuscript a great hiatus, many leaves being torn out, as Julius the editor learnedly conjectures, by the hand of the authoress; by what process of rea-

soning the gentleman came to discover this fact we are at a loss to imagine, or how he should be so very positive that Mrs. Hutchinson herself performed this part. The hand of the arch enemy of mankind has in all true histories of that formidable personage been allowed to impress a black mark on the objects which he touches in his wrath, though we have never heard that the fair and amiable sex inherited *that* quality of the Devil. But we should in vain fatigue ourselves to discover this mysterious process, and shall therefore quit a fruitless pursuit, and conclude our remarks on the memoirs of Mrs. Hutchinson. It appears that the last pages treated of the subject of love, and that some low amour of the authoress was developed with more candour than prudence. The advance of age, however, has been long known to increase the latter of these qualities at the expence of the former, and if the shame of some of her descendants or relations did not obliterate the guilty pages, it is probable that the hand of Mrs. Hutchinson herself performed the prudent act. We must not be understood to accuse this respectable lady of any immorality, or of more than some tender languishments after the charms of a jolly coachman or a handsome groom. In these modern days such trifles excite scarcely a nine days wonder, and the disgrace of one eloping damsel of a family is quickly forgotten in the blazing infamy of her successor. The manuscript again suddenly terminates, and the few lines which thus afford a scope for our conjecture seem to have by accident only escaped from the destruction in which the rest were involved. At the end is presented a fac simile of Mrs. Hutchinson's hand writing, where a few sentences of much religious obscurity and pith are expressed in characters of antique form but sufficient distinctness.

The next part of this volume contains a short sketch of colonel Hutchinson, written by his wife for the benefit of her children. In such a performance we are not to look for plain and unbiassed truth, such as it would appear to a stranger; but we must expect that every feature will receive a new form from the hand of the painter; that the beauties of the piece will glow with brighter colours than those of nature, and that the blemishes will be veiled by the tender hand of affection. In reality there is something extremely ingenuous and engaging in the conjugal love, which beams through every part of this portrait. There is great nobleness and justness of feeling in the commencement of this address of Mrs. Hutchinson to her children regarding their father.

* They who dote on mortal excellences, when by the inevitable

fate of all things frail, their adored idols are taken from them, may let loose the winds of passion to bring in a flood of sorrow, whose ebbing tides carry away the dear memory of what they have lost, and when comfort is essayed to such mourners, commonly all objects are removed out of their view which may with their remembrance renew their grief; and in time these remedies may succeed, when oblivion's curtain is by degree, drawn over the dead, face, and things less lovely liked, while they are not viewed together with that which was most excellent love, but I that am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and if it were possible to augment my care for the present find out none more just to your dear father nor consolatory to myself than the preservation of his memory, which I need not gild with such flattering commendation as the hired preachers do equally give to the truly and titularly honourable; a naked undressed narrative, speaking the simple truth of him, will deck him with more substantial glory than all the panegyrics the best pens could ever consecrate to the virtue of the best men.'

The authoress proceeds through many pages in a strain of eulogium not inferior to the part which we have extracted in any of the merits of composition. We confess ourselves to have been extremely pleased and touched with many passages. The piety which breathes in every sentence is of the most amiable and engaging kind, and in our opinion none of the smallest excellencies of this piece. Mrs. Hutchinson, after describing the person of her husband, gives a sketch of his virtues; and though the praise be almost too great for the imperfection of human nature, yet we are persuaded that the man who was so loved by such a woman after his death must have been a being of the most exalted order. It is pleasing and affecting to observe the most perfect and reasonable union which subsisted between this lady and her husband; and we are again tempted by the beauty of the following passage to extract it for the perusal of our readers.

'For conjugal affection to his wife, it was such in him, as whosoever would draw out a rule of honour, kindness, and religion to be practised in that estate, need no more but exactly draw out his example: never man had a greater passion for a woman, nor a more honourable esteem of a wife, yet he was not uxorious, nor remitted not that just rule which it was her honour to obey, but managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection, that she who would not delight in such an honourable and advantageous subjection, must have wanted a reasonable soul: he governed by persuasion, which he never employed but to things honourable and profitable for herself: he loved her soul and her honour more than

her outside, and yet he had even for her person a constant indulgence, exceeding the common temporary passions of the most uxorious fools: if he esteemed her at a higher rate, than she in herself could have deserved, he was the author of that virtue he doated on, while she only reflected his own glories upon him: all that she was she was in him while he was here, and all that she is now at best but his pale shade. So liberal was he to her and of so generous a temper, that he hated the mention of severed purses: his estate being so much at her dispose that he never would receive an account of any thing she expended; so constant was he in his love, that when she ceased to be young and lovely he began to shew most fondness, he loved her at such a kind and generous rate as words cannot express, yet even in this, which was the highest love he or any man could have, was yet bounded by a superior; he loved her in the Lord as his fellow-creature, not his idol, but in such a manner as showed that an affection bounded in the just rules of duty, far exceeds every way all the irregular passions in the world. He loved God above her, and all the other dear pledges of his heart, and at his command and for his glory cheerfully resigned them.

We have already alluded to the change which we have ventured to make from the ancient to the modern orthography in the extracts which we have taken from the work. But we have left all other circumstances as we found them, though it must be obvious to the most superficial attention that there is ample room for improvements in various respects. The punctuation is altogether execrable, and such as to render nearly incomprehensible many sentences which, when properly divided, are not only distinct but elegant. Surely the affection of the editor for antiquity might have been less *pointed*, and yet have remained equally reasonable, and scarcely less fervent. A few double negatives, formerly permitted, but now inconsistent with the grammatical purity of our language, might have been safely expunged. Some words by the addition or retrenchment of a letter might, without losing any thing of their force, have assumed a modern dress. Nor in doing these things and some others of a similar description, would Julius the editor have had any reason to fear the offended manes of his ancestors, or the rage of desperate antiquarians. If this work is good for any thing, it is a piece of composition which unites the charms of history to those of biography, and describes events with a precision and interest only to be expected from a spectator. But all these advantages would have remained, and would have even appeared in a point of view still more favourable than they now do, had they been freed from the dust and rubbish by which they are surrounded and concealed.

The attention which we must pay to the remaining and

and principal part of the volume obliges us unwillingly to quit this preliminary account of colonel Hutchinson. We cannot do so, however, without expressing our opinion that it is a production of singular merit, and considering the age in which it was written, it must excite some surprize to find so much correct and cultivated taste. Nevertheless it does not appear to have pleased the nice feelings of the authoress. It is mentioned in a note that she had written at the end of it, 'All this and more is true, but I so much dislike the manner of relating it, that I will make another essay.' If we are to credit the editor, she was not so successful in the second as she had been in the first attempt, thus affording an additional illustration of the characteristic blindness of authors to the comparative merit of their different productions.

The next division of the work contains the life of colonel Hutchinson. That gentleman was the eldest son of sir Thomas Hutchinson by a daughter of sir John Biron, who is here styled the *lady* Margaret. In those days, when ambassadors and generals were dignified by the title of lord, we may excuse a similar courtesy to the daughter of a baronet. Sir Thomas was a gentleman of large fortune in Nottinghamshire. Our authoress prefixes to the account of her husband some anecdotes regarding him, several of which are sufficiently remarkable. One of these relates to sir German Poole, who was the unfaithful guardian of sir Thomas during his minority, and against whom his ward when of age was compelled to institute some processes at law. sir German upon this was greatly enraged, lay in wait for Sir Thomas near the Temple in London, and attacked him with a sword. Sir Thomas defended himself with a weapon of the same sort, but had the misfortune to break it during the combat. Whereupon, resolved not to be killed without doing some damage to his adversary, he ran in upon him, and in a convulsion of despair, bit off his nose. This mouthful, however, unexpectedly ended the fray, and sir German walked off in disgrace, as sir Thomas did, on the other side, according to Mrs. Hutchinson, '*in glory*.' Yet such are our feelings in these days at least, that it now requires a strong imagination to conceive the glory of biting off the nose of the greatest villain or assassin upon earth.

A little farther on, an interesting episode is introduced concerning the maternal grandfather and grandmother of colonel Hutchinson, which is too long for us to quote, and of which it would be difficult to give any adequate idea in an abridgment. We can only mention that after a long life of the greatest harmony and affection they died on the same day, without the one being conscious of the state of the other, an

instance of unusual felicity. This event is related in the following terms:

‘He had two beds in one chamber, and she being a little sick, two women watched by her some time before she died. It was his custom, as soon as ever he unclosed his eyes, to ask how she did; but one night, he being as they thought in a deep sleep, she quietly departed towards the morning. He was that day to have gone a hunting, his usual exercise for his health, and it was his custom to have his chaplain pray with him before he went out: the women, fearful to surprize him with the ill news, knowing his dear affection to her, had stolen out and acquainted the chaplain, desiring him to inform him of it. Sir John waking, did not that day, as was his custom, ask for her, but called the chaplain to prayers, and, joining with him, in the midst of the prayer expired, and both of them were buried together in the same grave. Whether he perceived her death and would not take notice, or whether some strange sympathy in love or nature tied up their lives in one, or whether God was pleased to exercise an unusual providence towards them, preventing them both from that bitter sorrow which such separations cause, it can be but conjectured.’

Colonel Hutchinson was born in the year 1616. The adventures of his youth are not very uncommon, though they are related with much affectionate particularity by the authoress. The harsh manners of his schoolmaster disgusted him with learning, in which there is nothing very surprising. Boys even in these days prefer play to toil. But we are amused to perceive the gravity with which Mrs. Hutchinson states that ‘at this place God began to exercise him with temptation and affliction,’ from which difficulties, however, he joyfully escaped unhurt. Soon after the embryo colonel was sent to another school, where he resisted the solicitations of a young lady to love, and of a travelled gentleman to fashionable sins. At Cambridge, whither in due time he repaired, he learned none of that malignant religious doctrine which was there prevalent at that time. Having quitted the walls of his college, he experienced and resisted the dangers of London, and at last went to Richmond, where the young princes then held their court, and where he met for the first time with his future wife. To literary ladies it must prove some consolation to hear that he was led to seek her society by seeing some Latin books which she was accustomed to peruse. The subsequent discovery of the extent of her learning, far from abating, redoubled the force of his passion, and in spite of every obstacle he led her to the altar a willing and lovely victim. Before the colonel went to Richmond, he was warned by some wiseacre of the danger of that place, ‘to which never

any young disengaged person went who returned free.' As was very natural, the colonel laughed at the remonstrance, and was hardly convinced by the following 'true story,' related to remove his doubts.

'A gentleman not very long ago had gone for some time to lodge there, and found all the people he came in company with, bewailing the death of a gentlewoman that had lived there. Hearing her so much deplored, he made inquiry after her, and grew so in love with the description, that no other discourse could at first please him, nor could he at last endure any other. He grew desperately melancholy, and would go to a mount where the print of her foot was cut, and lie there pining and kissing of it all the day long, till at length death in some months' space concluded his languishments.'

When the colonel first arrived at Richmond, Mrs. Hutchinson discovers some solicitude to shew that she was not the only candidate for his heart, and she assures us that he was every where invited, and was 'nobly treated with all the attractive arts that young women and their parents use to procure them lovers.' But their attempts to ensnare him were in vain, and the growing inclination for his future wife, which arose in him almost unknown to himself, our authoress is much disposed to attribute to the direct interference of the Lord. However this might be, we contemplate with satisfaction the conduct of the colonel to Mrs. H. when on the eve of their marriage she was seized with the small pox, and greatly deformed for the time. 'Yet,' says the narrative, 'he was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered as well as before.'

After the marriage of colonel Hutchinson he began to find himself in pecuniary difficulties, and the remedy by which he proposed to remove this evil was one rather extraordinary for a man of his republican principles, and love for the independence and rights of the people. It was no other than to purchase a place in that arbitrary court the star-chamber: and though the attempt miscarried by a mere accident, it is not remarked by Mrs. Hutchinson as in the least inconsistent with his general line of conduct. The only inference which she draws is of the particular interference of God's providence in his behalf, in preventing him from purchasing a place which was speedily to be abolished by the authority of parliament.

At this place we observe an exceedingly clear though abridged view of the progress and state of religion, which is followed by a similar view of the civil constitution of Eng-

land. In the course of the latter, the authoress developed with great sagacity the bad effects which arose to the monarchical power, from the fall or extinction of the great nobility. James I. is treated with considerable asperity, and his court is stigmatised as 'a nursery of lust and intemperance.' He had brought with him, says Mrs. H., a company of poor Scots, who coming into this plentiful kingdom, surfeited with riot and debaucheries, and got all the riches of the land only to cast away.' The description of the manners of the nation at this period, reminds us strongly of the style of Sallust, whose writings it frequently resembles no less in the form and structure of the sentences, than in the force and justness of the sentiments.

'Those sermons only were pleasing,' our authoress proceeds, 'that flattered them in their vices, and told the poor king that he was a Solomon, that his sloth and cowardice by which he betrayed the cause of God and honour of the nation, was gospel meekness and peaceableness, for which they raised him above the heavens, while he lay wallowing like a swine in the mire of his lust.'

The following extract gives a strong view of the light in which the republicans of these times regarded the court measures in politics and religion, and may serve at the same time as a fair specimen of Mrs. Hutchinson's style.

'The king had upon his heart the dealings both of England and Scotland with his mother, and harboured a secret desire of revenge upon the godly in both nations, yet had not courage enough to assert his resentment like a prince, but employed a wicked cunning he was master of, and called king-craft to undermine what he durst not openly oppose, the true religion: this was fenced with the liberty of the people, and so linked together, that 'twas impossible to make them slaves, till they were brought to be idolators of royalty and glorious lust, and as impossible to make them adore these gods, while they continued loyal to the government of Jesus Christ. The payment of civil obedience to the king and the laws of the land satisfied not; if any durst dispute his impositions in the worship of God, he was presently reckoned among the seditious and disturbers of the public peace, and accordingly persecuted: if any were grieved at the dishonour of the kingdom, or the griping of the poor, or the unjust oppression of the subject, by a thousand ways invented to maintain the riots of the courtiers and the swarms of needy Scots, the king had brought in to devour like locusts the plenty of this land, he was a puritan: if any of mere morality and civil honesty discountenanced the abomination of these days he was a puritan, however he conformed to their superstitious worship; if any showed favor to any godly honest person, kept them company, relieved them in want, or protected them against violent or unjust oppression, he was a puritan; if any gentleman in his country, maintained the

good laws of the land, or stood up for any public interest, for good order or for government, he was a puritan; in short, all that crossed the views of the needy courtiers, the proud encroaching priests, the thievish projectors, the lewd nobility and gentry, whoever was zealous for God's glory or worship, could not endure blasphemous oaths, ribbald conversation, profane scoffs, sabbath breach, derision of the word of God, and the like; whoever could endure a sermon, modest habit, or conversation, or any thing good, all these were puritans; and if puritans, then enemies to the king, and his government, seditious, factious, hypocrites, ambitious disturbers of the public peace, and finally, the pest of the kingdom; such false logic did the children of darkness use to argue with against the hated children of light, whom they branded besides as an illiterate, morose, melancholy, discontented, crazed sort of men, not fit for human conversation; as such they made them not only the sport of the pulpit, which was become but a more solemn sort of stage, but every stage and every table, and every puppet play, belched forth profane scoffs upon them, the drunkards made them their songs, all fiddlers and mimics learned to abuse them, as finding it the most gainful way of fooling!

Mrs. Hutchinson considers Charles I. in a much more favourable point of view than his father, and she allows to him almost every virtue which can adorn the character of a private man, a strong testimony from the pen of an enemy. The editor, not to be behind-hand, assures us in a note, that 'the Stuarts sported with and ruined all religion:' a most extraordinary assertion! and which we should suppose it will not be easy to reconcile with the bigotted zeal of the second James, who lost every thing for conscience sake.

When the first disturbances broke out between the king and parliament, and the latter had recourse to arms, and appointed the earl of Essex to command their troops, it appears that colonel Hutchinson had some intention of joining him. But so much were the ablest men in those times under the influence of imaginary movements of the Spirit, that he was diverted from his purpose because he was uncertain of having a clear call. This scruple was however afterwards settled to his satisfaction, and he appeared as one of the most active opposers in arms of the royal pretensions. He was very soon appointed governor of Nottingham Castle by the parliament, which fortress he successfully defended during the whole course of the civil war with feeble means but undaunted courage and perseverance.

Mrs. Hutchinson in many places displays a considerable share of that asperity which never fails to heighten the miseries of every internal commotion in a country. We can-

not wonder that she should have felt and expressed a dislike to the favourers of kingly prerogative. But she extends her censures further, and includes in her animadversion many of the adherents of the republican cause, especially such of them as at any future period deserted their principles from what she considers as impure motives. Sir John Gell, Dr. Plumtree, and one Chadwick, are successively saluted with a torrent of abuse, of the foundation of which it is now a difficult task to judge. But in this instance at least we cannot implicitly trust to our source of information, nor can we here apply the maxim, *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*.

Sir John Gell at the commencement of the disturbances rather leaned to the royal party, but in the progress of the quarrel changed his opinion, or at least his practice, so completely as to raise and command a regiment of horse in the service of the parliament. 'He himself,' says our authoress, 'no man knows for what reason, chose that side; for he had not understanding enough to judge of the equity of the cause, nor piety, nor holiness, being a foul adulterer at that time, and so unjust that he suffered his men indifferently to plunder, both honest men and cavaliers.' This personage, it further appears, was in the habit of inserting puffing articles regarding his prowess in the journals of those days. Once having no other intelligence regarding him, they informed the public that that valiant commander sir John Gell had taken a dragoon with a plush doublet. His greatest fault, however, plainly consisted in certain ill offices which he did to colonel Hutchinson, and for which he little dreaded to be thus held up to the odium of remote posterity.

Dr. Plumtree, a physician, and apparently an able man, also comes in for his share of disapprobation. That gentleman was little disposed to join in the enthusiastic and canting religion to which the authoress was perhaps sincerely devoted. For which misdemeanor he is charitably asserted by that lady to have been an 'horrible atheist.' Chadwick is treated with similar dislike, but greater scorn, though he had given the best possible mark of one kind of merit at least, by raising himself from the station of a scraper of trenchers to that of a judge in Ireland. It is in vain to talk of fortune and luck, there must have been both address and ability to enable men to avail themselves of what fortune put in his way. Mrs. Hutchinson, however, shows great power of delineating characters, which if they are not always perfectly just in every respect, are at least always striking, and seize the more prominent features with admirable skill. She asserts that Chadwick 'was so exquisite a villain that he destroyed those designs he might have thri-

ven by, with overlaying them with fresh knaveries.' After all it is certain that even in those days of bigotry there were many who assisted the republican cause from political views, without adopting the furious, but melancholy system of religion, which then prevailed among so great a portion of the nation.

The greatest part of the time of colonel Hutchinson during the civil war was spent in Nottingham Castle or in London. His military services were chiefly confined to the defence of that post. At an early period Cromwell appears, then a colonel in the parliamentary forces, and Hutchinson is introduced to his notice on an occasion when it was necessary to restrain the pillage of the troops: and it is here asserted that the former never forgot the unbending probity displayed by the latter on the occasion, and resolved to prevent Hutchinson from being in any power or capacity to pursue him to the same punishment if he deserved it. It is probable that the discerning mind of Cromwell soon discovered how unfit the hero of this volume was to be a party in his ambitious designs; and how adverse was his stubborn integrity, to the most splendid attempts which virtue and honour did not approve.

Sir Thomas Hutchinson dying about this time, deprived his son of great part of his natural inheritance, in favour of his offspring by a second marriage. Many supposed that he meant by this act to testify his disapprobation of the political conduct of colonel Hutchinson; but the notion is here strenuously combated. Tempting offers were about the same period made in the name of the king to colonel Hutchinson, which he unhesitatingly rejected. Many encounters and skirmishes are described in this part of the volume, which we must pass in silence. At last Nottingham castle is besieged, and our authoress turns out unexpectedly to be a very serviceable surgeon, and displays great skill in binding up wounds and distributing nostrums. The besiegers are at last obliged to retire in disgrace, and new dangers arise to the godly of Nottingham. Treachery is attempted and fails; and at last combustibles were laid in various convenient places with the design of burning the town. This scheme being detected and frustrated, fifty women were appointed to patrol the streets every night, and prevent such a misfortune from occurring. The editor here with great learning remarks, that probably this 'profitable use of the female sex was suggested by the watchfulness of the geese to save the Roman capitol, when besieged by the Gauls.' We are at a loss to determine whether this annotation should be regarded as most unhappy or most absurd.

A worse compliment to the ladies will not easily be devised, than to compare them to a flock of geese : and there are few qualities in which the fair sex are less conspicuous than in watchfulness. Fidelity, affection, and modesty, have been assigned to them by their admirers : inconstancy, giddiness, and insanity by their detractors, but female watchfulness rests on the sole and insufficient authority of the Rev. Julius the editor.

For many pages after this passage we must wade through long details of petty broils and skirmishes, hardly interesting when they actually occurred, and now of no value, but as affording a view of some of the more minute traits of national manners and feelings at that period. Colonel Hutchinson was himself exposed to a great deal of vexatious bickering with the committee of Nottingham. The 'Godly' were far from agreeing in any thing but the destruction of their kingly and episcopal foes, and the sects of which they were composed hated each other with a religious cordiality. Accordingly in this part of the work the authoress declaims against the opposers of her husband's measures and authority, and many invectives are discharged at the malignant, malicious, and refractory presbyterians, who had begun to fear the rising influence of the independents. They were unable however to displace the colonel, who continued to command at Nottingham till the king committed the unwise act of delivering the care of his person to the Scots, though it was hard to have conceived before-hand the possibility of a brave and loyal nation incurring the scandalous disgrace of not only abandoning, but selling their king to his enemies. After this event Colonel Hutchinson proceeded to London to attend his duty in parliament.

It is only a very general and imperfect sketch that we can here pretend to give of the contents of the work now before us. We are necessarily obliged to pass over many parts, which though not devoid of considerable attraction, are yet of less importance or interest than those to which we have alluded. The reader therefore will not feel any surprise to observe many gaps in our critique of this performance, which do not occur in the work itself. After returning from London, Colonel Hutchinson had another interview with Cromwell at Nottingham, on his march against the Duke of Hamilton in the north. That artful and sagacious usurper then demanded of the colonel what his friends the levellers or independents thought of him ? It appears that Cromwell's character had become an object of suspicion to all parties about this time. Colonel Hutchinson very frankly told him all the ill, not only which others

thought, but what he himself had conceived of him, and represented to him how much it would darken all his glories if he gave the reins to his inordinate ambition. Cromwell heard, and professed to resolve to follow his advice, but ever after made it his particular business to keep Hutchinson out of the army.

It was now that Col. H. had it in his power to be of essential service to many noblemen and gentlemen in Nottinghamshire, whose estates ran great danger of being either wholly forfeited, or heavily mulcted on pretence of their delinquency, as it was called. It is melancholy to observe how very ill these favors were requited, when afterwards the adverse party became possessed of authority. The very men now spared through this interference were the first to persecute him in his distresses. We have already noticed, that Colonel Hutchinson sat on Charles I. as one of his judges, and signed the warrant for his execution. It is probable that he was chosen against his own will; and that his name was used by the dominant party to afford a colour to their proceedings. So high was the character of this gentleman for virtue, honor, and every noble principle, that they who resolved on the death of the king, thought his countenance of the utmost importance to justify their measures in the eyes of the people. That the judges, however wrong in other respects, at least acted conscientiously, will probably appear evident from the following extract :

‘ In January 1648 the court sat, the king was brought to his trial, and a charge drawn up against him for levying war against the parliament and people of England, for betraying their public trust reposed in him, and for being an implacable enemy to the commonwealth. But the king refused to plead, disowning the authority of the court, and after three several days persisting in contempt thereof he was sentenced to suffer death. One thing was remarked in him by many of the court, that when the blood spilt in many of the battles where he was in his own person, and had caused it to be shed by his own command, was laid to his charge, he heard it with disdainful smiles, looks, and gestures, which rather expressed sorrow, that all the opposite party to him was not cut off, than that any were : and he stuck not to declare in words, that no man’s blood spilt in this quarrel troubled him but only one, meaning the Earl of Strafford. The gentlemen that were appointed his judges, and divers others, saw in him a disposition so bent in the ruin of all that opposed him, and of all the righteous and just things they had contended for, that it was upon the consciences of many of them, that if they did not execute justice upon him, God would require at their hands all the blood and desolation which should ensue by their suffering him to escape when God had brought him into their hands. Although the malice of the malignant party

and their apostate brethren seemed to threaten them, yet they thought they had to cast themselves upon God, while they acted with a good conscience for him and their country. Some of them, after to excuse, belied themselves, and said they were under the awe of the army, and overpersuaded by Cromwell, and the like : but it is certain that all men herein were left to their free liberty of acting, neither persuaded nor compelled : and as there were some nominated in the commission, who never sat, and others, who sat at first, but durst not hold on, so all the rest might have declined it if they would, when it is apparent they should have suffered nothing by so doing. For those who then declined were afterwards, when they offered themselves, received in again, and had places of more trust and benefit than those who run the utmost hazard ; which they deserved not, for I know upon certain knowledge, that many, yea the most of them, retreated not for conscience, but for fear and worldly prudence, foreseeing that the insolency of the army might grow to that height as to ruin the cause, and reduce the kingdom into the hands of the enemy, and then those who had been most courageous in their country's cause, should be given up as victims. These poor men will privately animate those who appeared most publicly, and I knew several of them in whom I lived to see that saying of Christ fulfilled, " He that will save his life shall lose it, and he that for my sake will lose his life shall save it ; " when after it fell out that all their prudent declensions saved not the lives of some of them, nor the estates of others. As for Mr. Hutchinson, although he was very much confirmed in his judgment concerning the cause, yet here being called to an extraordinary action, whereof many were of several minds, he addressed himself to God by prayer, desiring the Lord that, if through any human frailty he were led into any error or false opinion in that great transaction, he would open his eyes, and not suffer him to proceed, but that he would confirm his spirit in the truth, and lead him by a right enlightened conscience, and finding no check, but a confirmation in his conscience that it was his duty to act as he did, he, upon serious debate, both privately and in his addresses to God, and in conference with conscientious, upright, unbiassed persons, proceeded to sign the sentence against the king. Although he did not then believe but it might one day come to be again disputed among men, yet both he and others thought they could not refuse it without giving up the people of God, whom they had led forth, and engaged themselves unto by the oath of God, into the hands of God's and their enemies, and therefore he cast himself upon God's protection, acting according to the dictates of a conscience which he had sought the Lord to guide, and accordingly the Lord did signalize his favour afterwards to him.

After this transaction Colonel Hutchinson was chosen a member of the counsel of state, and it was proposed to provide some place of trust and emolument for him. The government of Hull was chosen for this purpose, but he refused to ac-

cept of it when he understood that it was not vacant, but occupied by a worthy man, whom it would be necessary to turn out on some false pretences. Cromwell was additionally offended at this instance of squeamishness so little suitable to his system of proceedings. That usurper affected to receive the plain and unpleasing language of our hero, as proofs of his integrity and friendship, and under the mask of that civility, which he knew so well how to assume, disguised his real sentiments of dislike. An example is given in this place of the hypocritical manners of the times, in the conduct of General Harrison. The Spanish ambassador was to have a public audience of the House of Commons on a certain day; on the one immediately preceding which Colonel Hutchinson and many other members were richly dressed, as was their usual practice; Harrison with a solemn countenance addressing himself particularly to the colonel, admonished them all, that now the nations sent to them, they should labour to shine before them in wisdom, piety, righteousness, and justice, and not in gold and silver and worldly bravery, which did not become saints.' Colonel Hutchinson though not internally convicted of 'any unbecoming bravery,' came next day in a plain black suit. Harrison, however, appeared in a scarlet coat and cloak covered with lace and glittering ornaments, and set himself directly under the speaker's chair, which induced the spectators to put a very unfavourable construction on his godly speeches of the preceding day. 'But!' says our authoress, 'this was part of his weakness; the Lord at last lifted him above these poor earthly elevations, which then and sometime after prevailed too much against him.' It must be confessed that Harrison behaved on a future occasion with the most undaunted resolution, which only wanted a more respectable motive to have commanded the admiration of the world.

When Cromwell had fairly seized on the reins of government, and possessed himself not only of the real but the ostensible authority, Mrs. Hutchinson vents her republican mortification in sarcasms on the vanity and ridiculous pretensions of the wives, and female connexions of the successful candidates for power. After the death of Ireton, Cromwell's son in law, who had been deputy in Ireland, his widow it appears met the wife of Lambert the new deputy in St. James's park, which latter lady, as proud as her husband, according to the rules of precedence, took place of the former, who notwithstanding her great piety and humility was a little grieved at the affront. The consequence of this female broil however was the removal of Lambert from

his appointment. The following account is given of the manners of Cromwell's family and court :

‘ His wife and children were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on the ape ; only to speak truth of himself, he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled, and not exalted with these things, but the rest were insolent fools. Cleypoole, who married his daughter, and his son Henry were two debauched ungodly cavaliers. Richard was a peasant in his nature, yet gentle and virtuous, but became not greatness. His court was full of sin and vanity, and the more abominable because they had not yet quite cast away the name of God, but profaned it by taking it in vain upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease to the sad grief of Colonel Hutchinson, and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen. Almost all the ministers every where fell in and worshipped this beast, and courted and made addresses to him. So did the city of London, and many of the degenerate lords of the land, with the poor-spirited gentry.’

It was at this period that Colonel H. had the generosity to discover to Cromwell the existence of a conspiracy against his person and authority, and to enable him to disconcert the projects formed to overturn his government ; at the same time he steadily refused to communicate the names of the persons engaged in the attempt. Cromwell overwhelmed him with acknowledgments, and again solicited him to join the dominant party, demanding why he would not act along with them. Hutchinson plainly told him ‘ because he liked not their ways.’ It is amusing to observe the hypocrisy of the protector, which had at this period of his life become so habitual to him as to require no longer an effort. On this reply he burst into tears, and complained how he had been ‘ hurt upon those violent actions’ which were the subject of so much blame. If we required any evidence of the talents of Colonel Hutchinson, and the consideration in which he was universally held we should find it in the repeated attempts of Cromwell to seduce him to his party. That celebrated usurper excelled particularly in the choice of his agents.

After the dissolution of the protectorate, Colonel Hutchinson distinguished himself by opposing an oath of renunciation of the Stuarts. He justly considered it a foolish thing to attempt to ‘ swear out,’ any man, and it cannot be doubted that after the restoration he did not fare the worse for his opposition on this occasion. The authoress at this place acknowledges, with some reluctance and spite, the vehement desire of all orders of people for the re-establishment of the

monarchical government. That event speedily took place, and the fortunes of the colonel experienced a sudden and fatal reverse. Of all the king's judges, however, he at first alone received a complete indemnity, and considered himself in a state of security for the remainder of his life. But he had not ceased to be an object of suspicion; and compliances were expected and demanded of him inconsistent with the feelings of a man of religion and honour.

He was summoned as a witness against the other regicides, but his testimony was honourable to himself and useless to his adversaries. About the same time claims were set up against his estate, which occasioned him much trouble, and involved him in very considerable expence. Some valuable pictures which he had bought, and paid for at the public auction of the effects of Charles I. were seized and carried off without any compensation. At last he was permitted to retire to his seat in Nottinghamshire; but with singular imprudence he was not contented to live in peaceful obscurity, but encouraged that seditious preaching which was in those days one of the most powerful engines of politics. It appears indeed from various passages that the revival of their cause was confidently expected by the republican party, who were not yet sated with tumults and confusion. In consequence of his conduct Colonel H. was apprehended, and confined first at Nottingham, and afterwards in the Tower of London, in which a great multitude of prisoners were detained, without much regard to the justice or legality of the proceedings against them. In our time we should consider similar practices as instances of the most unbearable tyranny. The persons confined in the Tower were far from meeting kind or even civil treatment from their keepers, and if the resentment of our authoress has not distorted the facts, the ostentatious lenity which was shewn by the royalist to the more guilty of their antagonists was in reality only a more refined and civil mode of revenge.

After a long imprisonment and some examination by the secretary of state, Bennet, of which a ludicrous account is given, Colonel Hutchinson was removed from the Tower to the castle of Sandowne in Kent. His accommodations there were very indifferent, and every circumstance so unfavourable that his health speedily broke, and he expired in the 49th year of his age, after being eleven months in this last place of confinement. To those who consider loyalty to the monarch as indispensable to the existence of any virtue in the breast of man nothing need be said of the character of this personage. Loyalty he neither possessed, nor wished to possess; but in all other respects he appears to have been a

great and amiable man. The features of the times have changed; former objects of political dispute are now, we may hope, finally settled to the satisfaction of all, and the theories of the present reign admit the most important doctrines of the ancient whigs in their most desirable extent. At a later period it is probable that Colonel Hutchinson would have distinguished himself as a loyal patriot; his faults and errors were not his but those of his age, and flowed from his head and not from his heart.

The editor, as we have already observed, is not a little delighted with this volume, which by his care has thus found its way into the world. He fervently recommends it to readers of various classes with the most disinterested kindness. The ladies are assured that it is as good as any novel and moreover much truer. The politicians, that it contains many new or at least curious facts, and the readers of biography, who are conveniently multiplied into the most numerous class of readers, that their wishes here will be completely gratified. It is however a very good though a very dear book, and for the former of these qualities we forgive a little of this unnecessary and hardly becoming amplification on its merits. The new facts which are disclosed in this work are, according to the editor, not only numerous but important, and he affords a list of twenty-nine passages, where the historian may glean new stores to enrich his future pages. We cannot entirely agree with him in this respect; and it appears to us that the information to be gathered from this work is rather of what he himself calls the minute ramifications of events of the temper of parties, and of the more delicate traits of national manners, than of those important incidents to which the editor would allude. It is not clear to us that his own knowledge of history is of that extensive and accurate kind, which should enable him at all times to determine with certainty when the circumstances here recorded are new, and when they are unimpeachably correct. Mrs. Hutchinson though certainly an able was not always a candid and impartial spectator of the passing scenes. We do not assert that her memoirs contain no new facts of interest and importance; in some cases they undoubtedly do and often present to us those already known in a more distinct and amusing light. But the very causes that have produced intentional falsehood or involuntary distortions of the truth in other cases operated with peculiar force in the person of this lady. As an independent in religion, as a republican in politics, and as the wife of Colonel Hutchinson she must necessarily be suspected of various and strong biases which unknowingly to itself may lead even a vir-

tuous and strong mind to misrepresent the real state of affairs—

‘ All seems yellow to the jaundiced eye.’

One of the instances brought forward by the editor of the new views given by Mrs. Hutchinson, is at p. 57, where it is stated that the fear of a catholic successor to the crown of England, was the real reason of the protestants urging Queen Elizabeth to order the execution of Mary of Scotland. We believe she was urged nothing loath, and her miserable hypocrisy upon that occasion only adds to the disgust we naturally entertain for so inhuman and unjust an action. But for the novelty of this assertion, we have only to refer to the speech of Mary herself to Burgoin her physician.

‘ They pretend, (said she,) that I must die because I conspired against the queen’s life: but the Earl of Kent avowed, that there was no other cause of my death, but the apprehensions, which, if I should live, they entertain for their religion. My constancy in the faith is my real crime: the rest is only a colour invented by interested and designing men.’

After reading this, it will not again be pretended that Mrs. Hutchinson had the merit of discovering or first recording this opinion of the cause of the execution of the Scots queen.

Several of the editor’s twenty-nine instances of the inventions of his great grand-aunt-in law, we have had occasion to advert to in the course of our observations on the work. It is no discovery of that lady as he imagines, that kings love episcopacy as one support of their authority. Every body knows that it was for that reason alone, or chiefly, that both Charles I. and his father supported the establishment of the church of England. Nor is another of those passages entitled to the praise bestowed on it, for affirming that the yeomanry were the great support of the republicans. As far as it is true, it is not new. We all know that a few lords, a good many gentry, and the mass of the middle ranks, supported the parliament. The editor’s remark, that Ireland has never recovered from the depopulation occasioned by the civil wars, and by the king’s bringing over Irish troops to fight his cause in England, is too absurd to require a refutation. Surely our sister island never contained near the number of inhabitants at any period that it does at present. We again repeat however, that we do not mean to deny that in some of the instances quoted, Mrs. Hutchinson has really thrown out suggestions regard-

ing the cause of events which are not to be found in other works.

Our opinion of the merits of this performance may be easily gathered from the foregoing pages, and from the ample space which we have devoted to its consideration. As a political record, we regard it as a valuable addition to our stock of original documents, as containing an interesting and minute view of many important transactions, and as affording to the reader a juster sketch of the hearings and feelings of the parties, which in those days contended for the government of England, than he will elsewhere readily procure.* But perhaps its greatest merit will be allowed to rest on its excellency as a literary composition. The story is interesting in the highest degree: the actors are brought before the eye in the liveliest colours. We join in their feelings, and are drawn along by an irresistible impulse. The editor has not exaggerated, where he recommends his book to the ladies, as more entertaining than most novels. Of the style, we have enabled the reader to judge by various extracts. It is undoubtedly entitled to the praise of vigour and elegance; and will not be easily matched amongst the writings of our elder authors. We hope that the public will soon be indulged with an edition of a more convenient magnitude, of less superb embellishments, and of a price not altogether so costly.

ART. VIII.—*Practical Observations concerning Sea-bathing. To which are added Remarks on the Use of the Warm Bath. By A. P. Buchan, M.D. of the Royal College of Physicians, London. 8vo. Cadell.*

THE author of this treatise possesses some advantages for the task he has undertaken, which do not fall to the lot of every physician. The contents of his work have been gradually accumulating in the course of more than sixteen annual visits to various situations, frequented for the purpose of sea-bathing. His visits were made not in his professional character, but as an invalid endeavouring to shake off various states of languor and debility, resulting from an almost constant residence in London, and the exercise of a laborious and anxious profession. These circumstances would naturally fix his attention on points which might escape the notice of a superficial observer, or of one less interested in the subject of his speculations. If to his personal experience we add the knowledge he has been able to glean from others circumstanced like himself, and the information he has obtained from the works of preceding au-

thors, we are led to expect from his pen a valuable present to the invalid on a practice, to which, in the present time, either fashion or experience annexes very great importance.

The work is divided into eight chapters, comprehending most of the topics which attract the attention of our modern swarm of sea bathers.

The first chapter treats on cold bathing in general; on its immediate effects on the system, on the best criterion of its utility, and the permanent benefit to be expected from it when properly applied. He has introduced some other matters, which, if not immediately connected with the subject, are at least not foreign to it; and has interwoven several physiological remarks on the most striking phenomena produced by the operation of bathing.

In some experiments instituted by Dr. Currie, he found the number of pulsations of the arteries decrease by cold immersion regularly from ten to fifteen beats in the minute, the pulse becoming at the same time firm, regular, and small. But the effects are not uniform in every subject. Dr. Buchan informs us that,

‘ In the summer of 1800, I tried a number of experiments on my own person. In the morning, previous to bathing my pulse was on an average seventy-two; while in the water, I could never perceive the artery beat; but the number of pulsations of the heart as measured by a stop-watch, always exceeded a hundred *per minute*, and often amounted to a hundred and twenty. Even after remaining in the water, at the temperature of 60°, for more than an hour, the quickness of the pulse did not diminish, although towards the latter part of the time, when I began to feel chilly, the pulsation of the heart became evidently more feeble.’

But in another person the effect was conformable to the observation of Dr. Currie; and it is therefore evident that these varieties depend on differences of constitution.

After emerging from the bath, a glowing warmth is generally produced over the surface of the body, and this sensation is justly considered as a criterion of the eventual utility of the practice. The heat of the body is not in this case really augmented. To account for this phenomenon, Dr. B. refers it to a general law of nature, viz. that ‘ the influence of any external impression on the living body being for a time suspended, it will operate with increased energy when its action is renewed.’ We doubt whether this explanation is correct. We think it rather depends upon the power which the system possesses within certain limits, of counteracting all painful impressions, and which does not cease immediately on the removal of the impressions. The

cold therefore being removed, the action of the system continuing produces the sensation of heat.

The second chapter on the time of bathing contains some judicious remarks; but the apprehension he expresses of disturbing the digestion, by going into the sea soon after breakfast is carried much too far. Persons of weakly constitutions cannot, we are persuaded, adopt a better time for bathing than within an hour or two after taking their first meal.

For the sake of our fair readers, whose natural dread of immersion is much aggravated by the terrific manner in which it is commonly performed, we transcribe Dr. B.'s opinion on this subject :

‘When circumstances permit the practice, to plunge head foremost into the water is generally advised as the best mode of bathing. It appears difficult to discover either the principle on which this method is founded, or the purpose which it is supposed to answer. A person desirous of bathing for the sake of cleanliness or of pleasure whose mind was free from the influence of any previous tuition, on reaching the margin of the main or a river, would strip and walk leisurely into the water, till a depth suited to his purpose was attained. What should induce those who bathe for the purpose of invigorating the constitution or the recovery of health to make this violent and unnatural exertion, it is truly difficult to surmise. But I am inclined to think, that some of the kinds of head ach attributed to bathing, in reality originate from this precipitant plan of immersion.’

On the subject of the ‘Complaints in which Sea-bathing is beneficial,’ we have met but little satisfaction. Of these scrofula leads the van, a disease in which, to say the least, its effects are very precarious. Mr. Hunter, we know, conceived the sea to have some specific powers in scrofulous complaints. But to this idea the frequency of such complaints in many sea-port towns, is an inseparable objection. And where benefit is really gained, it is more frequently by using it as a warm or a tepid bath, than by immersion in the open water. Rickets, the convulsions of children, hooping-cough, epilepsy, chorea, hysteria, nervous diseases, aphthous sore throat, paralytic affections, excessive perspirations, inordinate menstrual discharges, protracted intermittent fevers, chronic inflammation of the eyes, chronic rheumatism, and irritability and weakness the result of the use of mercurial medicines, are the complaints in which Dr. Buchan apprehends sea-bathing to be principally useful.

But what will do good when properly used will certainly do mischief if misapplied. Dr. B. has therefore very properly added a chapter ‘on some of the bad effects of sea-

bathing.' That it is injurious in inflammatory complaints has been generally allowed. But in cutaneous diseases it has by some been much recommended. Dr. Buchan informs us, that as far as his experience has enabled him to form a correct judgment, such diseases are not only not benefited, but in general they are rendered worse. In pulmonary consumption also, not only bathing, as may be readily believed, is dangerous, but Dr. B. is convinced that even breathing the sea air tends to accelerate the fatal termination of this complaint. This opinion, if just, should be universally known, when so many invalids, labouring under this complaint, are annually repairing to the south-west coast of the island. Probably the acrimony of the sea spray may irritate the delicate texture of consumptive lungs. If so, situations should be chosen which have the advantage of a mild and uniform temperature, but still be so remote from the sea shore as to be free from this inconvenience.

The work contains three other chapters, on the internal use of sea water, on sea breezes, and on the use of the warm bath. The last is of some extent, and comprehends an account of the diseases in which it is useful, and proper directions for its application. On the whole, though we do not think the physiology of this work very correct, nor the philosophy very profound, it contains much agreeable and useful information, and that its author merits the thanks of that large portion of the community, who periodically exchange the smoke of our crowded cities for the refreshing breezes of the numerous bathing places, which adorn the shores of our sea-girt islands.

ART. IX.—*Remarks on the Trade with Germany, respectfully submitted to the Merchants and others, both here and abroad, interested in this important Branch of Commerce.*
Richardson. 1806.

SINCE the publication of this pamphlet, so many and so important changes have taken place in the situations of the continental powers relatively to one another and to Great Britain, and in the situation of Great Britain relatively to that of the continent, that the question as to the best mode of regulating our continental intercourse is already become obsolete and is superseded by the new and unexpected necessity under which we find ourselves placed of relinquishing, or, at least, suspending those commercial transactions, which form the subject of the enquiry before us.

In consequence of this change of circumstances it is become unnecessary for us to enter as fully, as we should have otherwise have thought it our duty to enter, into a question of interest and importance. We shall, however, not entirely pass it over, both, because we cannot persuade ourselves that these revolutions will have any permanent effects, and because some of the topics are interesting and important in a general point of view.

The pamphlet, though in a bad stile, is written with spirit and from very laudable and patriotic motives. Its capital error seems to be that of constituting into general principles some few and particular facts which have come within its author's more immediate observation. By pointing out some inconveniences which may have arisen to the incautious and imprudent speculator, it labours to prove positions which are clear and evident, and by which the proceedings of the generality of merchants must have been long governed, so as to have allowed the continuance of any dealings with the continent. It assumes this principle that the English merchants have long been sufferers in their commerce with Germany, and then proceeds to explain the causes of the great and continued evils to which they have been exposed. We might set out with denying this assumption, and thus put an end to a discussion founded on mistaken data. It might be rendered probable from analogy, and the principles of common sense, that all intercourse would long ago have been interrupted, had the matter been as here represented, and we might proceed a step farther and demonstrate that the English merchant has not, on the whole, been a sufferer from these or any other assignable causes, but on the contrary, has grown richer by the continuance of this commerce. We shall, however, in a few words state the views of our author as they may furnish a useful lesson to such as at the commencement of their mercantile career are not aware of the danger, to which their ignorance on those subjects may expose them.

The grand source of our supposed misfortunes appears to be the excessive credit and confidence, which the English merchant gives to the continent and to Germany in particular, in which there exists no law to oblige the native merchants to fulfil their contracts with foreigners. This position is particularly enforced with regard to the inland merchants, one class of whom it is asserted, during the various revolutions which have every where taken place, has found constant excuses for withholding the money due to the

English creditors, while another has availed itself of many plausible pretexts for bankruptcies, which have excluded the English speculator from his due returns. This confidence and credit on our parts, has, if we may believe our author, increased instead of diminishing under this important change of circumstances, notwithstanding the principles of dishonesty and immorality which have every where been disseminated on the continent. It is recommended as a remedy to this evil to confine our commercial dealings to the seaports, which offer much greater security than the towns in the interior of the country. The merchants at Hamburgh, notwithstanding many frauds, which are still said to exist in this port, are allowed to be generally the fairest and most able in Germany. At Hamburgh there is likewise a law which obliges the resident merchants to fulfil their contracts with foreigners, though even here not rigorously enforced.

Ignorance is pointed out as a frequent and destructive cause of the losses of our merchants. It appears that a retailer in Germany has no idea of the duties respectively belonging to, and to be imposed on an agent or speculator. Upon this subject our author has enlarged very satisfactorily.

The evils to which we are exposed in Hamburgh are said to be the following :

1. Fraud in weighing sugars, &c.
2. The want of a permanent and efficient discount bank.
3. The numerous insurance companies, which, besides underwriters, amount to three dozen, whose nominal fund is thirty millions marcs banco.
4. The general habit of lending capitals on deposit to young merchants, and of lending money on receiving merchandise, as coffee or sugar for security.
5. The bankrupt laws, by which foreign creditors are robbed, annuities are rendered not liable, and the wives' fortune is secure, if not married longer than five years.

The trade in Hamburgh, it is further stated, has been very much injured from two causes.

1. The immense, unexpected, and sudden importation of commodities (*a*), from the fondness of the English for consignment, which annuls all foreign orders, and ruins the trade, as its most favourable consequence is that of inducing the foreign merchant to transact a conto meta (*b*) ; the immense trade of neutrals with the property of the enemy, and the produce bought of that quarter.

2. The small demand, from different causes (*a*) ; the lessened consumptions ; (*b*), the exclusion of the Hamburgh agent, who,

as every thing in Hamburgh is sold for ready money only, receives, accepts, and is able to execute very few orders from the interior of Germany.

It is unnecessary for us to repeat that the influence of these causes has been much less considerable than our author supposes, if it be even admitted that they have had any influence at all on the general trade of the country.

The most important part of this work is that which alludes to the impolicy, to omit the injustice and oppression of the revenue laws as at present existing in this country. We shall conclude by inserting our author's description of the difficulties and danger to which these laws, or their allowed abuse, expose every branch of our commerce, and which are equally injurious and dishonourable to Great Britain. In speaking of coffee, he says, p. 40.

'After purchase, the casks or bags of coffee must be weighed, which cannot be done so expeditiously as may be wished, as it is done in regular rotation; and, consequently, the purchasers must frequently submit to a very tedious succession. The coffee lays in warehouses, under the joint locks of his majesty's custom and excise, and is weighed twice by officers appointed by these branches of government, to do justice between seller and buyer. These persons surely have no interest in giving false weights. The merchant exporter must take the weight as given by these officers, and *he is not allowed to attend the weighing himself.*

'The documents for shipping are then found agreeable to the king's weight; and here I shall perhaps, surprize many of my readers both here and abroad, in saying that from *one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty* documents, papers, certificates, &c. some of them very troublesome, are wanted to export *about 15 lots* of different marks of coffee, and which proves the distressing truth, that, in so great a mercantile town, the managers of most important branches of commerce, instead of simplifying business, do all in their power, it would seem, to create intricacy, delays, and risks, perfectly inimical to the good of the merchant, and consequently to the state, and which I cannot suppose would be tolerated, if they were known to government. The guardians of such branches of government, as the custom and excise, ought, no doubt, to be extremely jealous of the revenue; but the method of raising it by intricacy and labour, is the worst that can be adopted. The merchant who abolishes his unnecessary, and simplifies his remaining books and regulations, is not, surely, the worse for it. *The merchants in this important line* do not seem inclined to make remonstrances to government; for the complaint of one cannot be attended to. It is the office of clerks to make the entries at the custom-house; they labour, which to ameliorate does not enter one's mind any more than the importance of the subject itself, or otherwise the grievances would have been long since removed; for what is of greater impor-

tance in speculative transactions, than promptitude and simplicity? Many speculations of the fairest prospect have been annihilated, by being often obliged to wait almost a month after purchase before coffee could be shipped; and many a parcel has on this very account been thrown upon the hands of the agents in London, where exclusively these delays take place.

‘It cannot be sufficiently regretted that in the custom-house and excise-systems, the *convenience* of the merchant is the last thing which enters the minds of the managers of those concerns. The business has been done thus, when we imported 2000 casks *per annum*, and thus it must continue unaltered, although we import now twenty times the quantity which we then did, nor will the country feel it, while the comparison of these trades is principally confined to England, but whenever peace (such a one as the last) again throws this commerce into various other channels, the foreigner will rather give 3 or 4 per cent. more to have his coffee from France or Holland, where the regulations of these trades are less clogged.

‘Nor does the government know that by the intricacy of the customhouse, &c. regulations in this article, the revenue is a considerable loser, for the delays which occur in the shipment of coffee, gives peculiar opportunities and leisure to lightermen, watchmen, &c. to rob the merchant and the revenue; for a merchant encounters so much useless labour at the custom-house and excise (that promptitude being a primary object) he is glad to have his coffee in the lighter any how. Whereas, if the business in the offices were easy, he would have more time and inclination to be vigilant in conducting the coffee from the warehouse to the ship.

‘For example, what is the use of the searcher (*a custom-house officer*) weighing, and, if deficient, seizing the coffee, or other goods, on the dock wharf, the moment it is let down from the warehouse, which is under the especial care of *other custom-house officers*? The custom house thus distrusts *their own house*, for surely the *warehouse is theirs, of which they have the key*. A suspicion not equable to common sense. This mistrust does not exist towards the East India warehouses, which are at greater distances from the eyes of the searchers or other custom-house officers, and is therefore not very creditable to the West India Dock Company, and ought to cause their most strenuous remonstrances. If, with the warrant in the hand, (this document being made a final one before the sale, something like an East India warrant) we could receive coffee on demand, there is hardly a prudent merchant who would not send a confidential person of his own with the lighter until the goods are safe on board. These persons, (or even officers, if the revenue chose to appoint a sufficient number for that purpose) *would take care* to have the lighters discharged soon; whereas, now they lay, sometimes for days and nights, an easy prey to the plunderers of the revenue and the merchant. Many of these observations will apply to raw sugar and other articles.’

ART. X.—*Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by Alexander Molleson.* Glasgow. Chapman. 1806.

NEARLY half of these *Miscellanies* consists of a republication of the author's Essay on Music, with remarks upon the various criticisms that have appeared upon it; the most unfavourable of these critiques is printed on the page opposite to the author's rejoinder, and the compound is entitled a *Critical duett*, of which we shall not disturb the harmony. But the Essay itself is so mixed up of truth and paradox that it may be worth the while to make a few remarks upon it.

The imitative, or, to use a more popular and intelligible term, the expressive powers of melody depend, says Mr. M. upon the similarity between the proportion which musical notes bear to the key-note, and that which the tones of passion have to the ordinary pitch of the voice; in other words, music excites emotion in the mind by copying the impassioned tones and inflexions of the human voice in speaking. This theory, though by no means new, is ingenious, and perhaps in some degree just. But the continuous sliding powers of the human voice in speech are so delicate that no one has hitherto ventured to trace the fancied resemblance in particular melodies. Mr. Twining has some good remarks upon the subject in his treatise on the imitative Powers of Music, prefixed to his translation of Aristotle's Art of Poetry. But if the above resemblance be the principle of musical expression, it is by no means the only source of the pleasure we receive from simple melodies. The artificial movement of the rhythm has its share in producing the pleasure, if not in exciting the affection. The contemplation of variety combined with regularity, and simplicity with intricacy, has also a great effect to make melody pleasurable.

The ancients, it is now generally supposed, were ignorant of the modern arts of complicated harmony, such as figured counterpoint, the resolution of discord, banking of cadences, &c. Yet we hear of great effects ascribed to their music. Most writers either disbelieve these marvellous stories entirely, or attribute them to the sublimity of the poetry which it accompanied. At any rate Mr. M. makes a very bold inference, when he concludes, on the strength of these vague accounts, that simple melody has greater influence over the feelings than when accompanied. For in the first place, are we perfectly sure that harmony also by different intervals cannot in some degree excite emotions? We believe that the sprightly expression of a major third and the pensive one of a minor third, noticed by Mr. M. are at least as sensible when the notes are sounded together as when in suc-

cession. But, omitting this, which if granted would totally overthrow our author's system, are accounts transmitted of the effects of the Grecian modes, upon the Greeks, to be implicitly admitted as the measure whereby we are to judge of the absolute expressive power of their melodies? An ear for eloquence or poetry does not necessarily imply an ear for music, nor can actual impressions form a test of musical expression unless we first know to what degree the ears of the hearer are refined. Play a lively dance to a Laplander and he will caper and dance like one of his own witches, yet the modulation may have little or no intrinsic merit. The truth is that the efficacy of music to excite emotions is in a great measure relative, depending on the hearer's taste still more than on the melody itself. Upon the whole we are Gothics enough to question whether, if Timotheus himself were to rise again in Glasgow and pass from the Lydian to the Dorian mode, it would produce upon Mr. M.'s nerves even an equal effect with the Caledonian rant "or Fy gae rub her o'er wi' strae," aided by the magic of association.

That simplicity of expression is too often overlaid by the parade of science in our symphonies, and sacrificed to the harlequin tricks of dexterity in our concertos, every person of any real taste for music will admit with Mr. M. But that therefore all harmony is to be banished from our public concerts and confined to practising parties of professional musicians, and that our melodies would be improved by the humble garniture of mere unisons or octaves, is a paradoxical notion contradictory to universal sense and feeling, and unworthy the pains of refutation. At the same time we acknowledge that Mr. M. has drawn up his observations with considerable neatness and precision of language. We would recommend to his perusal those letters of Mr. Davy of Onehouse which treat on the subject of modern music: His proposals for the improvement of our concerts are equally free from prejudice on the one hand and paradoxical innovation on the other.

The little miscellaneous pieces of poetry and prose which make up the rest of this volume are very so-so performances. His verses on infancy and youth contain here and there some natural thoughts naturally expressed, but not sufficient to redeem the rest. We advise him to consider the two following triplets:

' Pleas'd, round the childish totum would we run,
 And Rex and Rosy keenly join'd the fun,
 And oft we twirl'd, and many pins were won.
 Take them all! a younker loud would bawl—
 'Tis Nickle nothing! would another call—
 Scrambled a third, and slyly seiz'd them all.'

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*An historical View of the Rise and Progress of Infidelity, with a Refutation of its Principles and Reasoning; in a Series of Sermons, preached for the Lecture founded by the Hon. Mr. Boyle, in the Parish Church of St. Mary Le Bow, from the Year 1802 to 1805. By the Rev. William Van Mildert, M. A. Rector of St. Mary Le Bow, London. In Two Volumes. 8vo. Rivington. 1806.*

MORE than a century has now elapsed since the foundation of Mr. Boyle's lecture; the discourses preached on this occasion continued to be published for the space of nearly 50 years with little intermission; and such was the accumulation of these labours, that in the year 1739 they were collected into three large folio volumes, comprising a most valuable body of divinity. Since that period, although it appears that the lecture has been constantly preached, few only of its productions have been submitted to the public eye, but among them are some of distinguished excellence. The last of these was published in the year 1783.

A desire to revive an attention to this eminently useful institution has been a principal motive in giving to the public the present volumes, which reflect the greatest credit on the author. They form indeed a compendious, yet a complete body of theology, enabling the Christian 'to give an answer to every man that asketh the reason of the hope that is in him.'

We shall endeavour to give our readers a succinct abstract of the plan of these lectures, and shall then lay before them a passage from the 16th discourse, vol. ii, which will enable them to judge of the talents of this very respectable writer. From the sentence passed by the Almighty upon the great adversary of mankind, Mr. Van Mildert understands that a prophetic declaration is given of a contest to be perpetually maintained between the Redeemer and the destroyer of souls, between the 'power of God unto salvation, and the power of Satan unto perdition.' He accordingly arranges the materials under two general heads, the historical and the argumentative. In the first part of these lectures a summary view is taken of the endeavours made to counteract the revealed will of God in the times antecedent to the Christian dispensation; the perverseness both of Jews and Gentiles in their rejection of the Gospel, and their various efforts to overthrow it, from the time of Christ to the downfall of paganism in the Roman empire, is next considered; the inquiry is then continued through the middle ages, when almost the whole world was overspread with Mahometan and Gothic barbarism: the new aspect

which infidelity assumed on the revival of letters, and the introduction of the protestant reformation follows: and lastly, having brought down the history of its progressive labours to the present day, the author considers what expectations may be justly entertained respecting the final issue of this tremendous contest. The historical view of the subject being closed, the second part embraces a general vindication of the grounds and principles of the Christian faith, in answer to the arguments most commonly urged against its authority and credibility.

In the management of all these subjects (considering that nothing new can be said, so-often has the truth of the Christian religion been demonstrated by the clearest proofs) the author displays no inconsiderable skill and ingenuity. Having thus sketched the outlines of these lectures, we proceed to the extract above mentioned.

“Having urged such considerations as seem to deprive the philosopher of the only substitute for faith, which he can presume to offer, as an instructor in spiritual things, we are now to enquire whether it be reasonable to take *Faith* for our guide, and whether we can submit to it's direction, without degrading the dignity of our nature.

“Faith,” says the Apostle to the Hebrews, “is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen.” It makes us acquainted with objects not discernible by the light of nature. It embodies, as it were, our hopes, and renders them substantial and certain. In our spiritual concerns, therefore, wherein “we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen,” the necessity of “walking by Faith, not by Sight,” appears to be self-evident. To creatures born for immortality, and ordained to live for ever in a future and invisible world, there must be many things to be “hoped for,” and many things “not seen;” concerning which we may justly be solicitous, although they are not, and cannot be, the objects of our senses, nor discoverable by any exertion of our intellectual faculties. If, then, there be such things, with which it behoves us to be acquainted, and which it is natural for us to be exceedingly desirous of knowing, let the proficient in mere human science declare how we can attain to a knowledge of them *without faith*; or let him tell us, how we can be assured, that our future, as well as present, happiness does not depend on our entertaining right notions of them? Respecting the former of these questions, the philosophical unbeliever must disprove every thing that has hitherto been alledged as to the insufficiency of the light of nature to show us Divine truth:—respecting the latter, he must produce arguments to prove either the non-existence of spiritual and invisible things, or the impossibility of our being in any manner connected with them. In both instances, he will be found to act in contradiction to *analogical* reasoning, no less than to the principle which he endeavours to overthrow. For, the necessity of faith, or something similar to it, even in the common affairs of life, and in every branch of human science, has been insisted upon, with great strength of argument, by learned men: whence it has also been maintained, *a fortiori*, that in things *divine*, it is still more indispensable.

'We contend, therefore, for the reasonableness and the importance of faith, as the only principle on which a knowledge of theological subjects can properly be grounded, and because there is no inlet through which such knowledge can be communicated, but that of *Divine instruction*. And as Divine instruction can be of no effect, unless those to whom it is vouchsafed are willing to receive it, as necessarily and indisputably true, on account of the source whence it is derived, it follows, that all who renounce faith as their guide must be content to remain in ignorance of the truths thus imparted, however important or necessary they may be.

'We see, then, in what sense it is that faith and sight are properly opposed to each other. With *human science*, *faith* has little concern: that is to say, it is not the *principle* on which our assent to philosophical truth is founded, although without something similar to it we might often be obliged to remain sceptical and incredulous, respecting some of the most generally received and indisputable positions. *Divine truth*, on the other hand, depends as little upon *sight*, or sensible demonstration, for the certainty of its doctrines; since although our belief in *revelation* is necessarily connected with the evidence of sense and human testimony, (for, "*Faith*," says the apostle, "*cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God*") yet our assent to the truths so revealed, is grounded solely on the *authority* by which they are declared. Thus radically different in their principles are philosophical and theological knowledge. The subjects which each professes to investigate; the end which each proposes; and the media, through which each arrives at the desired information; are so manifestly dissimilar, that indiscriminately to confound them, or to make the deductions of the one serve as criteria of the truth of the other, appears to be as unphilosophical as it is irreligious.

DRAMA.

ART. 12.—*Tekeli, or the Siege of Mongatz, a Melo-Drame, in three Acts, as performed with distinguished Success at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, written by Theodore Hooke, Esq. Author of the Soldier's Return, Invisible Girl, Catch him who can, &c.* 8vo. 2s. Baldwin, 1806.

MR. Hooke has oftener than once drawn upon himself our animadversions; we are happy, however, in the present instance that it is in our power to bestow upon him a considerable share of applause. We think '*Tekeli*' to be the best production of the kind since the days of *Lodoiska*, and that the scene in the mill may rank among the happiest efforts of stage effect.

NOVELS.

ART. 13.—*Human Beings, a Novel, in three Volumes, by Francis Latham, Author of Men and Manners, the Mysterious Freebooter, &c.* Crosby. 1807.

THIS novel bears very few marks of the genius which dictated '*Men and Manners*,' a novel which gained some degree of popula-

rity. The characters are insignificant, and the story improbable. The incident respecting the five hundred pound note, we remember to have read in the newspapers about two years ago, which indeed seem to be the main source from whence the author has derived his whole knowledge of 'human beings.' We willingly, therefore, acquit him of the crime of personal satire; under the imputation of which he is fearful of labouring, convinced that none of his readers or acquaintance will discover any resemblance to themselves in the picture. The moral reflections too are of such a nature, that we were more than once tempted to follow Lady Buckhurst's example, and pass over all the moralizing reflections, 'because,' as she said, 'those kind of sentences are dull and spoil the story.'

ART. 14.—*Charles Ellis, or the Friends, a Novel, comprising the Incidents and Observations occurring on a Voyage to the Brazils and West Indies, actually performed by the Writer, Robert Semple, Author of Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope. In two Volumes. 12mo. 9s. Baldwin.*

WHEN Robert Semple attempts to be witty he is invariably vulgar; when he attempts to describe the modesty of his hero, he is generally indecent; and the observations and incidents occurring on a voyage to the Brazils and West Indies, are too puerile and insignificant to justify any detail.

MEDICINE.

ART. 15.—*Commentaries on the Treatment of Scirrhi and Cancers from the earliest Period to the present; for the Purpose of pointing out a Specific for those Diseases on rational and scientific Principles. By William Thomas, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. 8vo. Nichols. 1805.*

A VERY magnificent title to a very flimsy performance! The writer highly extols the knowledge of the ancients in these diseases, but without pointing out in what their excellency consists. The *specific* which is promised us is no more than the external use of arsenic, a substance which is already much applied by regular surgeons, and still more by empirics. We should have gladly received any information concerning the most proper mode of applying it in the various states of the disease; but this information (if he possesses it) Mr. Thomas has thought fit to withhold for a second pamphlet. If this be to contain no more original matter than the first, we would recommend the author to defer its publication *ad calendæ græcas*.

ART. 16.—*Remarks on Mr. Birch's 'Serious Reasons for uniformly objecting to the Practice of Vaccination.' By James Moore, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. 1806.*

A VERY satisfactory reply, written with equal moderation and urbanity, to the pamphlet, which Mr. Birch has humorously called

his 'Serious Reasons.' Mr. M. has detected some misrepresentations of his opponent, and has applied some of his arguments (such as they are) to his own refutation. We wish to distinguish Mr. Birch from his coadjutors in a wretched and desperate cause, and hope, with Mr. Moore, that he will, as soon as possible, 'escape from the meagre herd of antivaccinists, and will mix with those respectable and most useful men, who adorn the sciences of medicine and surgery.'

ART. 17.—*The Medical Observer, No. I. On advertised or empirical Medicines, &c.* 8vo. Highley. 1806.

IT is intended that this work shall consist of two parts. That which is now before us contains an account of the composition of most of the popular quack medicines, with some curious anecdotes of the proprietors of them, and strictures on the blind and indiscriminate administration of powerful drugs. We believe that the intentions of the publication are laudable. Unfortunately, we do not expect much benefit from their labours. Quackery is the offspring of fraud, operating upon ignorance and credulity, and will, we fear, be as lasting as the causes which support it. We learn from this account that most of the celebrated nostrums are common pharmaceutical preparations a little disguised. The assertions here advanced are not, it is true, supported by any analytical proofs: but the writer or writers, it is obvious, are very well versed in pharmaceutical chemistry.

POETRY.

ART. 18.—*An Evening Walk in the Forest; a Poem descriptive of Forest Trees.* By a Lady. 12mo. Jordan and Maxwell. 1807.

A GENTLEMAN, who, for reasons which he himself best knows, styles himself Terræ Filius, has of late been publishing a work entitled *Werneria*, which was duly noticed by us, and in which he proposed to assist the mineralogical student by describing in verse, the nature, properties, and uses of earths and minerals. The fair author of the present work is possessed with a similar notion; and a belief that the memory of useful things may receive considerable aid by throwing them into verse, has induced her to clothe in rhyme and numbers the distinguishing characteristics of forest trees. Since this lady and Terræ Filius coincide so exactly in their pursuits and ideas—since they both unite a love of philosophical study with a mania of versifying, and a fondness of publishing, we are almost tempted to exclaim,

Sure such a pair was never seen,
So aptly form'd to meet by nature.

Though we highly reprobate the description of people commonly known by the name of match-makers, and think that marriages

are oftener prevented than brought about by their officious interference, yet as the names and characters of the present couple might never have reached the ears of each other, but for our interposition, the common parents and guardians, and literary adventurers, we shall hope to obtain the gratitude of both parties for thus introducing them to each other's notice. And it is to be hoped that their meeting may not be clouded by that ungallant disapprobation which, on a former interview of a similar nature, marked the features of Della Crusca when the enraptured Anna Matilda, till then known only by her poetic drivellings, rushed, full of the inspiration of love and poetry, into his arms. If the interview now proposed should turn out to their mutual satisfaction, we are convinced that they will have no room for disputation after marriage on the relative demerits of each other's poetry; they are 'Arcades ambo, et cantare pares.' Our Review for November last contained some specimens of the hero's poetical mineralogy. The following account of the elm will enable him to judge of the rival powers of his mistress:

'The elm loves a black and clayey soil;
 Oft' by its roots, the peasant rests from toil;
 For there the grassy tufts, profusely grow,
 While, a fine sombre shade, its branches throw;
 And in some countries, more than in the mead,
 Horses and cattle on its leaves do feed.

'For steady props, the ancients oft' made use
 Of elms, when the rich vine was too profuse
 In growth luxuriant; hence the *Poet's Vine*,
 Around her *Husband's Elm* was seen to twine.
 Its wood is hard, and tough, and seldom fails,
 In floors, in blocks, in axle-trees, and flails:
 For carv'd, and ornamental work, 'tis good,
 And long in keels, withstands the briny flood.
 Near London, rows of tall trained elms stand,
 For water-pipes, which much are in demand.

'A distinct species of this tree abounds
 Much in the North, 'mongst Scotland's hilly grounds,
 Call'd the Witch-Hazel, its depending boughs,
 And longer leaves, so like the hazel grows.'

Upon the whole, in case of such an event as we have recommended, it is our duty to advise the lady to attend to the employments of 'domestic home' (to borrow an expression from herself) and bid adieu to the muses.

LAW.

ART. 19.—*A Practical Treatise of the Laws of Vendore and Purchasers of Estates.* By Edward Burtenshaw Sugden. 2d Edit. 8vo. Butterworth: 1806.

THIS is a performance which does great credit to the author's legal knowledge and powers of arrangement, and must prove of considerable use to the profession in which he is engaged. The present

edition is a great improvement on the first, containing many additional cases and some advantageous alterations in point of method. The subject of which it treats, in many parts admits of little precision or certainty. When once the courts of equity opened the door to evasions and modifications of the statute of frauds and perjuries with regard to the sale of estates, they created at once a larger field for doubt and litigation than is afforded by any other branch of our civil jurisprudence, and the contradictory opinions of the greatest of our lawyers on most of the points, which have arisen in consequence of this relaxation from the strict law of the land, leave little in the power of a commentator but to state the cases with fidelity, and discriminate them with judgment. This duty Mr. S. appears to have ably discharged, and we are pleased to find that he has availed himself of some decisions pronounced by Lord Redesdale during his chancellorship in Ireland, which seem calculated to enforce more certain and accurate rules on some of those points than have been universally acknowledged. Pursuing the same subjects, Mr. S. appears to have stated with learning and accuracy, the questions with respect to the admission of extrinsic evidence to vary or annul written instruments, to explain ambiguities, and to supply unintentional, as well as fraudulent defects and omissions in them. In the latter part of his work, some very valuable practical information will be found for the direction of the conveyancer; the author has displayed considerable ability in his consideration of the recent cases on general powers of appointment, and on the objections which the most eminent conveyancers have made to titles so circumstanced. It is needless to add that great and very proper use has been made by the author of Mr. Butler's notes in his edition of Coke upon Littleton; but much of the excellent matters contained in those notes appears to new advantage under Mr. S.'s arrangement. He has also introduced several arguments and abstracts of arguments from opinions of eminent counsel and conveyancers on cases submitted to their consideration, a practice deserving of more general adoption by our law writers, when not inconsistent with professional delicacy. We regret in this volume the want of a running, or marginal index. Every facility to reference and investigation should be observed in works of this description.

MISCELLANIES.

ART. 20.—*Naufragia, or Historical Memoirs of Shipwrecks and of the providential Deliverance of Vessels.* By J. S. Clarke, F.R.S. 2 Vols. 8vo. Mawman. 1805.

'I devoutly hope,' (says Mr. Clarke, at the end of a preface in which he speaks of himself with no small complacency) 'that the providential deliverance of vessels from perilous situations, may teach seamen and such of my fellow creatures as are exposed to danger or distress, to emulate the conduct of St. Paul; who, thrice shipwrecked, continually enforced this blessed precept, *Against hope, believe in hope!*' With Mr. C. we cannot but concur, and as we

think the narratives here brought together will contribute to so desirable an end, the work has our hearty approbation. He has furnished a very amusing as well as instructive compilation. Yet, preferring variety to repetition, we think that a little further compression would have diminished the price without injuring the value of the publication; and the chronological arrangement, which he rejects without a shadow of reason, would, in our opinion, have been a real advantage. His language we do not always understand. He calls, v. i. p. 1. Robinson Crusoe, 'the venerable recorder of the *shipwrecked narrative*, i. e. if words have any meaning, of a narrative which has suffered shipwreck. Neither do we always assent to his positions. He conceives (p. 276, v. i.) that the author of Robinson Crusoe borrowed a hint from the 'Dangerous Adventures of Captain Richard Falconer,' because Crusoe supposes, like Falconer, that in a long solitude he should forget the use of his speech. Surely this is nature and truth, and need not be imitation. A letter signed W. W. is quoted from the Gentleman's Magazine for 1788, in which we are told that the celebrated romance of Robinson Crusoe was written by the Earl of Oxford when confined in the Tower; that he gave the MSS. to Defoe, who added the second volume, and published the whole as his production. This is something like rambling, but who refuses to gossip about an old and favourite friend?

We shall now leave the reader to the perusal of the work, and it is not quite improbable that, in the course of it, he may fancy himself a spectator, and partake of the feelings described and illustrated by the philosophical poet:

Suave, mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terâ magnum alterius spectare laborem:
Non quia vexari quenkam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.

Lucretius, l. ii.

ART. 21.—*The Elements of Greek Grammar; with Notes for the Use of those who have made some Progress in the Language.* 8va. Richardsons. 1805.

A GREEK grammar, which, in an easy, perspicuous, and rational manner, would facilitate the acquisition of the language, which should be copious without prolixity, and completely learned without the oppressive lumber of superfluous erudition, has long been a desideratum in literature, which the present work, though it is by no means deficient in merit, is not entirely calculated to remove. The author has done something towards clearing away the rubbish that impedes the progress of the scholar. In most grammars the mind is confused by an infinity of distinctions, and the memory burthened with a multitude of rules. In the present performance the declensions of nouns are reduced to three; and in the number of conjugations which are retained, the author seems to have observed a happy medium between obscurity on the one hand, and prolixity on the other. In the syntax more of the idiomatic peculiarities of the language might advantageously have been noticed.

ART. 22.—*Thoughts on Affectation, addressed to young People.* 8vo. Wilkie and Robinson,

THERE is some good advice in this treatise, but without any striking novelty of remark or force of illustration. The authoress has affixed to the term 'Affectation,' a much more comprehensive meaning than it will bear. According to the most approved sense, affectation is rather a foible than a crime, rather the operation of frivolity than of sin. But the writer confounds it with hypocrisy, &c. and, according to her plan, a whole code of ethics might be composed under the title of 'Thoughts on Affectation.' We suggest it to the authoress, whether she herself have not been guilty of a little of that affectation which she reprobates in the use of the word, and the composition of the work?

ART. 23.—*Arrian's Voyage round the Euxine Sea translated; and accompanied with a Geographical Dissertation and Maps. To which are added, Three Discourses: I. On the Trade to the East Indies by Means of the Euxine Sea; II. On the Distance which the Ships of Antiquity usually sailed in twenty-four Hours; III. On the Measure of the Olympic Stadium.* 4to. Cadell. 1805.

ARRIAN's Periplus of the Euxine Sea is a brief geographical enumeration of the places and distances on the coast, very sparingly interspersed with slight historical notices and observations on the people and the products of the country. Only part of the voyage itself was performed by Arrian in person, and the information which is contained in the rest, he appears to have collected from the accounts of other travellers. Arrian himself sailed from Trapezus, a city on the southern side of the Euxine, and in his time the principal rendezvous of the Roman marine in that sea, to Discurias or Sebastopolis on the north-eastern extremity. The distances of places are given with considerable exactness, and do not differ much from the modern calculations. In the present quarto, the translation of the Periplus itself takes up about twenty pages; the rest of the volume is occupied with a dissertation and three discourses, in which we discover marks of patient research and considerable erudition. In the discourse on the commerce of the Euxine sea, the author argues that the commodities of the east were conveyed to Europe by that channel before the communication was practised by the Arabian gulph. The evidence, however, which the author produces in support of this assertion, does not appear to be very satisfactory. Indian commodities might indeed have been conveyed from India to the Icarus in Bactriana, thence down the Oxus into the Caspian, across which they were carried to the mouth of the Kur or Cyrus, and thence transported by the Phasis into the Euxine; but the Arabian gulph furnished the easiest and most expeditious communication, of which the previous discovery is not only the most probable, but of the actual existence of which in the earliest times the most ancient records furnish the most satisfactory evidence. In the discourse on the measure of the Greek stadium, the author has brought forward

very satisfactory evidence to prove that, though the measure of the stadium was not uniformly the same, where no specification of a different measure appears, the Olympic stadium of eight to a mile is not generally understood. The Olympic stadium consisted of 600 Greek feet, or 625 of Roman measure. The Greek foot was longer than the Roman in the proportion of 25 to 24. Herodotus informs us that 200 stadia, or 25 Greek miles, equal to 22.893 English miles, was a day's journey for a foot traveller; and that 150 stadia, or $18\frac{3}{4}$ Greek miles was a day's march for an army. In the discourse on the distance which the ships of the ancients sailed in 24 hours, the author, after a copious examination of opposite opinions, concludes that 1000 stadia were the average distance which the ships of antiquity performed in that space of time. This computation is probably beyond the truth.

ART. 24.—*A compendious English Grammar, with a Key, by which Experience has proved, that a Boy with a tolerable Capacity may, in a few Months, be taught to speak or write the English Language correctly, though totally unacquainted with the Latin or Greek Language.* By D. Paper, J.L. B. 12mo. Ostell.

WE have perused this Grammar with considerable satisfaction; and can pronounce it to be well calculated to answer the purpose which is professed in the title page. To say this is certainly to bestow on it no common praise.

ART. 25.—*A Philosophical Essay on the Game of Billiards; wherein the Theory is minutely examined upon physical Principles, and familiarly exhibited by easy Transitions from Causes to Effects. With Plates, &c. &c.* By an Amateur. Robinson. 1806.

THE author of this *philosophical* Essay, has, we will venture to say, a better claim to the title which he gives to himself at the end of his treatise (Philobilli) than to that of philosopher, to which he seems to aspire in his title-page. A more flimsy performance we have rarely seen. We may apply to it, in more senses than one, the classical phrase (*verba dat*)—aye, and *verba sesquipedalia* too. But as for philosophy—! But we will add no more. Let the author consider, to use his own phrase, how little necessary *consimilitudo* there is between fine words and good sense—in short, let him take his *cur*, and give up authorship.

ART. 26.—*Observations on the Millew, suggested by the Queries of Mr. Arthur Young.* By John Egremont, Esq. pp. 40. Hatchard. 1806.

MR. A. Young, in order to facilitate experiments and inquiries, published twelve queries, relative to the cause and effects of millem. One of these queries, the 11th, has been productive of much injury, and is certainly irrelevant to the subject: 'What proportion, in your opinion, does the late crop bear to a common

average produce?' A question no man who knew any thing of human nature would have proposed, and one which it would be much easier to answer generally than to estimate the ridiculous answers it must necessarily have received. If all the rectors in the country took their tythe in kind, then such a question might be addressed to them exclusively; but otherwise it is just as absurd as the attempt to estimate the quantity of wine made in France from the produce of one vine. Mr. Egremont, however, has answered it, and by the assistance of two or three halves and thirds, has contrived to appear very profound and sagacious, although, perhaps, he does not even know it *correctly* in his *own* farm, much less that of his neighbours. 'This writer speaks only of the mildew or rusty appearance on the straw of wheat, and takes no notice of the *blighted* or black ear, which is known to be the work of insects. According to his observations (which have not been very extensive), 'clayey soils have yielded crops the least affected by mildew, and peat or moor the most, calcareous and sandy loams the next.' Early sown crops are supposed to be most secure from mildew; white wheat is the soonest infected, red later, and bearded the last. Mr. Egremont, however, has not offered us any new facts or observations on the nature or cause of mildew; he ascribes it to cold, and the sudden transitions from heat to cold and cold to heat alternately; although he admits that it may be a fungus, he contends for its being a disease in the circulation of the vegetable juices. In fact we have not been able to perceive any thing in these 'Observations' which has not been previously laid before the public in the Critical Review; and the vegetable tumour, which certain microscopical dreamers call a plant, (as all vegetable matter assumes an organized appearance) and which we ascribed to the action of cold and moisture obstructing the vegetable circulation, Mr. E. would perhaps call a frost-bitten part of a vegetable. To attribute it entirely, however, to the influence of the atmosphere, is to give us slender hopes of being able to prevent it: but experience, independent of all theories, has fortunately furnished our farmers with a sure mean of resisting this supposed action of the atmosphere in the previous preparation of the seed, and it is for them to adhere still more rigidly to a practice, which has hitherto been attended with the greatest success.

ART. 27.—*The Climate of Great Britain; or Remarks on the Change it has undergone, particularly within the last Fifty Years. Accounting for the increased Humidity and consequent Cloudiness of our Springs and Summers; with the Effects such ungenial Seasons have produced upon the Vegetable and Animal Economy. Including various Experiments to ascertain the Causes of such Changes. Interspersed with numerous physiological Facts and Observations, illustrative of the Process of Vegetation, and the Connection subsisting between the Phenomena of the Weather and the Productions of the Soil.* By John Williams, Esq. 8vo. Balawins. 1806.

THIS very comprehensive title precludes the necessity of giving

a more tedious explanation of the contents of this volume. It will doubtless satisfy most readers, and beyond a question all who have any knowledge of meteorology. The author has taken a vulgar opinion for a philosophical truth, and has laboured very hard to explain its cause and consequences. To a philosophical inquirer, however, the first experiment necessary was to ascertain the fact, whether the climate of this country be positively *more* humid in consequence of the different acts of parliament for inclosing waste lands? Mr. W. takes it for granted that it is, and without any preliminary inquiry, without reverting to the different meteorological journals published in the Philosophical Transactions and other works, or even without duly considering the very facts which he himself has quoted (p. 78 to 82) endeavours to prove that the climate is growing more humid and more cloudy in consequence of the increase of planting! His sole argument and proof of this supposed change of climate, to him perhaps unanswerable, is no doubt very ingenious. 'For (says he) we do not *hear* the same complaint of wet cold seasons from our neighbours, who inhabit the same parallels of latitude on the continent!' We can readily believe that our philosopher, residing in London, cannot *hear* the same complaints of wet and cold on the continent; but we can inform him that if he were there, he would *hear* the peasantry make the very same complaints. This volume upon the whole chiefly consists of 'shreds and patches' from all the modern publications, particularly Darwin's *Phytologia*, and bears evident marks of a superficial compiler, but none of an original observer of the economy of nature. At best, it can only be considered as the work of a man who began to observe nature yesterday, and who writes or rather compiles before he thinks. We shall not intrude upon the attention of our readers with detailed observations on such a performance.

ART. 28.—*Repertorio Musicale ossia Raccolta di varia Poesia composta ad uso de' Professori di Musica, e d'lettanti: da G. B. Boschini Romano, pastore Arcade, e antico Membro delle Accademie de' Forti, e de' Quiriti. 12mo. Londra, Dulau. 1806.*

SIGNOR Boschini has not been very fortunate in chusing a title to his work, as a Musical Repertory is much better adapted to convey the idea of a collection of pieces of music than that of poetry for music. This, however, is no diminution of its intrinsic merit. The good taste and sound criticism modestly evinced in the preface, is a very favourable presage of the author's work; and his pointed censure of the ridiculous jingling ribaldry of many Italian rhymers and manufacturers of modern operas, is so just, that we shall give it in his own words:

'Questi sono stati da qualche tempo in sì gran numero, che hanno quasi totalmente infettato con *insipidi e bassi concetti* l'atmosfera armonica, e persuaso col continuo, e disgustoso e-empio a' a meno istruiti, non esser la poesia per musica altra cosa, che una combinazione acconciamente ordinata di parole or sdruciole, or tronche, or di iambi, or di dattili, or di spondei, or di trochei, ed ora di qua-

disillabi ed anche pentasillabi melodiosi, sonori, o romoreggianti. In questa seconda classe di poeti melopici comprendonsi anche alcuni, i quali, oltre la intera mancanza d' idee, e la viltà delle espressioni, introducono frequentemente vocaboli, frasi e idiomi, che potrebbero per ventura chiamarsi piuttosto gallicismi, e storpature francesi, che tollerabile, italica favella.'

This little volume indeed is unquestionably the best collection of the most *rational* songs and chorusses in Italian that we have seen; and the lovers of Italian literature and music in this country are much indebted to Signor Boschini for the highly laudable and successful attempt to unite 'sound and sense' in their musical entertainments.

ART. 29. — *The singular and interesting Trial of Henry Stanton, Esq. of the 8th or King's Regiment, on Charges for unofficerlike Behaviour, as preferred against him by Lieutenant Colonel Young, commanding the said Regiment; tried by a general Court Martial held at Doncaster, 14th August 1805 and several subsequent Days. The Conduct of those Officers of the 2d Battalion of the above Regiment, who were combined against Mr. Stanton, is exposed; and their Examinations as taken on Oath, together with the Defence set up, to contradict their Testimony by his Friends, are correctly exhibited. The whole tending clearly to evince the injurious Treatment which Mr. Stanton sustained.* 12mo. 8vo. Egerton. 1806.

WE are indebted for this singular publication to the aunt of H. Stanton, Esq. the widow of a Capt. Downes, who, hearing 'that some persons had through malice inserted in the London papers, a paragraph, tending to throw a stigma on her nephew, by stating he had been found guilty by a general court martial, of ungentlemanlike conduct,' has thought proper to lay the proceedings of the trial before the public. These by no means invalidate the statement in the paragraph, if any such appeared. Mr. Stanton, who is an Irishman, had the insolence to intimate at a billiard table that he should post all officers who did not pay their debts. This, it appears, was resented by a Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Fitzpatrick, who preferred a complaint against him to the colonel of the regiment; and the consequence was an arrest, for a violation of the forms of which the present trial was instituted; notwithstanding the defendant was found guilty; we think that the officers of the 2d battalion of the 8th regiment entertained a considerable prejudice against him for some reasons, which are not assigned in this pamphlet; and to this prejudice, more than to the charges preferred against him on the trial (which are in themselves absolutely frivolous) he owes his degradation in that regiment.

ART. 30. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Isaac Watts, D.D. with Extracts from his Correspondence, 8vo. 3s.* Williams and Smith. 1806.

WHATEVER relates to this learned and eminent dissenting mi-

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. X.

FEBRUARY, 1807.

No. II.

ART. I.—*Specimens of early English Metrical Romances*.
By George Ellis, Esq. 3 Vols. Longman: 1806.

THERE are some men gifted with such an elegant and original genius, that subjects naturally dry, tedious, and uninteresting, acquire from their magic touch so many fairy embellishments, as to attract general notice, and afford general delight. They seize with intuitive quickness all the secret beauties of the study to which they have applied, and conceal with skilful discrimination every thing dull or repulsive. Instead of being hurried by thoughtless enthusiasm into long and useless discussions, merely because they have some connection with their favourite pursuit; instead of heaping into one incongruous mass what must be interesting to all, and what can be so only to a few, they follow their object with a calm and rational perseverance, and when they communicate the result of their labours to the public, they withhold all the trivial notices they have collected on their way, and present only their most important discoveries. By this means, we are amused and instructed by the collected sum of their matured information, without being fatigued by following them through the laborious journey necessary to its acquisition: we enjoy all the luxury, and endure none of the difficulty of knowledge thus collected by their perseverance, and adorned by their taste. In antiquarian pursuits, a man of this character is no less useful than extraordinary. The prodigious labour necessary for the acquisition of such knowledge, and the uninteresting nature of many of its details, will ever prevent it from becoming general, and almost always deter men of genius from entering its intricate and gloomy labyrinths. Accordingly, antiquarians are for the most part dull plodding animals, who persevere in the melancholy task of digging and altering the form of ancient lumber, without being able to reduce it to any determinate shape,

or to embue it with any specific character. Blinded by the dust they raise around themselves, they see nothing distinctly; fragments of the elder time lie scattered around them in dim confusion, and the amount of their achievements perhaps consists in knocking off some curious piece of workmanship from the temple of antiquity, which falls into the possession of some one capable of appreciating and displaying its beauty. It has happened however in the present age, that this study, formerly the exclusive property of dulness, has attracted the attention of men of genius. They have invested the antiquarian with a perfectly new dress, and instead of a dead-eyed monk covered with rags and dust, and groping his way through the rayless gloom, he assumes the lofty mien of the poet, and the gay attire of the man of the world. He doubtless undergoes a blessed transformation, and for this we know of no man better entitled to our thanks than Mr. Ellis. In his '*Specimens of early English*' Poetry he exhibited an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the English language, since its formation some time before the accession of Henry III. To this knowledge he added an ingenuity of conjecture, and a felicity of speculation highly creditable to his powers as an original writer, and with these were beautifully combined the attractions of a cultivated taste, and of a very simple, elegant stile of composition. The arrangement of those volumes is perspicuous in the idea, and regular in the execution. We meet with no poet straggling from his proper place, as we so frequently did in Mr. Jamieson's collection lately reviewed; nor are the specimens ever printed without regard to that order which their different subjects or styles naturally recommended. The performance resembles an elegant building, in which the various kinds of architecture prevail; there is notwithstanding a consistency of the whole, and in which the admirer of each order finds enough to be delighted with, without ever feeling disgust or aversion towards those parts less suited to his notion of excellence. There is, at the same time, a characteristic modesty and gentleness of opinion about Mr. Ellis, which so far from making us doubt the solidity of his information, or the soundness of his conjectures, inspires us with a perfect confidence in both; and we willingly allow ourselves to be instructed by a man who possesses the richness of knowledge without any of its superciliousness, and who, instead of assuming the air and deportment of a wiseacre, converses with us in the easy and pleasant language of a friend.

The object of the work now under review is shortly and distinctly expressed in Mr. Ellis's own words: '*Advertisement,*

vol. I.' 'The following volumes are intended to supply a chasm in the Specimens of early English Poets, by explaining more fully the progress of our poetry and language from the latter part of the 13th to the middle of the 14th century, and to exhibit a general view of our romances of chivalry, in their earliest and simplest form.' We shall endeavour to present our readers with as full a view of Mr. Ellis's labours, as our limits will permit, and if it be not productive of amusement or instruction, we willingly take the blame to ourselves, as we think the faults and errors to be found in these volumes are trifling in their nature and few in number, while the information is generally curious and not unfrequently interesting. A considerable part of the first volume consists of an introduction divided into five sections, of which we intend giving a brief analysis.

Sect. I. The word 'Romance' originally signified the Roman language as spoken in the European provinces of the empire; but its earliest use in this island, expressed that dialect of the French introduced by the Norman conquest. The Romance began to supersede the Latin as a colloquial language in Gaul, about the beginning of the 9th century, a written specimen of which is preserved by Mr. Ritson, and nearly resembles the present Provençal. But the uniform prevalence of this language in France was of very short duration. In 845 the Danes or Normans invaded that country, and gradually extended their usurpations in the western provinces till 912, when they had them confirmed by a treaty with Charles the Simple. From this period great changes took place in the Romance language, which was separated into numerous dialects. The distracted state of the kingdom prevented that general intercourse between its most distant inhabitants, which is the great cause of uniformity of speech, and which gave rise to the prevalence of the Latin tongue over all the Roman Empire, and of the Romance while the power of Charlemagne remained unshaken. France became subject to the tyranny of innumerable petty princes, and the vulgar tongue, unfixed by models of composition or rules of grammar, was abandoned to every kind of innovation that ignorance or a mixture of different races of men could produce. It appears however that after the invaders had completely settled themselves in their conquests, they cultivated with great assiduity the language of the vanquished, and that the French were, in a great measure, indebted for the preservation of their vulgar tongue to the capital of Normandy, which afforded to it an asylum, while their own country was involved in the horrors of civil war. To the Normans too, was owing its

general diffusion over Europe ; nor is it improbable that the provinces to the north of the Loire, whose dialects partook in some degree of the Teutonic, would assimilate them to the language of a nation so celebrated for valour and victory. With regard to the earliest specimens of northern French literature, no traces remain of any professed work of fiction, or of any thing resembling an epic fable, before the middle of the 12th century. All the compositions in Romance previous to that time, of which we know any thing, were either devotional and moral tracts, chronicles, &c. and universally translations, or warlike, satyrical or encomiastic songs. As far therefore as negative evidence goes, we may deny the existence of any poem now called a romance, before the period above mentioned. It may be urged however, that the minstrels of those times in all probability composed a stock of fabulous narratives, for the amusement of those not greatly delighted with the lives of holy men, though now lost or undiscovered. To this it may be replied that at the time of the conquest, there certainly did exist among the Normans the profession of minstrelsy. But as there is no evidence that these minstrels were French, it must be admitted that they came from Denmark, as advanced by Percy in his *Reliques*. When their own idiom fell into disuse, they were probably obliged to exercise their talents in the newly adopted language, but how could they contribute in any degree to its improvement, who were themselves so imperfectly acquainted with it? Accordingly, though a spirit of poetry is to be found in the Danish scalds, it does not follow that these bards could transmit it to the Danish minstrels. It is to the crusades that we are to look for the principal cause of improvement in the Romance language. The clergy then found themselves interested in conveying to the illiterate through the medium of the vulgar tongue the knowledge which they alone possessed, and thus that vulgar tongue became a principal object of clerical attention. It is therefore probable that the first works of fiction were not the compositions of such an unlearned set of men as the minstrels must have been, but of persons who had a considerable portion of learning, and who, in the idleness of their profession, composed works which Mr. Ellis well denominates the 'luxury of leisure.' The office of the minstrel appears to have consisted at first in the arts of mimicry and juggling. To these were shortly added that of music, and finally the talent of extemporaneous effusion, like the improvisatore of Italy.

Sect. II. The first romances, written probably during the latter part of the 12th century, profess to be chronicles

or true histories, and are known to have been translated or imitated from the Latin. There however exists one (*Le Chevalier au Lion*) attributed to Wace, which may be considered as belonging to an intermediate class between the historical romances, and the purely fabulous ones of the 13th century, and which is supposed by Ritson to be the original of *Ywair* and *Gawairs*. Here Mr. Ellis is naturally led into a dissertation on the origin of that romantic fiction which has furnished to the Italians a splendid species of Epic poetry, and afforded to our rude Norman ancestors many attempts resembling epic fable. This honour has been attributed successively to the Scandinavians, the Arabians, the Armoricans, the Provençals, and the Normans. The first of these theories has been ingeniously supported by Percy. According to him, the scalds, who were the historians of the north, as were the bards of Gaul and Britain, gradually attempted to embellish their recitals with marvellous fictions of giants and enchanters, &c. who in time made such a distinguished figure in the romances. A chivalrous spirit, too, existed in the northern nations long before the establishment of knighthood as a regular order, and their superstitions respecting preternatural beings were extremely analogous to the later fictions of romance. To these he adds other ingenious arguments which it is needless to particularize. This system however appears too exclusive. It does not account for the prodigious number of popular ballads and fictions concerning King Arthur and his knights, which it is evident are derived from a very different source; at the same time it is certain that the Normans continued to preserve, at least during two centuries, a fondness for the peculiar poetry of their ancestors; and Mr. Way has translated a fragment from the *fabliaux* of "*Les trois Chevaliers et la Chemise*," which breathes the genuine spirit of the Gothic Ode. The second hypothesis which was adopted by the ingenious but fanciful and superficial Tom Warton, has been ably refuted by Percy, and rests upon no sure foundation, though it ought not to be dissembled that Arabian inventions may have had some influence on the literature and manners of Europe. Arabic numerals were introduced into France a century before the crusades, and the practice of medicine, so often alluded to in the early romances, was taught exclusively in the Saracen schools. The third theory, which supposes Britany to be the native country of romantic fiction, seems liable to the fewest objections. The similarity of the language used by the Armoricans and the natives of this island proves their similar origin, and a colony of Saxons are actually said by the British historians to have taken refuge in Britany, carrying with them

many of their archives. Nay, the Norman poets themselves profess to have derived their stories from a Breton original. As the Bretons were the first people of France with whom the Normans had any friendly intercourse, it must have been from them that the latter derived their tales of Charlemagne; unless we believe them to have been brought from Scandinavia, a supposition very absurd. Mr. Ellis concludes this enquiry with the following judicious remarks:

‘The reader will perceive that the preceding systems are by no means incompatible, and that there is no absurdity in supposing that the scenes and characters of our romantic histories were very generally, though not exclusively derived from the Bretons, or from the Welch of this island; that much of the colouring, and perhaps some particular adventures may be of Scandinavian origin; and that occasional episodes, together with part of the machinery, may have been borrowed from the Arabians.’ p. 35, vol. I.

The section ends with some proofs drawn from the writings of Frenchmen, ‘that it was from England and Normandy that the French received the first works that deserve to be cited in their language.’

Sect. III. The nature of the information contained in this section is such that it cannot be abridged to any advantage. Mr. Ellis has compressed into it so much curious information, and expressed it so very concisely, that we content ourselves with referring the reader to the volumes themselves; he will there find a very excellent account of the contents of the famous chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, the seventh book of which contains many curious particulars relative to the reign of Arthur.

Sect. IV. Mr. Ellis here gives a summary of Geoffrey’s “*Vita Merlini*,” which we do not think so happily executed as it might have been. He certainly possesses a rich and original vein of humour, and often enlivens dull details by facetious abridgment and quaint, unexpected turns of expression, in a way irresistibly ludicrous. But he is too fond of directing his readers; he sometimes loses the spirit of the original, or altogether misrepresents it, and seems to think his object accomplished by awakening a smile. This perpetual desire of being witty is not attended with perpetual success, and we are sometimes obliged reluctantly to confess that he gets tiresome. With all the folly and absurdity that pervade the life of Merlin, there is joined a wildness of description and a fanciful combination of incident, that bestow on that wondrous being a character bordering on sublimity; and we cannot applaud the direction of Mr. Ellis’s humorous talents when they endeavour to debase

what is exalted. To us there appears something mysteriously fearful in the loud sudden laugh of the seer, by which he intimated his perception of futurity, especially when we consider that he was in general the prophet of calamity. His retreat to the gloomy solitude of the forest, where the wild monsters were tamed by his supernatural powers, and the wonders of the sky fed his inspiration, is conceived with the fancy of a poet, and there is no occasion to speak of it in the language of Joe Millar. Nor to those who worship the spirit of legendary lore is it by any means delightful to hear the old age of Taliessin and Merlin spoken of with jocular irreverence. It was the opinion of Polydore Virgil that Geoffrey invented great part of the chronicle which he professed to translate from a British original, and this opinion has been defended by some modern writers, among whom we find Mr. Turner, the visionary champion of Welch literature. Mr. Ellis, however, shows in a very clear and satisfactory manner the extreme absurdity of this idea. As he adds little to the arguments of Leland and Price on the same subject, it would be useless to repeat here the detail of his reasoning. The section ends with a very curious conjecture of Mr. Owen, the compiler of the Welch Dictionary, concerning the existence of two Arthurs, which certainly accounts in a great measure for the monstrous fooleries that pervade the story of the king so called. We refer our readers to the 'Cambrian Biography' for the particulars of this theory, and content ourselves with stating, that the first Arthur is supposed to have been "Arcturus or the great Bear and proprietor of the constellation Lyra," and the second the son of Meirig ap Tewdrig, king of the Silures. Mr. Ellis judiciously observes, p. 99, vol. i. "Whether we suppose that Arthur was the real baptismal name of this warrior, or an appellation conferred by the gratitude of British historians and poets on the temporary saviour of their country, we may easily believe that this similarity of name might ultimately tend to identify the two personages, and thus introduce into history all the mythological extravagancies of the "Mabinogion."

Sect. V. In this section, which concludes the learned and ingenious introduction, Mr. Ellis has brought together much curious information relative to Wales during the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries; we intended to have given a full analysis of it, but we unwillingly pass it over with this general notice, lest we should be forced to omit other points of still greater curiosity.

In the appendix is an analysis by Mr. Douce of a very singular performance entitled 'Petrus Alphonsus,' now in the British Museum, and also a very neat account by Mr.

Ellis of the Lays of Marie, which Mr. Ritson erroneously conceived to be of Armorican origin, but which were certainly written in this country and never printed. Some of them, particularly Biscleareanet, Les deux Amants Ywouéc, are very interesting, and abridged in our author's happiest manner; others of them have been analysed by LeGrand and admirably translated by Way, so that Mr. Ellis contents himself with merely mentioning their names. Many book-making collectors, Mr. Jamieson for example, would have delighted in the work of supererogation which Mr. E.'s sense and honesty have despised.

We come now to the romances themselves, which are arranged under six general heads: I. Romances relating to King Arthur; II. Anglo Saxon romances; III. Anglo Norman romances; IV. Romances relating to Charlemagne; V. Romances of oriental origin; VI. Miscellaneous romances.

I. Romances concerning Arthur. These consist of Merlin in two parts, and of Morte Arthur. The first part of Merlin, which by the bye forms a complete whole, and has no connection whatever with Arthur, is much the more interesting of the two; and extravagant as the story is, the mind cannot help feeling an undefinable interest in that extravagance. The birth and parentage of Merlin well entitle him to supernatural energies, and exhibit in a striking point of view the wild creation of rude uncultivated imagination. His Satanic majesty, after destroying a worthy old gentleman and his wife, cannot be quiet till he has also got into his clutches their three daughters, who were first-rate toasts in the neighbourhood. By means of an old witch of his acquaintance he undermines the chastity of the eldest of these damsels, and, in some shape more pleasing to the female heart than his natural one, triumphs over her easy virtue. According to a very unjust and cruel law of the land, she is buried alive for this transgression. Her second sister falls likewise under the power of the tempter, but, availing herself of a clause in the statute against violated virginity, she saves her life by extending her favours to the good of the public. The third sister keeps herself immaculate for a considerable time, till getting accidentally drunk at an alehouse over the way, where it is to be feared she too often indulged in tippling, she falls asleep without bolting the door of her bedroom, and in the morning discovers that she has sustained a loss against which she had so long guarded with so much difficulty. Her pregnancy getting wind, old father Blaise, an useful character in those days, manages to delay the execution of her sentence, and in due time she brings into the world the wondrous child Merlin, who immediately on his

birth undergoes the ceremony of baptism, which saves him from becoming a devil like his papa. He is a most perfect rhetorician the instant he sees the light, and proves to the entire satisfaction of a court of a justice that his mother was not at all to blame in the business, as she had only suffered 'a chance' that might have happened to any one, and could not be reasonably supposed capable of baffling the Prince of Evil. The judge presiding at this trial was not a little nettled at Merlin's superior sagacity, and was punished by the formidable imp for his ill-nature, in being let into the secret that a priest of an adjoining parish was his father, a disagreeable truth which is on the spot confirmed by the confession of the contrite mother, who acknowledges her youthful partiality for the cloth. At the age of seven years, Merlin is carried to the court of Vortigern, who had been directed by Magi to search for a child answering his description, and at the court of that prince, he delivers a variety of prophecies, in the accomplishment of which the first part of the romance consists. A line occurs in this story which appears to allude to some popular notion that a being such as Merlin, and so called, was to appear in the world, though it has not attracted the attention of Mr. Ellis. Whenever the midwife sees him, she exclaims,

'Alas! art thou Merlin?'

Unless we account for this exclamation on the ground above mentioned, we must wonder not a little at the sagacity of the old gossip in discovering a child's name before the idea had occurred of giving him one. The second part of this romance, which narrates the birth and education of the famous Arthur and his exploits to the time of his marriage, contains a tedious repetition of similar achievements varied with little art, and at the best absurd and extravagant. Mr. Ellis has abridged it from a *fragment* of 10,000 lines! The *Morte Arthur* is a most tragical romance. In it we find queen Guenever discovered in her long continued amours with Sir Launcelot, and in consequence of her frailty Arthur is engaged in war with his bravest and best beloved knights. Brothers in arms become deadly and inveterate foes, and Arthur, who had pursued Sir Launcelot into Brittany, being recalled thence by the usurpation of his kinsman Modred, after several bloody battles is killed by that usurper. Guenever retires to a convent, and Sir Launcelot to a monastery, where he dies.

On reading this class of romances we are struck with many apparent contradictions in those established sentiments

and manners that constitute the moral character of a nation. We are at a loss to form any general judgment of the virtues or vices of our ancestors, and must allow them to have been a very comical sort of people. The character of the female sex in particular, and the sentiments with which they were regarded, appear perfectly inexplicable. The ladies who figure before us, exhibit a singular mixture of virtue and licentiousness, and while our forefathers are at one time so rigid as to burn frail damsels alive, at another, they regard with all possible complacency, females living in open adultery. That chastity in women was highly valued is proved by the notion, however false as to fact, that the loss of it was punished capitally, but that the possession of it was very rare, is proved by the liberal disposition of every heroine. Though knights, to gain the love of ladies fair, were willing to sacrifice life, how often is that love gratuitously bestowed and shamelessly offered? While at one time queen Guenever scarcely condescends to allow Sir Launcelot a kiss of her hand, at another, she scruples not to accommodate him with a night's lodging. As to the morals of the men, in affairs of gallantry, they seem no less at variance with the spirit of honour, and Sir Launcelot does not appear conscious of having injured his sovereign by sharing with him the affections of his consort. He professes to entertain for Guenever the same exclusive love as if he were her husband, and is shocked to death at any imputation of infidelity to her bed. His adultery appears to his own mind founded on the strictest principles of honour; nor does this arise from the blindness of passion, it is the sound reasoning of the knight in his sober senses. The whole court too, are represented as indifferent to the queen's amours; yet whenever she is positively convicted, they prepare to roast her with all possible dispatch, for a crime of which they had long known her to be guilty. The friendship of the knights too was false and hollow. An accidental murder of a brother renders Sir Gawair the most implacable foe of the man he formerly worshipped; and after the feeble band of brotherhood is snapped, the dark and revengeful passions take their uncontrouled sway. It appears indeed from these romances, if they are in any degree to be considered as pictures of the times, that pride was the sole foundation of a woman's honour, and a knight's fealty. If a knight was brave and loyal, the most modest ladies threw aside all reserve, and glorying in a conquest over him who had chopped off the heads of giants, sacrificed their virtue to their vanity and pride. To nameless knights seldom were they in the yielding mood; but there, too,

pride forbade what inclination might whisper. Nay, if they could get a champion stronger than him who accused them, they considered all scandal at an end, and they were led immaculate into the drawing room by the very man who in some measure confessed their guilt by thinking himself bound to assert their innocence. In truth, our ancestors seem to have aimed at an elevated virtue, for which they were not fit either by circumstances or general character, and finding themselves incapable of gaining the reality, they became eagerly desirous of possessing the semblance. Their whole character thus became artificial, and their actions being guided by sentiments not natural to them, partook of the grossest vice, while they absurdly imagined themselves to be paragons of every thing exalted in human nature. The mind turns in disgust from the splendid court of King Arthur, where chivalry was supposed to have shot through the hearts of each courteous knight the sacred sparks of honour, and to have fanned the milder flame of female virtue, but where, in fact, profligacy and insincerity reigned, to the wild forests of Germany, where our ancestors led a life of primæval simplicity, and tempered the bold independence of savage institutions, with a gentleness of spirit in general attributed solely to refinement.

II Anglo-Saxon Romances. These consist of Sir Guy of Warwick and Sir Beris of Hamptown. God forbid that we should attempt giving a detailed account of either. The story of Sir Guy is superior to any romance we ever had the luck to peruse, in dull absurdity; and that of Sir Beris only yields to this its more successful competitor in every quality calculated to fatigue and disgust. Sir Guy appears to have been composed from the materials of two or three, if not more, romances, and it comprises every thing silly, trifling, tedious and deplorable in them all. There is no accounting for taste however, for Hen. de Knyghton ap. Hist. An. Scriptores, x, p. 2321, presents us with the following panegyric on this illimitable expanse of folly. 'Sed quia historia dicti Guidonis cunctis seculis laudabili memoria commendanda est, in præsentī historia immiscere curavi,' &c. Indeed Guy of Warwick is the most popular of all our ancient romances, and a modern abridgement of it sells almost as well as Dr. Mavor's British Nepos. Of this Mr. Ellis is well aware, and frankly tells his readers that they are 'about to encounter a very dull and heavy compilation.' We think there was no occasion for publishing such stuff, though really Mr. Ellis contrives to enliven it with so many facetious strokes of his own, that we cannot be angry at the choice of the vehicle, clumsy and useless as

it is, which carries into the world so many pleasant passengers; but why does he call this an Anglo-Saxon romance? Because it may possibly be founded on some Saxon tradition. This is a very lame excuse. It should have been printed among the miscellaneous romances, as well as *Sir Bevis*; with which remark we beg leave to quit the society of two such very tiresome gentlemen.

III. *Anglo-Norman Romance.* This performance relates to '*Lion Richard*.' It possesses considerable merit in respect to force of language and liveliness of description, nor are the incidents altogether uninteresting; but on the whole, it is too extravagantly improbable to excite much pleasure in minds of common texture. We are willing to believe '*Cœur de Lion*' capable of a great deal, but he here ceases to be either a man or a God, and becomes a downright demon. He gobbles up human flesh with vast satisfaction, and picks the skull of a heathen with as much delight as a vulture. His valour is savage ferocity, and his courtesy the awful quiet of cruel dissimulation. Every sentiment of admiration is lost in that of horror, and wonder yields to mingling fear and disgust. It has been asserted by a certain northern critic that this romance furnishes a strong proof of the change for the worse which the religious wars introduced into the European character. We see no good reason for adopting this opinion. From the circumstance of the crusades being a common cause, and in the success of which all persons engaged were equally interested, we conceive that the bond of brotherhood must have derived additional vigour and solidity. There were no jealousies to destroy the sanctity of friendship or to disturb the mutual confidence of honour. Every bosom beat with superstitious zeal in the service of the cross, and with indignant fury against its enemies. On the contrary, all the other efforts of chivalry, separate from the crusades, had a distinct object of personal advantage. Each knight fought against the foes of his own mistress, and put to death the dragons and the giants who were particularly hostile to her. Where emulation of this nature existed, jealousy was unavoidable; and accordingly we in general find little generosity in the boasted friendship of sworn brothers. So far therefore as generosity and sincerity of character were concerned, it seems obvious that the effects of the crusades were beneficial. With respect to the charge of cruelty founded on the incidents of this romance, the critic alluded to, errs in drawing a general inference from an individual example.

It is certain that this is not the only romance which was composed after the crusades, and if the change in character attributed to them had really taken place, why did that

change not display itself equally, or in some degree, in all romances posterior to that period? There is therefore every reason to believe that this romance is not a fair picture of the feelings of the age, but composed probably by some minstrel who delighted in the wild and horrible, and forsook the established sentiments that pervaded the generality of romances, to indulge his fancy in its own savage and hideous creations. We cannot doubt that the recital of Richard's bloody banquet excited only disgust and horror in the minds of our ancestors. The heads on which he regaled were indeed those of heathen hounds, which in the eye of a crusader were not highly valued; but though the frenzy of religious zeal might so change valour into brutality as to render it capable of grossly insulting the dead, it could not convert men into cannibals, much less make cannibals the objects of love and admiration. As well might we take 'Titus Andronicus' as a picture of English character during the time of Shakespeare, as this romance for a specimen of the compositions admired by our ancestors of the Third Edward's reign.

IV. Romances relating to Charlemagne. These romances are all derived from the history written by Archbishop Turpin, the contemporary and friend of Charlemagne, as all the romantic histories concerning Arthur and his knights are professedly derived from the *canonicle* of Geoffry of Monmouth. They are three in number, Roland and Ferragus, Sir Otuel, and Sir Ferumbras. The length to which this article has already extended prevents us from giving any account of them, or of the other romances contained under the general heads of oriental and miscellaneous romances. Suffice it to remark, that Mr. Ellis has in general executed his task with admirable skill, and exhibited the compositions of the elder time in so agreeable a dress, that many persons will be induced to study them, who had neither inclination nor ability to read them in their original form.

As indiscriminate praise would rather tend to disgrace than honour such a man as Mr. Ellis, we have no hesitation in hinting at his errors or deficiencies. In addition to what we have already said of his too great ambition to acquire the character of a wit, we are sorry to say, that he often indulges his jocularity on the most pathetic occasions, and clothes in ludicrous colours what is extremely serious. When we consider how very seldom our old romances exhibit any quality of good writing, it is hard to find their most ardent admirer destroying the little that is excellent. If a man is disposed to laugh vehemently, he may have recourse to such performances as professor Richardson's funeral elegies, or Mr. Richard Mant's poem on the horrors of

the Slave Trade. This error has, we think, arisen from too close an imitation of the manner of Tressan, a writer certainly beneath Mr. Ellis in every essential quality, and whose manner is better suited to the meridian of Paris than London. We also wish that we had been presented with more extracts from the romances themselves, which would not only have been amusing, but would also have afforded the public an opportunity of more justly estimating the value of Mr. Ellis's labours, and the ability with which they have been executed. A little more attention, too, ought to have been paid to the explanation of obsolete words, for many are omitted, and others erroneously explained in the notes. Thus, vol. i. p. 263. *to-rof* is explained 'crumbled to powder.' It properly signifies, '*completely tore*;' for the word *rof* is the old præterite of *to rive*, and *to* in composition is intensive. Vol. i. p. 331, 'Loud and still' is not, as Mr. Ellis imagines, a foolish phrase, signifying 'in the noise of battle and the silence of peace,' but a very rational one, implying both *openly and secretly*. Ditto, p. 340, *Suough*. Mr. Ellis cannot understand this word, though we think it is probably a variation of the old Scotch word *sheugh*, a moat or ditch, obliquely any hollow place. Vol. ii. p. 129, *swyse* appears to us rather a corruption of *swyth*, quickly, than sweet, as explained by Mr. Ellis. Ditto, p. 147. *Tho* is not when, but then. Vol. iii. p. 122. 'This hail is thine' does not appear to us a salutation, but the genuine old phrase, this whole is thine, this is thine entirely, a supposition corroborated by the context. Ditto, p. 128. *The water willerne*: the word *erne* is not explained by Mr. Ellis; should it not be *rene*, i. e. run, the letters being transposed? We could multiply instances; but as they appear rather errors of haste than ignorance, the task would be invidious and useless.

We had intended to offer some remarks on the very singular nature of the poetry contained in this compilation, and to investigate at considerable length, the causes which have stamped upon it that character. On some future occasion, we propose to enter more fully into this discussion, which appears connected with several curious traits in the character of our ancestors, and with the spirit of their government. At present, we can do little more than state a few general points. What strikes us as most singular in all the minstrel poetry we possess, is, that with plentiful indications of an age sufficiently barbarous to justify the expectation of much rude energy, it wants all the strong features of savage song, namely, the impetuosity and vehemence with which the succession of images and feelings is forced upon the mind; the abruptness of

sudden transport, the fervour and boldness of empassioned expression, which permit the powerful workings of nature, when none of her energies are repressed by the artificial restraints of society, or enervated by the softness of refinement. Savage poems too, are like the bursts of passion, short ;—but a minstrel, the most everlasting of God's creatures, can proceed with unrelenting inspiration through interminable histories of 20,000 lines, where narrative is hung upon narrative, and description upon description, with a tediousness that could only be expected in privileged German theologians or juriconsults. We think that one great cause of the coldness of their poetry was in the manners of the feudal barons and knights, which were formal and restrained much beyond what has happened every where else among men so near to savages in other respects. As the minstrels could copy the manners, feelings, and language of their poetry only from what they saw and heard in society, the necessity of this transfusion of dulness is obvious. But the difficulty lies in accounting for this formality and restraint among our savage ancestors. Perhaps the following observations may in some measure accomplish that end. The state of society in all the nations to which the minstrel poetry belongs, was produced by the commixture of fresh unimpaired barbarism, with the remains of ancient refinement. It is well known that the conquerors of the Roman world, instead of attempting to establish their native manners and customs in their new territories, became enamoured of the civilization they found there, and in the ardour of their admiration, fell to imitating the people whom they had enslaved. All that we know of them, except their wars, bears the impression of their unsuccessful efforts in this curious imitation. Without dwelling on the awkward restraint which a studied imitation of any manners imposes on every natural expression of feeling, and which represses even that compliance with the impulses of the heart that those very manners among the people to whom they were natural would allow, it is evident, that the suppression of the appearance of emotion is the very essence of the politeness they were so ambitious of acquiring ; and we may imagine how far they would succeed in this essential point, when we consider the ceremonies and stately formality which *that* politeness would assume in the hands of savages elated with their own importance, and delighted with the discovery of those forms of respect and obeisance, which a polished people in their long study of servility had invented to flatter the pride of their lords, and which they now transferred, not a little carica-

tured, to the grosser critics in adulation who succeeded the knights and nobles of the Roman empire. We cannot suppose that after they had stored their heads with all these treasures of politeness in the reverential circle of their dependants, they would throw them all aside as soon as they met in their own assemblies, and revert to the rough frankness of their natural manners. The dignity which each of them bore about him, so long as these ceremonies attended his person, made them too precious to be laid aside for a moment. Every man was interested in their becoming the standing forms of good company. It is difficult to conceive any other origin for that excess of courtesy among equals, which distinguished the manners of many subsequent ages, and which have certainly all the appearance of imitating the forms of servility. We know well what this cumbersome politeness was several ages after, when a real progress in refinement may be supposed to have introduced more ease and good sense into the manners of high life, and we may hence conjecture what it must have been in the grotesque courtliness of a fashionable Ostro-goth. There is certainly every reason to believe, that from the time of the barbarian conquests to the most splendid period of feudal magnificence, this courtly politeness of manners was the object of very elaborate study; and though it had attained in the 'stately courtesies' of chivalry a real dignity, very different from the extraordinary character it wore in the first pretenders, it is clear, that from one end to the other, owing to such studied factitious manners, the minstrel could never learn to paint in the colouring of real poetry the emotions of nature as they existed in the bosoms of those illustrious warriors, who were the originals of the imaginary heroes of his song.

This restraint of manners is farther to be ascribed to the feudal governments. That complicated system of graduated oppression which we honour with this name, does not naturally belong to that step in the progress of improvement which society had then attained, but is the result of conquest, either by a nation somewhat advanced in civilization over barbarians, or by barbarians over such a nation. Under that government, good society—the society which minstrels saw and copied—was to be found only in the courts of kings, or in the castles of the nobility. In either case it was composed of a sovereign and his subjects. A respectful submission to their lord, and a ceremonious decorum towards each other in his presence, especially when aided by the pride of politeness, were of course very strongly marked in their manners. It is the society of equals when they

are men of dignity and importance, that forms simple and noble manners. In a nation where this equality of society exists, and which is still near enough to the barbarous age to retain much of its fierce energy of character, a form of manners will be produced, admirably adapted for the poet's studies. A small state, in which the great men are collected in the principal towns, is very likely to educate poets. This, we conjecture, was the condition of the small states of Greece or Ionia, or both, where one or both of them educated Homer; Italy was so divided when she produced her great poets and painters. On these accounts the contrast between the state of society in England under its Saxon kings and their immediate Norman successors deserves to be investigated with all the diligence that is in the nature of our antiquaries, as it must exhibit in a very striking light the manners, character and government, that grew out of the natural improvement of society, as opposed to those which arose from the peculiar circumstances of France, Spain, &c. and which were transferred to England by the Normans. The poems that we have remaining of the Saxon period have much of the savage character. What would have been the consequence upon English literature, had the Norman conquest never taken place, this is not the place to conjecture, but we may observe that we should not have waited for our first great heroic poet till the age of Shakespeare.

Besides the influence which that mixture of barbarism and refinement exerted on poetry through the medium of manners, it would exert a very malignant influence on it immediately, by the strange sort of pedantry into which it converted literature, and which will never thrive on earth as it did in the monkish cells. There is a curious instance, in the list given by Mr. Ellis of the early Norman compositions, of the rapidity with which this spirit of laborious and unprofitable learning seized on the minds of men who thought of being poets. A Norman bard wrote a poem of immense bulk on plants and animals. This branch of the enquiry might be illustrated at great length, and if what we have now said should turn the attention of any man of learning and ingenuity to the farther discussion of this subject, we shall consider ourselves fortunate in having afforded the hint.

Before leaving the subject altogether, we shall mention another reason why the minstrels should have been bad poets: they had got into the style of marvellous adventures. Whether this is naturally the second stage of poetry, or an accident peculiar to them, we are at present uncertain; but it is evident, that as soon as people have got to be delighted,

provided they are bewildered in endless and inextricable mazes of wonder, they can very well dispense with vivid representations of human actions and feelings. A perpetual succession of enchanted castles, immeasurable giants, flying chariots, and fiery dragons, is an ample compensation for the want of truth and nature; and instead of heightening the passion of his poetry in order to fix the attention of his hearers, the minstrel had only to multiply and magnify his impossibilities. The unfatiguable patience of our ancestors which kept pace with the minstrel's inspiration is still unaccounted for; but were we to carry these remarks much farther, we should also have to account for the patience of our readers, and lest we should fail in doing so satisfactorily, we close this article.

ART. II.—*The Independent Man; or an Essay on the Formation and Developement of those Principles and Faculties of the Human Mind, which constitute moral and intellectual Excellence. By George Ensor, Esq. For the Benefit of the Literary Fund. In two Volumes. 8vo. Johnson. 1806.*

IN a book of institutes for the moral and intellectual improvement of mankind, it is hardly to be expected that much will be said, which has not been offered to the world before in some shape or other. In bringing up their children, every parent has anxieties and difficulties to encounter from their sickness, frowardness, and other infirmities, in meeting which they would with more propriety rely either on their own experience, or on that of another parent, than on any written book. This is by no means intended to discourage those who have the superintendence of children from the advantages to be derived from some observations contained in this publication. It may indeed be objected to the author, that with many, if not most of the precepts contained in the first chapter, the world has been long acquainted; that they are either general topics of conversation in its more serious form, or rules in which all mankind have acquiesced, however little they may have adhered to their observance. But this should be no objection to the book: if the truth of these remarks be generally admitted, the more certain are they of being just; few men wander in error from ignorance of their duties; no new codes are wanting; to enforce the old and established precepts would ensure to mankind all the benefits which the wisdom and experience of ages have prepared for them. In his first

chapter, on the treatment of boys from infancy to their eighteenth year, Mr. Ensor has the merit of enforcing duties which have been acknowledged as duties ; which would indisputably promote the happiness of parents and children, and redound to the glory of that country where they may be most strictly observed. For who can deny that a strong, vigorous and well informed race is the surest support and the greatest pride of a nation ? Who will deny, that man, like other animals, is improvable by nurture ; or that the time and attention employed in training him to the highest efforts of which his nature is capable, are ill bestowed ?

There is no part of the world to which this reasoning would be inapplicable. But England should, above all nations, be attentive to the education of her youth. The abilities of most countries are directed in their fullest lustre to but one or two channels. War is the trade of France. An immense population highly favoured by nature with quick faculties, and supported by a soil the most fertile and productive in the world, secure to France advantages that are inestimable. War was the almost exclusive trade of Germany, until her arms were wrested from her by the superior genius of her aspiring neighbour. Italy, contented with beholding from shore the wreck of others, remained the quiet looker on of battles in which she bore no part : yet in her humiliation, her genius was successfully employed in the arts, to which it was wholly directed. The strength of Spain was paralyzed ; insult added to insult, had crushed the more effectually her dormant energies. She had been beaten and bruised, and had only become more malleable from the hammer. While the genius of other states had remained torpid and inactive, or had exerted itself in but few pursuits, that of Britain was aspiring to eminence through several roads. We were neither statesmen, nor soldiers, nor sailors, nor mechanics exclusively. Our exertions were divided ; but they were not therefore the less successful. The vicinity of a powerful and ambitious neighbour, which has struck panic into other nations, has called forth those talents which would otherwise have been unknown for want of opportunities for exertion. With the disadvantage of a small population, we take the lead in mercantile and nautical affairs ; we conquer, defend, and feed distant colonies ; we are outdone by none of the moderns in the arts, and are superior to all nations in literature. It is evident therefore that a greater proportion of subjects are engaged in active employments than those of any other nation whatever. With physical means so small, and with pursuits so various and

complex, there is but little room for idlers. The mass of the people should be well informed, active, sagacious, and enterprising, that we may support the hard earned and well deserved situation which we have gained. It should be remembered that our strength is artificial, that our resources are the riches of all nations, which we know how to appreciate, and turn to our own account. The greatest attention should therefore be bestowed in training up the youth of England, on whom so much will necessarily devolve, and the more so, as the early initiation into accounts, the incitements to commerce, and the hopes of lucre, must, if left to operate unresisted by nobler incentives, give a tinge of meanness to the mind and manners of our countrymen. To meet all these difficulties which have raised us so highly as a nation, it is to be feared little has been done in the way of educating our youth, excepting those of the higher rank, or those who have been intended exclusively for literature. As the volumes before us are replete with erudition, it is not to be expected, that (with the exception of the first chapter which peculiarly regards the health and morals of children) many hints will be found useful to the commercial or laborious classes of society, who are surely more in need of precepts for conduct, than those to whom the author addresses himself. Meanwhile the poor are neglected, and suffered to do their daily labour in savage stupidity, and the young clerks and apprentices, in no degree differing from the poor, excepting in the impudence and flippancy which a prospect of success in trade inspires, remain undisturbed to scandalize the metropolis.

In the first section of the work, some useful, though trite, observations are made on the management of boys from infancy to their eighteenth year. The advice given to mothers of suckling their own children, has reason and experience in its favour. Indeed it would seem very improvident in nature, if the woman who had strength to bear a child, should be deficient in supplying nutriment to the offspring which she has borne. This subject has been handled time out of mind by physicians, who, unless biassed by private interest, have pleaded the cause of nature and of sense. The little poem of Luigi Tansillo is made known to the English reader by Roscoe; and would act as no mean advocate upon those who are already half persuaded of the duties which belong to mothers. Many remarks follow of no very high interest. The author, in his endeavour to omit nothing, however obvious, dwells frequently on subjects palpable, and worn thread bare by handling. Who would

have expected the following, which concludes with some moral, but certainly feeble lines from Thomson ?

‘ Children should be restrained from despoiling birds of their young. Phocylides recommends a partial spoliation ; yet, why render even a bird wretched, by depriving it of liberty ? Keeping birds in cages is not merely confined to boys : many descriptions of people act the same puerile part ; such as young ladies, who want some individuals of their kind on whom they may impose their affections ; and married women, without a progeny, as a substitute for children ; and old maids and superannuated bachelors, who substitute such prisoners for offspring and society. Let the feathered race range the fields and the woods ; God intended them to be nature’s commoners :

‘ Oh, then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes ; this barbarous act forbear ;
If in your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.’

Cruelty he does not think so inherent in our nature as it may generally appear. He imputes the torturing and killing of animals, which affords a repast so delicious to children and the lower orders of mankind, to the impulse of curiosity. But whatever may be the motive or desire which is gratified, its indulgence is promoted by cruelty ; which, it is to be feared, is characteristic of the species. For although boys are deterred at no very late age from shedding blood, from torturing, and from mangling by the imputation of savageness which is affixed to open inhumanity, the inherent disposition to injure and to persecute is only diverted into other channels ; and he who when a boy could look with pleasure on the distortions of a chicken or a dog writhing in agonies, would with equal pleasure, were it not for the interference of laws, direct the quota of torture to be inflicted by the rack on a fellow creature, and triumph in his sufferings. What is the history of mankind but a series of the most unremitting cruelty ! In what country have not the governors, where they had opportunity and power of displaying their dispositions unrestrained, abused their birth right in the most sanguinary actions ? The iron crown, the bed of steel, the auto-da-fe,

Verbera, carnifices, robur, pix, lamina, tædæ,

are of all climates, and of all nations, where human nature is permitted to revel uncurbed by the dread of retributive justice.

The rock on which this gentleman has split, is that profound seriousness attached to trifles which frequently leads him away into theory. His abhorrence of falsehood induces

him to brand the most common modes of speaking with the title of false. School is a place whose very name strikes panic into many boys, and more particularly those who are timid from nature, or rendered so by the fondness of mothers. Our author says,

‘ No falsehood is more usual, than that the time spent at school is the pleasantest period of life. Elders hope by this means to make the child enamoured with coercion. Reasonable beings ought to be persuaded to perform what is right by ingenuous motives. On whatever subject you address the boy, let truth, that quality which gives the stamp and character to all the virtues, direct your discourse : if you speak to him of school, tell him it is irksome, but necessary : that the difficulties will decrease as he proceeds : that, as he is assiduous, the period of restraint will be abridged : that accomplishments can only be the fruit of diligence ; and that their attainment is delightful and glorious.’

However sound this reasoning may appear, it surely evinces a thorough inattention to the capacities, and ignorance of the dispositions of children, to whom our author attributes so much foresight of the honours and advantages resulting from a tedious, crabbed and austere discipline. Our author should remember that civilization makes us children of art ; that education is throughout a resistance to natural propensities ; that the pill is unpalatable, and has need of a little gilding ; and that not only children, but grown up men with beards and spectacles, must be frequently cheated into doing good to themselves. One of Dryden's heroes exclaims in triumph,

I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the vile laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Will cold phlegmatic reasoning induce a being thus rude and naturally proud of his rudeness, to relinquish his savage independence ?

The author complains, that, ‘ though a boy may preserve his knowledge of Latin, he soon loses his attainments in Greek.’ This, among other causes which might be adduced, owes its rise not to any dislike to the language itself, not to the nauseousness of the draught, but to the unpleasant medium through which, particularly of late years, it has been imbibed. From having no language of their own worth cultivation, the Germans have with more peculiar devotion applied their stubborn and unyielding faculties to Greek literature. The Heynes, the Hermans, the Jacobs, the Schutze's, and the Schneiders, with a long list of broad shouldered young men more fitted

Versare glebas, et severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos
Portare fustes,

are in fault for this untimely abandonment of the Greek, where it takes place. Homer, Æschylus, the historians and the philosophers, are imported with all but their texts, or should the text not be absolutely forgotten, it is stinted and crimped up at the top of the page, merely as a looker-on of the dreadful battles, the thrusts and parries of commentators exhibited in the notes, to which it has unconsciously given birth by some simple expression, which required perversion to be misinterpreted. Men with darned worsted stockings, of low extraction, and lower pretensions to the gifts of nature, are dragged forth from the garrets and cellars of Gottingen, to be dubbed viri clariss; and become the first consuls and emperors of literature; a reading of no consequence provokes their displeasure;

tum jurgia prima sonare
Incipiunt ammis ardentibus—hæc tuba pugnæ.

Immediately some one of this irritable tribe, couching his grey goose quill, and rising in his literary stirrups, followed by an army of desperadoes disciplined by himself, and inured to index-making and scrivening, commences his ravages on taste, genius, and sense. It is pitiable to behold the affray, to see the *μελαν αίμα* flowing copiously on either side over fair reams of paper, blotting and blurring every thing in its way. After the subjection of the whole Germanic body to the will of the conqueror, the invasion of England is meditated, and without waiting for gun-boats, he makes good his landing. Sense undrilled in the warfare, is soon bribed, or overwhelmed by his legions, and stops not in his career till he has the happiness to be invested with the purple at Oxford. The author however is incorrect in complaining of the abandonment of Greek. Never was that language so much in vogue as at present. It is unfortunate that a medicine so salutary, should be mixed with drugs so prejudicial to sound sense. A student who reads the Greek philosophers or poets with all their incumbrances, resembles that feverish patient who after having taken a cooling draught in compliance with a prescription of his physician, washes it down with brandy. It is like applying an antidote and bane at the same time.

The reasoning on an early initiation into theme writing is very well deserving attention; the author objects to it on grounds which are well chosen, and ably defended. But he has omitted to use the strongest argument against this practice; which is, that the habit of encouraging such

depositories of grave nonsense, must promote the propagation of those common-place ideas, with which we are overwhelmed at the bar, from the pulpit, and on the stage. We do not remember a single instance of what is called a good theme writer who either promised or performed any thing beyond it. Some exercises however, besides reading, we conceive necessary for the purposes of becoming intimate with the two languages. The safest would probably be a re-translation of some author into his own language from the English, and a comparison with the original. But imagination is peculiar to youth, and early efforts at poetry bespeak more certainly a mind raised beyond the level of the multitude. The images for poetry are every where at hand : a sunbright or a gloomy day ; the rising or the setting sun ; a church yard ; and all those vivid emotions of love and hatred, pain and pleasure, which succeed to each other so rapidly in youth, point out verse for the delineation. The subject however should be chosen in such a manner, as neither to give free admission to worn out thoughts or words, nor to encourage any attempts at reconciling mechanism and its terms to verse. At Cambridge the odes are generally written on the common place of Britain's glory ; and consequently, if Mr. Dibdin were a competitor, he would always bear off the palm. A prize poem at Oxford was won by a gentleman who toiled through the whole process of mining, with a fair description of the tools and engines used in this highly useful, but highly unpoetical science. This labour was however atchieved by the young miner with such fidelity, that not only the engines were described accurately, but the noises made by each engine were echoed by the verses according to a nostrum of Pope and others. The whole exercise resounded with thwacking, screaming, thumping, hammering, blowing and exploding. Nay, sometimes we smelled, or seemed to smell, the mephitic air struggling for a vent through five and six hexameters in succession. So wonderful was the deception—all the verses were in labour : and the student of course came off with the prize.

Our author's schemes for vegetable, in preference to animal food, his prescription of leaden shoes to strengthen the knees, teaching boys household economy, and making them transcribe books for the purpose of learning a style, together with fifty other theories, remind us strongly of a chapter in Rabelais—' How Gargantua did amuse himself in rainy weather.' We were glad to find objections urged against the passion for galvanism, electricity, chemistry and mineralogy, which rages so violently at present, and which, if pursued at an early

age, before the complete attainment of useful knowledge, only tend to make youth contradictory, arrogant, and inflated with pride at the acquisition of a few hard and long names, and a few experiments by which they are enabled to puzzle their grandmothers, and astound their aunts.

The first chapter, on which we have been too diffuse, closes with a salutary recommendation to gain adroitness in all those bodily exercises, which promote vigour in the limbs, and grace in their deportment.

Everything in our author is a premeditated scheme; a parent must begin, proceed, and end exactly as is here laid down, or the whole fabric will fall to the ground. While he is aiming at perfection, he is exposing his pupil to utter ruin after he has passed the eighteenth year.

It would be needless to dwell on his censure of English universities; and it will answer our purpose to notice the substitute proposed.

From a hint of Montaigne, Mr. Ensor recommends travelling in foreign countries; and here we must pause for a moment to reflect on a custom, usual with this author, of ushering in any scheme or opinion which has fallacy on the face of it, under the sanction of names.

Thus we have him backed up by Adam Smith and Milton in his abuse of universities, by Montaigne in his recommendation, of travelling at 17 and 18 years of age, with examples of Paul Perrot and del'Hopital who had travelled; by Mr. M'Eunie in his recommendation of vegetable diet; by Dacier, Brumoi, Piron, Voltaire, Fenelon and La Motte, in lamenting the servitude of rhyme; by Mr. Ensor himself in recommending blank verse, and by the same gentleman in preferring Cowper's Homer to that of Pope. None of these subjects are of a nature so trivial as to be undeserving of some notice; they affect morality, erudition and the mode of nutriment; and the world have a right to expect reasons, and very cogent ones, for a departure from received opinions.

In other places we find the author asserting some common and unimportant facts, as if afraid to assert them without the shelter of a whole muster roll of men mighty in the field, cabinet or library, thus:

'Let me insist then that the nurse be selected with uncommon care. Montaigne attributes a principal part of education to her.'

'Though this advice should be resented by many, Hippocrates and Sydenham have established it as a fact, that nature, unassisted, cures diseases.'

'If physic be administered, the simplest is the best: and this was the opinion of Cato.'

'I am of Rousseau's opinion, that those who have the care of children should only be cautious to preserve them from accidents.'

'Some would have fathers be their children's teachers: how few have leisure from their respective occupations, and how, few like Cato and D'Aguesseau, are equal to the task!'

In short, Mr. Ensor would not be satisfied with saying that Queen Anne is actually dead, but he would cite all the authorities from chronicles, private testimonies, acts and records, besides the greater historians, to substantiate an assertion so daring.

We now return to the travelling scheme. It will be agreed on all hands, that the time passed between the age of 18 and that of manhood is the most critical, and, whether we regard morality or improvement in knowledge, that which requires the most vigilant and anxious solicitude from persons who have themselves outlived the danger.

At that age youth begin to rise in their pretensions; and, from the title of man which is then usually conferred, they expect all the rights of thinking and acting for themselves. If safety only were consulted, the safest asylum would be the parent's house, and the safest employment would be the gradual initiation into his pursuits and profession under the direction, and with the encouragement of one, whose age is able to direct, and whose interest it is to direct well. The regularity and repose of a well ordered family, the friendly intercourse of sexes at table and in evening amusements, the conversation and reading which are necessary to enable a youth to bear his part in it, seem to offer the surest promise of health and happiness. It is however by no means certain that this would be a field large enough for the expansion of great abilities. The additional incentive of emulation must be added to the inclination and powers turned to literature, and if the universities be not the best places, they are at least the best with which we are acquainted.

It is diverting to pursue the youth of our author's imagination. He is now on a tour to the great capitals of Europe, like the bee sucking honey and nothing but honey from every thing about him. He has passed the ordeal of the Palais Royal, and is more than half seas over in his passage from Germany without intoxication. *Macte novâ virtute puer!*

There is one chance out of twenty, that the youth will return from the continent embellished with all the easy gaiety and gentlemanly exercises of Paris, with the soft enunciation and taste of Florence, with the, we hardly know what good of Germany. But the remaining nineteen chances are in favour of his returning with French gasco-

nade, flippancy and insincerity without its gaiety, Italian cunning without its graces, with the prolix stupidity of Germany—for that is all which could be acquired there. To this mass of absurdities and vices add a thorough contempt for his own country and connections. He would contradict his father, be ashamed of his mother's homeliness, snub his brother, pinch his sisters, and bully his friends. On the first foggy day he would sigh for the blue serene of Italy, at the first approach of a ballad singer's scream he would invoke the name of some favourite soprano, he would be eternally *au desespoir* and *tout extasié* for nothing, and with all a German's sentimentality, he would squeeze a beggar woman by the hand, hide "the tear which fain would fall," and depart without affronting her with a trifling donation. Are the following excellencies certain to be acquired by early travelling?

'It will also render men less enamoured of their own prejudices, and more merciful to the practices of others: it will without weakening a man's patriotism, extend his attachment beyond the boundaries of his own country: for then reason, and not prepossession would determine the course and measure of his affections.'

After some grave and wholesome remarks on sexual intercourse, the reader will be surprised to see our philosopher calmly laying aside in his beard and his sobriety, losing himself in the mazes of dangerous and lubricious beauty, and beginning to prance, frisk and curvet after a new manner. 'Hear the story of Charlotte,' says Mr. Ensor: we will treat the reader as a great favour with the opening of it, desiring, if he be a misogynist, to consider the matter a little more with himself; and assuring him that there must be some mistake. At any rate, if he be marble to other females, we here throw down our gauntlet, and defy him to gaze on the full-length picture of Charlotte with indifferent eyes, Or if he does, he deserves to be—but no matter. Here she is—only look at her:—

She was the sole object of her mother's pride and the darling of her father's joy; for she alone survived of many children. As time advanced, she grew in beauty: each hour disclosed new attractions, till the woman was confessed in the maturity of every charm. In height her stature exceeded the Grecian Venus, in grace it expressed the flowing outline of Correggio; her step was bounding; her attitudes had the beauty of motion, and her flesh dimpled, as she moved, through every feature. Golden tresses played on a neck of alabaster, which swelled palpitating: the lily and carnation rivalled each other in her complexion; her teeth were white as ivory; her breath was balmy; roses were scattered on her lips, liquid

lustre dazzled in her sight, and her voice echoed through the heart with wood-toned modulation. Such was Charlotte, when Charles appeared, youthful, animated in his gestures, robust in his person, brilliant in his discourse, formed to make woman false: he was the first man that she had seen with woman's eyes; and for him she had conceived a strong affection.'

The whole story down to 'her susceptible heart was overpowered,' 'he pressed her fainting to his breast,' and further on to 'how all was delight, extacy, delirium, raptures,' &c. &c. is all in the same strain, and is a very favourable testimony to the warmth of Mr. Ensor's passions.

As for Charles, the false, perfidious Charles, he is a varlet; and we shall not be afraid to tell him so to his face, if ever we meet him in company.

Again, in prescribing early rising, the author, forgetful of the climate in which we live, becomes turbulent and rather troublesome. Of an English morning in general, he says,

'How rich and charming appears now all nature! In the east the source of light and life displays its own triumphant coming; the horizon is burnished gold; the ardent atmosphere graduates with saffron tints a vast expanse of purest æther; dews condense into clouds: thus, flying the valleys and purpling as they ascend from the earth, the illuminated summits of the loftiest hills are seen; and as the sun peers above the line which separates night from day, the landscape opens wide; the birds resume their song; the herds arise; the husbandman proceeds to labour, and carols as he goes.'

The author, from many hints to be found scattered through this volume, seems to consider his countrymen as too inattentive to the lighter graces and exercises, which are necessary to soften the austerity of manners brought on by intense thinking, or application to but one pursuit. They are exhorted therefore, if not to study, at least to cultivate a taste for painting, statuary, and music, and, with all due discrimination, the Italian school is considered as affording the best models. The great danger, which at present threatens the annihilation of elegance, taste, good breeding and literature, originates in the incapacity so prevalent among our rich men to estimate works of genius. In the golden days of Florence, the merchant was not repugnant to the scholar and the gentleman. A sound and classical education was the substratum on which future enquiries were built. The knowledge of accounts, and the habit of doing business, which are easily acquired, were deferred until the completion of a regular course of studies calculated to expand

the ideas, and to fit a man for supporting the consequence which future opulence would bestow.

Such merchants were capable of being the guardians of literature and the arts. How melancholy is the reverse, where the power of giving patronage is vested in the hands of purse proud and uneducated men ! Their villas by the side of the road, their carriages, their tables, their dresses may be costly and sumptuous in the extreme. But no change in circumstances shall put off their early habits ; the precious hours of youth, that short period of which most should be made, when the mind should be enlarged by ideas, and the body rendered graceful by exercises, have been passed in neglect of every thing, but accounts. It is true, an institution has been set on foot, but this will only increase the evil, by adding assurance to ignorance. It is beginning at the wrong end. After the discipline of a public school, such societies may be useful to the promotion of literature. But to begin with galvanism, electricity, and all the farra-go of chemistry and philosophy, will only make confusion worse confounded. Our author, like a patriot and a gentleman, decides in preference of a public school. Nothing was ever more offensive and disgusting than the nostrums for education preached up in public news-papers, and private conversations. Every thing known before is to be exploded. Large painted boards are heard swinging on the highways announcing seminaries, in which every experiment is practised to degrade and humiliate the human faculties. Then the grammars are written by the masters : French is spoken at dinner : Italian taught, and the use of the globes on a new plan. A fine garden, in which none but the parents have liberty to walk, is another pledge of exercise and air for the pupil, who is in reality confined to some back yard with a hundred of his associates. On establishments conducted at the will of private individuals, who are to make the most of them, no firm reliance can be placed. Public institutions bear with them the authority of time and experience as guarantees to the efficiency of their plan, and are conducted by men who are not self-elected, but owe their election to the choice of others conferred on superior abilities. The learned professions surely demand more capacity and previous industry, than would fit a man for conducting a firm. And yet few persons begin to study law, physic, or divinity, until they have attained their twenty-second year. Their time has been employed in studies which are the key to all future knowledge. It has been urged as an objection to bestowing the education of gentlemen on those who are to follow the mercantile line, that after imbi-

ing notions of elegance and refinement, they will become too fastidious for the tame drudgery of the counting house. This objection would be equally, or more applicable to the young lawyer or physician, who after a course of general study is confined at that age to the monotonous grammar of a single profession. The desk of a special pleader has no such mighty allurements in itself, neither do we conceive walking the hospitals either entertaining or delicate. But the end to be answered by perseverance in these labours is for ever in view, and a few feelings are sacrificed to a happy result. At this age, and armed with such an education, the young merchant might enter on his career with all those advantages which would enable him to throw a lustre on his future fortunes. A gentleman himself in his attainment and manners (for money never made one yet), he would pay deference to superior abilities, and be the tree under whose branches the arts might safely repose.

The child is now conducted from his birth to manhood. He is all virtue and morality; the languages of the ancient and modern world are his own. The gentleman is stamped on all he says, does, or thinks. He is all vigorous and active. The mind and the body are sound. Yet we pronounce him unsafe, and placed out of the pale of happiness in this life, and without a hope of any thing beyond it. His parent

‘Has pushed him into life without an ear.’

The time has long elapsed since his philosophic guardian could have said to him, ‘Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth;’ and we supposed religion to be set apart as a subject most important for a separate discussion. Expectation was first staggered in p. 54, by a caveat uttered against reading the Bible at an early age. The author talks of ‘the inveterate malice of the clergy against Bolinbroke;’ as if the clergy were the only body interested in the protection of religion from the attacks of visionaries; and as if they alone will feel concerned at his observations on the character of Bolinbroke.

The ‘masterpiece of reasoning, the arguments that defied sophistry,’ contained in Hume’s chapter on miracles, have most fortunately for the happiness and innocence of the world, been completely refuted by the late Dr. Paley. We have occasionally to notice works written for the express purpose of undermining religion. In those notices, we pay no compliment to our own sagacity, in affirming, the advantage to be always on our side, little being advanced by our opponents which has not been repeatedly answered to their confusion. Their system of moral rectitude is a little unfair, for what is the source of their sublimation?

ality? The very system which is the object of their derision. We say derision, for to argument they lay no claim. They string together all the charities of life which are to be found in the New Testament, and arrayed in this borrowed drapery, are surprised and delighted with their own comeliness. After mounting to a height unknown to the philosophers of old, who were left to their own uninspired reason, they ungratefully kick down the ladder by which they ascended. Of this number is the author under review. He is well read in ancient and modern lore. He is subtle; and, where the position into which he has thrown himself is not absolutely untenable, is obstinate and sometimes successful in its defence. But what neither the reasoning of Hume, nor the wit of Voltaire failed to accomplish, can hardly be expected to be performed by ordinary men. Indeed he appears to give up all ideas of defending tenets so unaccountable. The poison is administered in small portions here and there scattered through the work. After hinting something of a dangerous tendency, he shrinks from investigation, and changes the subject.

We shall resume our examination of this work in our next number.

(To be continued.)

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Medical Society of London, instituted in the Year 1773. Vol. 6. 8vo. Longman. 1805.*

MORE than half of this volume is filled with communications on the subject of the influenza, which was epidemic in the year 1803. We shall first notice the miscellaneous articles.

Art. 1.—*Sketch of the Similarity of ancient to modern Opinions and Practice concerning the Morbus Cardiacus. By William Falconer, M. D. F. R. S. &c.*

The only remark we have to make on this paper is that we do not think it at all established, that the *morbus cardiacus* of Aretæus and Galen, is the same disease as the *typhus minor* of Cullen, or our modern slow nervous fever. Aretæus describes the heat of the intestines to be as it were from fire; a symptom not common in typhus, and which rather assimilates the *morbus cardiacus* of the ancients to peritoneal inflammation. The analogies therefore which Dr. Falconer fancies himself to have discovered between the modern and ancient practice, rest, in our opinion, on a very insecure foundation, and tend to little practical utility.

Art. 2.—*Case of Angina Pectoris, with a Dissection.* By Samuel Black, M. D. of Newry, Ireland.

This is the second case of *angina pectoris*, in which Dr. Black discovered the coronary arteries of the heart to be ossified. The first was communicated to the society in 1794, and published in the fourth volume of their memoirs. If to these facts, we add the dissections of similar cases by Mr. Hunter, Dr. Jenner, and Dr. Parry, we cannot doubt that the symptoms of this obscure disease are produced by organic derangement of this important organ. The case before us is very well marked, and judiciously related. It is but justice to the author to observe, that this paper was drawn up in 1796, and therefore, though its publication is posterior to that of Dr. Parry's 'Inquiry' on the same subject, Dr. Black is the first who pointed out the connection between this disease and the condition of the coronary arteries.

Art. 3.—*A Case of Hydrocephalus Internus, terminating successfully.* By Mr. Edmund Pitts Gapper, Surgeon, Ewell, Surry.

The cure, in this case, is attributed to mercurial unction.

Art. 4.—*Case of a Boy, who became of a blue Colour, some Months after Birth.* By Edward Thomas, M. D. &c. St. Kitts.

Art. 5.—*A Case of obstinate hepatic Disease.* By J. C. Lettsom, M. D. &c.

This was a case of obstinate jaundice, which after resisting the use of medicines for fourteen months, disappeared at length spontaneously. The whole hepatic system seems to have been affected. A strong fever came on previous to the solution of the disease, attended with pains almost universal, but more violent in the abdomen, with tension of the heart, deep yellowness of the skin, and dark coloured vomiting. After four days, a diarrhœa was procured, and, for the first time during the space of fourteen months, the fæces were yellow, and loaded with bile, whilst the urine and complexion were lighter. In a month more the patient was convalescent, and afterwards continued to improve. Finally he regained his former state of flesh and complexion, and follows his habitual occupations.

Art. 6.—*Case of a remarkable and successful Termination of Scrotal Hernia.* By James Lee, M. D. Spanish Town, Jamaica.

In this case, from the gangrened state of the intestine it was necessary to make an artificial anus in the groin. The fæces passed through this orifice for twelve months, when

it closed up, and the patient, (a negro mason) recovered a natural passage through the rectum.

Art. 7.—*A Case of Croup, successfully treated by Emetics.* By J. Smith, C. M.S. &c.

Art. 8.—*A Case of Opisthotonos, successfully treated.* By the same.

This disease seems to have been excited by a burn on the leg, which cicatrized very quickly. Mr. S. made an incision of some depth into the part, and applied a caustic the full size of the incrustation. The successful result of this treatment seems to evince its propriety.

Art. 9.—*On the Origin of the Cow Pox.* By Joseph Head Marshall, M. D. &c.

Dr. Marshall coincides in opinion with the illustrious Jenner that the cow pox originates in the horse, and produces a striking example of the truth of this theory.

Art. 10.—*A Case of Framboesia Guineensis, or Yaws.* By J. Adams, M. D. &c.

We decline entering into the particulars of this interesting paper, as we expect to have our attention again called to this subject by Dr. Adams' treatise on morbid poisons, the second edition of which, we understand to be on the eve of publication.

Art. 11.—*A Case of an extra-uterine Fœtus.* By R. Fothergill, M.D. F.R.S.

Art. 12.—*A Case of inverted Uterus after Parturition.* By Theophilus Dyson, Surgeon, F. M. S.

Art. 13.—*An Account of an extraordinary Mass of Disease found in the left Cavity of the Thorax.* By J. Carden, Surgeon to the Worcester Infirmary, &c. F. M. S.

This case is curious and instructive. In a man, who died with symptoms of oppression of the breast; and anasarca, the left cavity of the thorax was found to be almost filled with a fatty looking substance, which had compressed the left lung to the size of a small hand, protruded the diaphragm of the same side into a deep pouch towards the abdomen, and had forced the apex of the heart to the right side of the thorax. The substance itself seems to have been originally an exudation of coagulable lymph.

Art. 14.—*History and Dissection of a Case of intestinal Ulceration, with Remarks.* By H. Field, Sec. M. S.

The ulceration occupied a considerable portion of the lower part of the ileum, immediately above its junction with

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the cæcum. This portion of intestine was externally livid and contracted, and internally studded with ulcers of various sizes, from that of a bean to above that of a half crown piece. The ulcers seemed to be of a cancerous nature. The symptoms of the disease were loss of flesh and spirits, irregularity of the bowels, nausea and indigestion. The patient never complained of pain in the diseased part, but had a constant uneasiness in the region of the stomach.

Art. 15.—*History of a peculiar morbid Appearance of the Heart.* By James Hume Spry, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. F. M. S.

The unfortunate female, the subject of this case, lived to the age of 17, under circumstances which excite our surprise, that life could be supported at all. She was always of a dark colour, which became more remarkable as she advanced in years, and at length her face and tongue became constantly blue, with other signs of an impeded circulation. It was discovered, after death, that the *foramen ovale* was pervious, and very nearly two inches in circumference, and that the communication between the pulmonary artery and the aorta had likewise remained pervious.

Art. 16.—*A Case of a Wound in the Peroneal Artery, in which the Limb was saved by removing a Portion of the Fibula.* By Thomas C. Cam, Surgeon, Bath.

Mr. Cam received the hint for this operation from a note in Mr. Gooch's Cases and Remarks in Surgery. He performed it with perfect success.

Art. 17.—*Observations on the medical Use of the White Oxyd of Bismuth.* By Alex. Marcet, M. D. and Sec. M. S. one of the Physicians to Guy's Hospital.

The oxyd of bismuth has been introduced into practice by Dr. Odier of Geneva. It is said to be serviceable in diseases of the stomach, and nervous complaints depending on an irritable state of the fibres, and particularly in pains of the stomach unconnected with organic disease. It is in these latter cases, that Dr. Marcet has found it useful, and his testimony is so favourable as to make us wish for more numerous trials. The usual dose has been five grains, mixed with fifteen of the *Pulv. e Tragacanth. Comp.* administered three times a day.

Art. 18.—*On the Use of the Bath Waters in Ischias, or the Diseases of the Hip joint, commonly called a Hip case.* By William Falconer, M. D. F. R. S. &c.

We have noticed this valuable paper in one of our late numbers, the author having published it in a distinct form.

Art. 19.—*Observations on the Position of Patients in the Operation for Lithotomy, with a Case. By Nathaniel Smith, M. D. &c. of Hanover, State of New Hampshire.*

Art. 20.—*Case of a great Enlargement of the Scrotum. By F. Rigby Brodbelt, M. D. &c.*

This is a very remarkable case ; but we must refer our readers to the volume itself for the particulars.

Art. 21.—*Two Cases of Diabetes, with Observations on the different States of this Disease. By J. Bostock, M. D. Corresponding Member of the Society, one of the Physicians to the Liverpool Dispensary, &c.*

This is a very interesting paper, but we must content ourselves with giving the principal results of the experiments it contains. The first case related, is one of the *diabetes mellitus*. The medical history of the case contains nothing very particular, except it be that the temperature of the patient was uniformly below the standard of health, varying from 92° to 94°. The urine was examined by the same re-agents as were used by Mr. Cruickshank ; and Dr. Bostock confirms his observation, that the different salts exist in diabetic urine, nearly in the same proportion as in the healthy state of the fluid, but that they amount to only $\frac{1}{4}$ th of the absolute quantity. Still from the increased quantity of the urine, in this instance, twice as much of the saline substances was evacuated daily as in health. Mr. Cruickshank seems to have thought, that the extract obtained from diabetic urine, was entirely composed of saccharine matter, and the same opinion is still more decidedly supported by M. M. Nicholas and Gnaudeville. But Dr. B. by treating this extract with nitric acid, produced not only oxalic acid, but a portion of flat lamellated scales, which had the properties of nitrate of urée ; and he has calculated that the quantity of this matter discharged, is also nearly twice as much as in health. Whether this substance is to be constantly found in these circumstances or not, must be left to the decision of future experiments. The other peculiarities in this patient's urine were, 1st, that the extractive discharge in 24 hours was about 22 times the usual quantity ; 2dly, the water evacuated during the same period, was about 6 times the quantity in health ; and, 3dly, about 30 ounces of saccharine matter were discharged daily.

The second case is one of *diabetes insipidus*, and the experiments made on the urine are confessedly few and imperfect. The results obtained from them are, that this urine

yielded but $\frac{1}{50}$ th of its weight of solid matter, whereas healthy urine yields about $\frac{1}{30}$ th; half this extract was phosphate of lime; but the urée, which is commonly $\frac{2}{10}$ ths of the whole, here amounted only to $\frac{1}{10}$ th; the phosphates of soda and ammoniac were abundant; the gelatine in the usual proportion; but no muriate of soda could be found; sugar was detected, but its quantity was extremely minute.

Three or four other miscellaneous articles are to be found at the end of the volume. Mr. Copland's account of the lithontriptic power of the muriatic acid is the most important. He has used this acid in doses of fifty or sixty drops in calculous cases, with very beneficial effects. The president of the society, Dr. J. Sims, has advanced an hypothesis, that cow-pox was originally the small-pox inoculated on the udder of the cow. This would not be improbable, were not its origin in the heel of the horse rendered every day more likely by new observations.

All the intermediate part of the volume is formed of communications on the influenza. The society would have done well to suppress the greater part of them, and to give a short and digested account of the result of their inquiries. Half the bulk of the volume would have been saved without any diminution of its intrinsic value. The symptoms of the disease were, upon the whole, very uniform. It was a catarrhal fever, sometimes ushered in with pretty strong symptoms of inflammation, but, like the scarlatina, not admitting of much evacuation. It came to its acme in three or four days, but left much languor and debility behind it for a considerable time. It travelled, upon the whole, from south to north, and seems to have visited every part of the kingdom successively. Whether it was contagious or not, has been much disputed, and if we were to put it to the vote, the question would be decided in the negative by a large majority. But the truth, we believe, as has happened on questions of still more importance, will be found to be with the minority.

'A gentleman of this town, (says Dr. Bardsley of Manchester) returned from London, in the third week of May, while labouring under influenza. He found his family all well; and unconscious of the infectious nature of his complaint, he bestowed the usual caresses upon his children. Three of them sickened the next day, and two more on that following.'

A single fact of this kind outweighs all the arguments adduced on the opposite side; arguments which amount to no more than that many escaped, and most did not know how they received the disease. Such arguments might be brought to prove the small-pox itself not to be a contagious

disease. The first appearance of influenza, at its last visitation in 1803, was in January; it was at its height in March and April, and in June it had finished its career.

Our readers will perceive that this volume contains some very good memoirs, but the number of idle communications on the influenza (very fit to be sent to the society, but very unfit to be given to the public) greatly diminishes its value.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Priestley, to the Year 1795, written by Himself: with a Continuation to the Time of his Decease, by his Son, Joseph Priestley; and Observations on his Writings, by Thomas Cooper, Resident Judge of the 4th District of Pennsylvania, and the Rev. William Christie.* London. Johnson. 1806.

THE biography of some eminent men, like the history of a nation, requires that a considerable period should have elapsed between the date of the events related, and the time at which they become the objects of the biographer's labours; for it is time alone that can remove prejudice, and cool the warmth of party spirit. It is only from the calm enquiries of a disinterested individual, who was perhaps unknown to the subject of the memoirs, that we can hope to receive an impartial statement of his merits and of his character. There are, however, it is readily admitted, many valuable advantages arising from a personal and intimate acquaintance with the individual whose life we detail, which serve perhaps to overbalance the difficulties and inconveniences to which we have already adverted: for an intimacy with the individual ought to furnish a perfect knowledge of the varied occurrences of his life, and to enrich our work with interesting views of character, and with a fund of anecdotes, which, if judiciously managed, never fail to impart a charm to the biography even of a man of inferior celebrity. The work before us, we must frankly confess, seems to claim our favour on neither of these grounds. Although the feelings of our countrymen are now comparatively calm on the subject of Dr. Priestley, yet they are still sufficiently alive to former impressions to be again called forth in all their violence by the intemperate discussions of Mr. Cooper, who has presented in an appendix, an account of the philosopher's writings. The memoirs themselves, on the other hand, contain little more than a plain statement of the successive events of Dr. Priestley's life, which is occasionally though rarely relieved by remarks on his character and habits. By much the greater part of the narrative is executed by himself: he

carries it on from the period of his birth till his retirement to America ; leaving the completion of the task to his son, who relates in a very plain and unaffected manner, the subsequent occurrences of his life.

The early part of these memoirs is conducted with the most scrupulous, and unnecessary minuteness. We are informed by Dr. Priestley, that his mother was singularly pious, and that before her death, she dreamed she was in heaven, whereupon, like a good christian, she expressed a most ardent desire to reach that delightful residence. This worthy personage also took an early opportunity of teaching young Joseph the distinction of property, by sending him back to his uncle's with a pin which he had picked up from the floor, without thinking to whom it might belong. His parents were persons in indifferent circumstances, and in an inferior rank of life. His aunt, to whose care he was committed while yet very young, impressed with pious feelings, and soon perceiving in him a studious turn, cherished it by every means in her power, and directed his thoughts at a very early period to the dissenting ministry. The education of Dr. P. among the dissenters, imbued him with a strong tendency to calvinism and the methodistical notions of grace and a new birth. With the severer study of these doctrines, which, he acknowledges, more than once induced a very desponding state of mind, the young Priestley began to mingle acquirements in the learned languages, and in mathematics, metaphysics, and natural philosophy. The regularity and strictness of the devotional exercises of his aunt's family are carefully minuted, and the effect they produced on the young mind, which was afterwards to burst forth into such a latitude of religious freethinking, is sufficiently remarkable. He informs us, that at this period he entertained an insuperable aversion to all such productions as plays and romances ; and even tore one of these profane books from his brother who was eagerly engaged in its perusal. After receiving the instructions of various masters, our author was sent to Dr. Doddridge's academy at Daventry, where he began to examine various parts of the church doctrines, and to discuss them with his fellow students. Research begot doubts, and doubts ended in disbelief ; so that after some time ' he saw reason to adopt the heterodox side of almost every question ;' but the extreme of his heresy was Arianism, and he still continued to entertain a qualified belief in the doctrine of atonement.

From the academy, he removed to a small village in Suffolk, as minister to a dissenting congregation. Here he prosecuted his theological studies, and produced several

smaller works ; at the same time making considerable progress in freethinking on religious subjects.

‘ While in this retired situation,’ he observes, ‘ I had in consequence of much pains and thought, become persuaded of the falsity of the doctrine of atonement, of the inspiration of the authors of the books of scripture as writers, and of all idea of supernatural influence, except for the purpose of miracles. But I was still an arian, having never turned my attention to the socinian doctrine, and contenting myself with seeing the absurdity of the Trinitarian system.’ (P. 35.)

Most unluckily, however, for the preacher, his congregation had not imbibed the same spirit of *liberality*, but, discontented with his instructions, they deserted him, and repaired to a more orthodox pastor. In these circumstances, he gladly closed with a proposal to undertake the management of a congregation in Cheshire ; and here his situation was considerably improved, for in addition to his clerical employment, he opened a school, which enabled him to support himself in ease, and to purchase a few books and philosophical instruments.

An opportunity now offered of becoming one of the tutors of the academy at Warrington, which Dr. Priestley readily accepted, as it permitted a more extended and liberal scope of study, and required, at the same time, infinitely less labour than the situation which he was about to relinquish. On becoming a member of this institution, he was at first employed in giving instructions in the languages ; to these he soon added lectures on the theory of language, and on belles lettres, together with a course on the subject of history and government. The lectures on belles lettres, and on history and general policy, were afterwards prepared for the press, and given to the world. It was here also that he completed and published his chart of biography, which has been so universally admired for the ingenuity of its plan, and its utility to the student. During his continuance at Warrington, he introduced public exercises both in English and Latin ; and with a view to habituate his pupils to easy and correct composition, he accustomed them to write verses upon a variety of miscellaneous subjects. He has informed us, that he himself in his earlier days, was a great versifier, although he never aspired to the character of a poet : but to compensate for this want of success in the exertions of his own muse, he tells us that it was a sight of his verses, which first turned the attention of Mrs. Barbauld to poetry ; ‘ so that this country,’ he observes, ‘ is in some measure indebted to me for one of the

best poets of which it can boast.' We thank the doctor for thus drawing forth the latent spark of this lady's genius, but we cannot subscribe to the compliment which would class her among the best of our poets.

Dr. Priestley, from time to time, undertook different departments in the system of education at Warrington. Logic and Hebrew he relinquished for civil law; and during one season he lectured on anatomy. This versatility of occupation, however agreeable to the teacher, presages but little depth of enquiry, or success in investigation: but we are more astonished to find, that amid these multiplied changes, he should have retained the office of teaching elocution, a situation for which he was peculiarly disqualified by an impediment in his speech, which, we are told, had more than once nearly put an end to his exertions in the pulpit. How he succeeded we are not informed, but his first lessons must have been somewhat ludicrous; and it is singular if his pupils did not irresistibly acquire some portion of their master's peculiar mode of delivery.

In spite of the numerous avocations of his duties in the academy, Dr. Priestley found time for the compilation of his *History of Electricity*, a work which has always held a high rank both with popular and philosophical readers: and it is still more remarkable that he should have completed this publication, within a year from the time that he presented his sketch of the plan to Dr. Franklin.

Some time previous to this, the university of Edinburgh had conferred on him the degree of doctor of laws; and his *History of Electricity*, assisted by the recommendation of his philosophical friends, Dr. Franklin, Dr. Watson the physician, Mr. Cauton, and Dr. Price, procured him admission into the Royal Society.

The differences which took place among the supporters of the academy at Warrington, and the very inadequate emoluments of Dr. Priestley's situation, induced him to remove to Leeds, where he again took upon himself the charge of a dissenting congregation. His duties as a minister now recalled his attention more particularly to theological pursuits: he carried his enquiries still farther than he had yet ventured, and at length became a firm convert to the Socinian doctrine. During his residence at Leeds, he commenced his repository, and published several controversial pamphlets on theological and political subjects: and here it was, that his attention was first attracted to the history and doctrine of airs, which in the end conferred on him his greatest celebrity, and formed, it may be truly said, a new era in chemistry. The circumstances which led Dr. Priestley

to this investigation, are rendered peculiarly interesting by the result of his researches, and they testify, in a very strong manner, that remarkable talent for philosophical observations which enabled him to draw from the most common appearances, important and extensive conclusions. The works of his friend Dr. Franklin exhibit a similar cast of mind, and in a still higher degree; for although the education and opportunities of this distinguished character were less favourable to the developement of the principle in question, yet he manifested a readiness in perceiving the connection of events, which exalted him at once into a philosopher, independently of those aids to which most men are indebted for their eminence.

‘The doctrine of air,’ says our author, ‘I was led in consequence to inhabiting a house adjoining to a public brewery, where I at first amused myself with making experiments on the fixed air, which I found ready made in the process of fermentation. When I removed from that house, I was under the necessity of making the fixed air for myself; and one experiment leading to another, as I have distinctly and faithfully noted in my various publications on the subject, I, by degrees, contrived a convenient apparatus for the purpose, but of the cheapest kind.’

‘When I began these experiments, I knew very little of chemistry, and had, in a manner, no idea on the subject, before I attended a course of chemical lectures, delivered in the academy at Warrington by Dr. Turner of Liverpool. But, I have often thought, that upon the whole, this circumstance was no disadvantage to me, as in this situation I was led to devise an apparatus and processes of my own, adapted to my peculiar views. Whereas, if I had been previously accustomed to the usual chemical processes, I should not have so easily thought of any other; and without new modes of operation, I should hardly have discovered any thing materially new.’

The only person in Leeds, who gave much attention to my experiments, was Mr. Hey, a surgeon. He was a zealous methodist, and wrote answers to some of my theological tracts; but we always conversed with the greatest freedom on philosophical subjects, without mentioning any thing relating to theology. When I left Leeds, he begged of me my earthen trough in which I had made all my experiments while I was there. It was such an one as is there commonly used for washing linen.’ P. 64.

We heartily concur in the opinion, which Mr. Cooper has expressed in a note on the passage just quoted: he remarks, with great truth, that the economical simplicity of Dr. Priestley’s apparatus gratifies us by the facility with which he obtained his results, although it wants, indeed, that shew of science, which more complicated instruments necessarily possess. But, while we praise the simplicity of

his processes, it is only with reference to the state in which chemistry then existed: much was yet unknown, and a vast multitude of phenomena were yet to be detected by the sagacity of the philosopher, who could watch nature in those operations which had hitherto eluded the most vigilant enquiry. The road was open, and the field offered a rich harvest to the sickle of the first reaper: it was the talent of observation more than the dexterity of experimenting, or the minute accuracy of instruments, which was here required. But the doctrine of the gases being once known, a new series of experiments was to be instituted, and the mode of their production, and the numerous qualities which they possessed were to be carefully examined in detail. Dr. Priestley, however, regardless of the change thus induced by the success of his own exertions, seemed to have conceived that the science still admitted of the same simplicity in experimental operations; and the consequence was, that while the philosophers of England and France carried on the improvement of chemical knowledge with a rapidity which no other science has ever experienced, this ingenious man, whom we may safely stile one of the principal movers of the great and important revolution in chemistry, continued still to entertain doubts as to the formation of water, and to defend with ardour the deserted doctrine of phlogiston. His speculations on the production of air from water, which to the last engaged his attention, were, without doubt, supported by numerous experiments: but we have every reason to believe, that the singular results of these originated in mistake or in the imperfection of instruments, which an imitation of the accuracy of the French chemists would have speedily taught him to discover. In the last work of Dr. Priestley in defence of phlogiston, he has adduced a numerous body of facts and experiments, some of which are altogether inconsistent with the concurring testimony of other chemists, while others may with little difficulty be reconciled with the great principles of the theory of Lavoisier. Mr. Cooper, who has undertaken with equal boldness the defence of Dr. Priestley's tenets in chemistry, as in metaphysics, has collected his arguments in favour of phlogiston, and presented them at one view in the appendix. But he seems to have limited his enquiries to the work which he wishes to defend, without deigning to consult the labours of contemporary chemists. He asks with inimitable gravity a multitude of questions which he conceives sap the foundations of the modern theory. To shew our readers the range of Mr. C.'s knowledge of chemistry, we shall indulge them with a few of his most important queries.

What, says he, becomes of the oxygen from the decomposed water in the solution of metals in acids? Why is water produced by the combustion of inflammable air with .47 oxygen, and nitrous acid when .51 of oxygen is employed? Why does red hot charcoal, when slowly supplied with steam, furnish *inflammable air only*, and not fixed or carbonic acid air? Why is the residuum of red lead, when *all* its oxygen is driven off by heat, either massicot or glass of lead according to the degree of heat, and not lead in its metalline state? We shall not occupy ourselves in replying to these sagacious enquiries, except by referring the learned judge to some of those elementary works, which are in the hands of every one: and if the mass of evidence which these contain, shall not produce a conviction of his mistakes, we must leave him, the undismayed and inflexible assertor of a doctrine which we believe has now scarcely another adherent.

To say that the theory of the modern chemists is in every part perfect, and can explain, without difficulty, every phenomenon which their researches have detected, is to exalt it beyond its due rank, and to endow it with qualities which its wisest admirers acknowledge that it does not possess. But, the anomalous facts with which it may appear difficult to reconcile it, are very few in number, and are readily explicable by the aid of hypothesis; while phlogiston, on the other hand, is a being altogether fictitious, which stands directly opposed to the common laws of nature, and the acknowledged facts of chemistry. The ingenuity which gave rise to its invention, and the influence of this imaginary principle in communicating form and system to the chemical knowledge of that day, are still deserving of our admiration: but the improvements of modern times have rendered it no longer necessary; and have substituted in its place a doctrine which rests on established facts, and on the most beautiful discoveries of which any science can boast.

The composition of water is a subject upon which chemists have been so long universally agreed, that we know not how to explain the obstinacy of Dr. Priestley in distrusting its reality. We cannot suppose that the results which he from time to time published, in contradiction of the discovery of Cavendish, were not dictated by the most sincere love of truth; but it is probable that the nature of his apparatus, and the simplicity of his mode of operating, introduced that inaccuracy, which occasioned results so totally different from those of every other chemist. Here, also, his faithful commentator, the Judge, follows the footsteps of his celebrated friend: after weeping over the fallen phlogis-

ton in the desponding words of the exiled warrior, *Si Pergama dextra Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent*, he again musters courage, and returns to the attack with all his expiring vigour.

‘When the operose experiment of the French chemists on the formation of water shall have been sufficiently repeated and verified by other experiments to the same point, less complex, less tedious, less expensive, and easy to be repeated; when the water thus supposed to be formed is sufficiently distinguished from the water absolutely necessary to the generation of all airs, and attendant upon them both in a state of mixture and combination; and when the difficulties enumerated a few pages back, as attendant on the modern theory, shall be explained on the new system as well as on that of Stahl, then, and not until then, will it be time to lament Dr. Priestley’s unfortunate attachment to the doctrine of phlogiston.’ p. 277.

We are at a loss to discover what are the *experimenta crucis* which the Judge would devise for the establishment of the point in contest; nor can we conceive any thing more decisive, than the repeated composition and decomposition of water, by chemists in every quarter of Europe. This beautiful discovery has alone opened new and important views in almost every branch of natural knowledge; and if we are to admit an assertion merely for the valuable purposes which it may serve in the explanation of the phenomena, not phlogiston itself, that boasted key to the arcana of nature, has an equally valid claim to our indulgence and belief.

The success which had attended the publication of the History of Electricity, induced Dr. Priestley to conceive the idea of writing histories of all the branches of experimental philosophy: and with this view he began to arrange materials and institute experiments on vision, light and colours, which he soon after published under the title of the History of Discoveries relating to these several subjects. However magnificent such a plan may at first sight appear, it is one which supposes a depth and range of talent which is rarely met with: nor can we believe, that any solid advantage will ever accrue to science from the attempt of any single individual to accomplish it. The failure of Dr. Priestley in the work we have just mentioned, serves to furnish some evidence to the truth of our opinion; for few men appear to have possessed a more manageable and versatile mind, or a greater facility of invention in experimental enquiries. The history of discoveries relating to vision, light, and colours, has never been a popular book with superficial readers, and it is but little calculated to attract the attention of those who carry their researches scientifically into this department of knowledge.

The connection which our philosopher formed about this period with the Earl of Shelburne, proved to him an event of considerable importance : he was now enabled to support his family in ease and comfort, which before had been a matter of no small difficulty ; and he enjoyed at the same time access to a very extensive and valuable library, with leisure and convenience for the prosecution of his enquiries. He was recommended to Lord Shelburne by Dr. Price as a literary companion, and during his stay with this nobleman he acted as librarian, arranging and forming catalogues of his books and manuscripts.

‘ My office,’ says he, ‘ was nominally that of *librarian*, but I had little employment as such, besides arranging his books, taking a catalogue of them and of his manuscripts, which were numerous, and making an index to his collection of private papers. In fact I was with him as a friend, and the second year made with him the tour of Flanders, Holland, and Germany, as far as Strasburgh ; and after spending a month at Paris returned to England. This was in the year 1774.’ P. 72.

The novelty of the scenes which this tour presented, and the numerous characters high in the political and literary world to whose acquaintance he was introduced, seem to have rendered it a source of much pleasure and gratification : and he has described, in a brief but lively manner, the agreeable sensations which the sight of new customs and countries awakened in his mind. The great prevalence of infidelity among the philosophers of the continent, as well as among the visitors of Lord Shelburne, very strongly attracted the attention of Dr. Priestley ; and perceiving, as he did, the weakness and sophistry of their arguments, he determined to take advantage of the knowledge which he had thus acquired of the prevailing ideas and favourite opinions of infidels, and accordingly published his *Letters to a philosophical Unbeliever*.

During his residence with Lord Shelburne, he also gave to the world his first volumes on the subject of *airs*, as well as several other works on metaphysical and theological subjects. And in spite of the suggestions of this nobleman’s friends, Dr. P. committed to the press his *Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit*, communicating, at the same time, his ideas on socinianism and necessity. To discuss the merits of this publication, is at present altogether foreign to our purpose : but we may remark in general, that it is obviously calculated to establish a system of doctrines, fundamentally different from the catholic tenets of the church, and which lead by steps the most insidious to total infidelity. It has been

truly observed, that the obloquy which was so industriously thrown upon Dr. Priestley by persons of very different persuasions, would have been infinitely less, had he at once declared himself a complete unbeliever. But although it may appear a singular proof of bigoted illiberality, to regard with horror the philosophical enquirer who rejects, after calm deliberation, a part of the church doctrines, while the perfect deist excites only feelings of comparative indifference; yet it is obvious upon a little reflection that the real interests of the church are more deeply injured by the gradual attack of one point of faith after another, under the professed character of a genuine and devout Christian, than by an open and unqualified attempt to prove that its tenets are at once groundless and absurd. For this gradual examination of the doctrines of religion, proceeding step by step to subvert one opinion after another, has in it that air of philosophy and truth which is peculiarly calculated to seize the attention of enquiring minds, and to draw them into a labyrinth of doubts from which they may find it difficult to escape. Thus many who would have revolted at the first appearance of disbelief, received without suspicion the various ideas which were started by Dr. Priestley upon disputed points of doctrine, and insensibly led on, found themselves, before they were aware, upon the confines of infidelity: persuaded of the truth of the arguments which had carried them thither, they hesitated to turn back, and either remained in this situation, or proceeded on to the end of their journey, relinquishing the whole system of their original faith. We would not, however, by any means be understood to say, that the researches of Dr. Priestley into subjects of theology were inspired by any other motives than those of the most genuine love of truth; nor would we commit ourselves by asserting that those speculative opinions which have occasioned so much opposition, are all of them incompatible with a sincere conviction of the important truths of christianity.

Our author, after residing with Lord Shelburne for some years, began to perceive a manifest coldness in his behaviour, which gradually increased, and at last a proposal was made by his lordship to provide for Dr. Priestley in Ireland: the offer however was rejected, and the connection dissolved on the terms of the original contract, by which Dr. P. was allowed an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds. Indeed, this was an event which might have been foreseen, considering the wide difference of situation and habits which existed between those two men. It has seldom happened, that a man of letters, entertained and supported by a person

of wealth and rank, has preserved uninterrupted for a length of time, that intimacy and friendship which existed at the commencement of the connection ; for the former, feeling the full value of his talents, and affecting to despise the treasures of riches, and the splendours of hereditary rank, is apt to conceive that his patron is honoured by the participation of his friendship ; while the latter, impressed with very different ideas, piques himself on the protection which he affords to genius from the evils of indigence and depression, and probably carries himself towards his dependent with little attention to the feelings or delicacy of one, whose mental superiority he acknowledges and respects. Dr. Priestley, however, has borne ample testimony to the polite and liberal conduct of Lord Shelburne.

‘ The greatest part of the time that I spent with Lord S. I passed with much satisfaction, his lordship always behaving to me with uniform politeness, and his guests with respect. But about two years before I left him, I perceived evident marks of dissatisfaction, though I never understood the cause of it ; and until that time he had been even lavish on all occasions in expressing his satisfaction in my society, to our common friends. When I left him, I asked whether he had any fault to find with my conduct, and he said *none*.

‘ ——— He told Dr. Price that he wished our separation to be amicable, and I assured him that nothing should be wanting on my part to make it truly so. Accordingly, I expected that he would receive my visits, when I should be occasionally in London, but he declined them.’ (p. 86.)

We would have sought for the cause of the dissolution of this connection in the several publications of Dr. Priestley, which proved so obnoxious to the members of the church ; but a subsequent occurrence, which Dr. P. relates, renders this opinion altogether inadmissible, and reduces us to the necessity of supposing that his lordship was actually tired of the doctor, and wished to relieve himself of the burden by dispatching him to Ireland for a few years, when he might again become an agreeable companion.

‘ When I had been some years settled at Birmingham, he sent an especial messenger, and common friend, to engage me again in his service, having, as that friend assured me, a deep sense of the loss of Lord Ashburton (Mr. Dunning) by death, and of colonel Barré by his becoming almost blind, and his want of some able and faithful friend, such as he had experienced in me ; with other expressions more flattering than these. I did not chuse, however, on any consideration, to leave the very eligible situation in which I now am, but expressed my readiness to do him any service in my power. His lordship’s enemies have insinuated that

he was not punctual in the payment of my annuity ; but the contrary is true : hitherto nothing could have been more punctual, and I have no reason to suppose that it will ever be otherwise.'
p. 87.

After the connection between Dr. Priestley and Lord Shelburne was dissolved, he removed to Birmingham, and returned to the performance of his duties as a minister ; prosecuting with increased spirit his enquiries into the subjects of theology and chemistry. In this situation he enjoyed the acquaintance of a numerous society of well informed and ingenious men, and experienced at the same time every proof of liberality and candour in regard to matters of religion. Here he had hoped to spend the remainder of his days, and to find, as he expresses it, a grave in the land that gave him birth. But the unfortunate violence of party spirit, and the subsequent outrages which took place at Birmingham, ruined at once all his hopes, and drove him from his residence. To suppose, as some have done, that the administration of that day was accessary to this disgraceful riot, is totally inadmissible ; but there was a spirit in the country sufficiently inclined to these violent proceedings, and men in a superior rank of life were not wanting to instigate and direct the otherwise doubtful and inefficient exertions of the mob. How far it was politic to pardon any of the rioters, may admit of much question, more particularly if we consider that the popular opinion ran strongly in their favour, and that the jury was manifestly inclined to acquit them. The intolerance under which the dissenters suffered, ought to have been repressed with severity, and their persons and property rendered inviolable for the future by the inflexible execution of justice.

From Birmingham, Dr. Priestley withdrew to Hackney, where he again renewed his former studies ; but attacked on every side by the unceasing clamour of popular abuse, and even entertaining fears for his personal safety, which were excited by anonymous letters, hints, and private reports, he determined to leave his distresses and difficulties behind him, and repair to America, the asylum of freedom, and the receiver of the outcasts of every nation in Europe. The address to the public, which forms the preface to his fast sermon in 1794, contains his motives for this removal : there is however a want of dignity in this address which his friends must have earnestly deplored ; it was enough to have stated his situation in general terms, without descending to the unworthy task of detailing all the scandalous stories which were carried to him, or the despicable threats of his concealed enemies.

Dr. Priestley's narrative of his life is resumed by him after his arrival in America, and brought as far as March 1795. The remaining part of the memoirs is composed by his son Joseph, who details with great plainness the few additional occurrences of a life that was now verging to its close. A very large part of this continuation consists of an extract from Dr. P.'s address, explaining the circumstances which induced him to withdraw from England: and his son has taken great pains to convince us, that the philosopher was cordially received by the Americans, and had to struggle with none of those prejudices which rendered his stay in Britain so peculiarly uncomfortable. An offer of the chair of chemistry in the university of Pennsylvania, was made to him not long after his arrival, and, at a subsequent period, a very strong interest was exerted to place him in the situation of principal of this institution; but he declined accepting of either of those offices, and retired to Northumberland, a remote town in the upper part of the state already mentioned. During a residence at Philadelphia, Dr. Priestley delivered a series of discourses on the evidences of revelation, which, we are informed, were attended by many members of congress and officers of government: nay his son would lead us to believe, that these sermons had operated a conversion of many unbelievers, who had never before attended to the truths of christianity. The effect, however, appears to have been abundantly transient, for a similar set of discourses in the succeeding year were so thinly attended that Dr. Priestley relinquished altogether his intention of continuing them. While the political differences in America ran high between the Federalists and the party of Mr. Jefferson, the share which Dr. Priestley took in the discussions then before the public, rendered him extremely obnoxious to the existing administration of that country. Several pamphlets on the subject of politics were published by him at this time, and in some of these, he endeavoured to defend his character and opinions from the misrepresentations which he conceived they had suffered. From these circumstances therefore, in spite of the laboured exertions of his son, we are inclined to believe that even in the United States, where so much liberality had been expected, the same prejudices existed among a great portion of the public as had driven Dr. Priestley from England.

The latter months of the life of this celebrated man, were spent under the pressure of a distressing malady, and are described by his son with a tedious minuteness: from this general censure, however, we must except one or two passages, in which the affectionate attentions of Dr. Priestley to his family are placed in a very interesting and benevolent point of view.

He appears to have died with all the firmness and serenity of a philosopher, and a sincere Christian.

Few men, perhaps, have been regarded by the public with more opposite sentiments, than the author whose memoirs we have just considered : to a very numerous class, he was the object of the most rooted aversion ; while there were some, who cherished him as their friend, and contemplated his talents with a species of veneration. During his continuance in England, very liberal subscriptions were for some time annually raised among his friends, to assist him in the prosecution of his chemical and theological studies : different artists, also, supplied him gratis, with the instruments necessary for his experimental enquiries. The same generous attention even followed him across the Atlantic ; and in the retirement of Northumberland, he continued to receive pecuniary donations to a considerable amount. So warm an attachment on the part of his friends, must have arisen from something excellent and amiable in his own character. His temper, he informs us, was singularly equal and cheerful : he was fond of domestic life, and often conducted his studies with his wife and children around him. His hours of relaxation, which were more numerous than his literary productions would lead us to suppose, were spent in the society of his friends, and in the games of chess, backgammon, and cards. Unlike most men of letters, Dr. Priestley added to great regularity of study a considerable diversity of pursuit : and by occupying himself only for a short time in the day with any one subject, he contrived to relieve his mind amid the pressure of business, and to execute his work with comparative ease and celerity. The rapid and successful movements of a mind like that of Dr. Priestley must ever, it is true, be viewed with wonder and admiration ; but we confess ourselves of opinion, that the singular flexibility by which it was distinguished, has rarely proved conducive to the extensive advancement of real science : for the faculties that are thus easily applied and easily withdrawn, become impatient under the labour necessary for profound research, and content themselves with lightly touching an object, which a mind of more unwieldy power would not relinquish without examining to the bottom. The marks of this peculiar mental constitution, we conceive, are sufficiently apparent in the voluminous writings of the author, whose memoirs are now before us : he possessed great facility of thinking, and committed his ideas to paper with the same ease with which he thought ; hence the number of his works, and the many instances in which he started new and singular opinions, which he was destined next day to

discuss and confute. He might say indeed, that this proved his liberality, and his openness to conviction ; but we would ask, if there existed any necessity for sending into the world every crude notion which struck his fancy, and if it was not a duty which he owed to the public, more especially on the subject of religion, to weigh well his opinions, before he endeavoured to convince others of their foundation in truth ?

A very remarkable feature in the mind of Dr. Priestley, was his memory, which possessed such imperfect powers of retention, that he repeatedly discovered himself making the same experiments, and the same collection of passages from scripture, which he had previously executed and committed to writing. It is a common idea, indeed, that a powerful memory is seldom accompanied by brilliant talents ; but we believe that this is the first instance which has occurred to us, at all corroborating the popular opinion. Memory is in fact the store-house from which every other faculty draws her materials : the poet resorts to it for his imagery, and the philosopher for his arguments and his illustrations. If, however, the superior strength of this faculty should induce us to neglect the cultivation of our other mental powers, and render us contented to treasure facts without arranging or comparing them, then indeed it would become truly prejudicial : but it is in this case only, that a strong and retentive memory has ever checked, in any degree, the exertions and improvement of the mind. Dr. Priestley, in speaking of the peculiarity which we have mentioned above, observes with great truth, that it must have tended in a remarkable degree to facilitate the formation of new trains of ideas, and consequently to heighten and extend his powers of invention. Such inventive talents, however, are comparatively of little value : for while we are unable to call up at once the numerous bearings and connections of a subject, our opinions, though ingenious, must be continually varying and contradictory, and our views partial and often erroneous.

Mr. Priestley has presented us with an amusing picture of the regularity of his father's studies, and the relaxation with which he blended them.

‘ His chemical and philosophical pursuits served as a kind of relaxation from his theological studies. His miscellaneous reading, which was at all times very extensive, comprising even novels and plays, still served to increase the variety. For many years of his life, he never spent less than two or three hours a day in games of amusement, as cards and backgammon, but particularly chess, at which he and my mother played regularly three games after dinner

and as many after supper. As his children grew up, chess was laid aside for whist or some round game at cards, which he enjoyed as much as any of the company. It is hardly necessary to state, that he never played for money, even for the most trifling sum.' (p. 185.)

'But what principally enabled him to do so much, was regularity, for it does not appear that at any period of his life, he spent more than six or eight hours per day in business that required much mental exertion. I find in the same diary, which I have quoted from above, that he laid down the following daily arrangement of time for a minister's studies: studying the scriptures one hour, practical writers half an hour, philosophy and history two hours, classics half an hour, composition one hour; in all five hours. At the time he was engaged about the most important works, and when he was not busily employed in making experiments, he always had leisure for company, of which he was fond. He never appeared hurried or behind hand. This habit of regularity extended itself to every thing that he read, and every thing he did that was susceptible of it. He never read a book without determining in his own mind when he would finish it. Had he a work to transcribe, he would fix a time for its completion. This habit increased upon him, as he grew in years, and his diary was kept upon the plan I have before described, till within a few days of his death.' (p. 188.)

The remarks of Mr. Cooper on the metaphysical writings of Dr. Priestley, exhibit neither the candour, nor the modesty of a genuine philosopher: he adheres to the system of Hartley with the same bigotted firmness which we formerly observed with regard to phlogiston, and he tells us seriously, that he conceives the motions induced in the nerves by external impressions, to be demonstrably of the vibratory kind. The writings of Dr. Reid and Dr. Beattie, are, according to him, now fallen into *merited obscurity*: so much does he know of the state of philosophy in Britain! The late venerable bishop of St. Asaph is treated by him with a degree of petulant acrimony which we can neither approve of, nor excuse; for, whatever may have been the foibles of Dr. Horsley's character, his talents and his literary reputation set him far above all such miserable attempts to vilify his memory. In the same spirit Mr. Cooper proceeds to consider religious topics, and discusses points of faith with a levity, which is neither suitable to the subject, nor by any means calculated to advance the real interests of candid enquiry. The political writings of Dr. P. have afforded to the Judge, an opportunity of exhibiting his whole treasure of republican opinions. He begins with attacking Mr. Malthus, who stands like the dragon over his golden fruit: the task of vanquishing this dreaded object, he acknowledges is far from easy; but fearless of danger, he endeavours to

set aside the main argument of his opponent, by very wisely observing, that agriculture is still capable of improvement, and that cookery has not yet arrived at its ultimate perfection. And when these arts may be supposed to be perfected, he proceeds to rid himself of his increasing population, by sending colonies to distant countries : but should this also fail, he observes :

‘ Some obstacles to the facility of marriage and some restrictions to the numbers of offspring, by milder means than exposure like the Chinese, or infanticide like the Lacedemonian practice, might furnish an effectual remedy, to any extent.’

Delighted with these undescribed and most probably impracticable means, which he has thus happily discovered, he concludes triumphantly,

‘ So that the way is not difficult to be traced, by which the bugbear of overpopulation may be counteracted by less violent and abominable remedies, than are usually applied by the tyrants of the earth.’ (P. 342.)

We are ready to admit that much has already been done, and much may still be effected for the amelioration of human society; nor do we conceive that the work of Mr. Malthus by any means opposes this conclusion : the writings of that author are not intended to shew that we have already reached the summit of possible improvement, but that there are certain checks to our progress which are continually operating, and will, in the end, place an insuperable barrier to our farther advancement.

The contemplation of the American revolution exalts Mr. Cooper to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and he breaks forth in the following animated sentences :

‘ Well it is for mankind, and with sincere and heartfelt exultation do I write it, that such books have been composed, and such experiments have been tried ; and honourable is it to the character of this country, that the grand and simple truths, on which human happiness so materially depends, were first seized on, comprehended, and put in force by the whole body of the people here, and that with a steadiness and success, that justifies the fondest hopes of the real friends of man. The political sophisms which despotism has forced upon the human understanding, for so many centuries, and which have kept the human race in a state of comparative ignorance and misery, are now seen through : the light of knowledge has gone forth, liable no doubt to be obscured for a time, but hereafter to be extinguished never.’ (P. 356.)

The admirable mixture of poetry and prose which this

passage exhibits, and the happy adaptation of commonplace language to the elevated conceptions of the writer, challenge all criticism, and defy our utmost powers. Government, in the opinion of this precious philosopher, is as much a science of experiment as chemistry (p. 365); and the works of Paine are termed by him, with a happy absurdity of expression, classic books on the theory of government.

The labours of Mr. Christie consist in a brief and comprehensive summary of the religious faith of Dr. Priestley at the period of his death. Mr. C. informs us, that he was far from agreeing with the Doctor on many points of belief; and he has accordingly restricted himself to a plain statement of Dr. Priestley's creed without attempting either to defend or to disprove it. His stile is simple and unassuming; and from the little sample which is here presented, we confess that we feel rather prepossessed in favour of its author.

Dr. Priestley's writings are in general little remarkable for elegance or beauty of diction; but on the contrary are characterized by a peculiar ease and familiarity, which in many instances descends even to carelessness: the memoirs before us justify this observation in a very striking manner, for they are not, like many other of his works, the hurried production of a day, but written during a period of years, and apparently from the first with a view to publication. The continuation by his son and the appendix of Mr. Cooper furnish scarce an instance of neat or pleasing composition; and we could not help observing, that these gentlemen seemed anxious to proclaim their citizenship, by the adoption of several terms and phrases, which though perhaps perfectly familiar in America, are certainly never used by any well educated Englishman. Thus we have *his house cost him double the sum he had contemplated*.—*The prosperous state of British manufactures and commerce seems to have originated and progressed with the adoption of turn-pikes and canals*. The word *educed* is used in a manner sufficiently quaint; *among the works thus educed were the following, &c.* In another passage we find the term *descendency*, which to us is altogether a stranger; but, from the context and the similarity of the letters, we were led to conjecture that it must be the American vocable for *descent*. Mr. Cooper, throughout his performance, has availed himself of his intimate acquaintance with the Roman poets, to diffuse over it a certain classical air by such expressions as these: *Ipse agmen, sat superque, pace tanti viri, limæ labor*, and a number of others equally *recherchés*, which, we have no

doubt, will impress the inhabitants of Pennsylvania with a very exalted idea of the learning of their judge.

Although the volume before us necessarily possesses a degree of interest, being in part the production of Dr. Priestley, yet we must remark, that it contains few facts of which the public were not previously in possession, and exhibits but a meagre and imperfect view of his character and writings. The events of a life so varied as his, and the voluminous productions of his pen, would form an interesting subject of biography ; and it is to be hoped, that talents more adequate to the task than those of Mr. Priestley or Mr. Cooper, will at some future period be employed in handing down to posterity, the history of one who attained such celebrity as a philosopher, and bore so distinguished a part in the religious and political discussions of his time.

ART. V. *The Pastor's Daughter, with other Romances; by Augustus Von Kotzebue.* 4 vols. 12mo. Colburn. 1806.

IT was easy to predict, from the rapidity with which Augustus Von Kotzebue composes, that few months would elapse from his excursion to Naples to the publication of some new bagatelle. Never was author more universally read, more generally understood and enjoyed, and more uniformly decried. In France he has long been considered to have been born only for the corruption of the drama, and of travel-writing ; and we have seen printed proposals in an old French paper for 'a society of the illiterate,' which was to distribute prizes and honors to graduates in the German school ; the highest prize to that gentleman who should produce the best imitation of Kotzebue's style. In this country ridicule the most unwarranted and unreasonable succeeded to the equally unreasonable enthusiasm with which his works were at first received.

The attack against him and his German auxiliaries was led on with ability by the conductors of the Anti-Jacobin. A play was written filled with vulgar sentimentality, and exhibiting a glorious confusion of the unities of time and place. Now this latter charge bore rather harder upon our own dramatists, than those who were immediately assailed. The effect however was immediate. The Stranger and Lovers' Vows, plays of which no author need be ashamed, were discovered to be stupid, disgusting, and, what seems more extraordinary to those who are read in the English and other dramas, they were pronounced to be dangerous to mora-

lity. Pizarro, to assure himself of any thing like a polite reception in England, disowned his father, and became perfectly naturalized; so that not long afterwards, even at Naples, such was the passion for every thing English, he and his associates were attired in short red jackets, faced with blue after the costume of the English guards. By dint of such artifices, although the latter is incomparably the worst of Kotzebue's dramas, and met with no countenance at Vienna, it was received in London with acclamations, and cleared to the managers of Drury-lane a profit which surprized the real author, and produced on the continent no very favourable impressions of English taste.

The Stranger was again introduced. Its absurdity and immorality were forgotten during the representation. It appealed at least to the passions, and never failed to excite, what is far preferable to applause, the warmest interest and emotion in the house. The play had received its death-blow; and although the representation never failed to fill the theatre, and imposed silence on the clamorous gentry who sit aloft, and are seldom over-merciful to tragedy, no persons, however affected at the scenes, were hardy enough to face public censure by commending it as a good or even a tolerable performance.

The same fate attends the travels of this author. Who has not read them? But who has the heart to find any thing in them but a medley of incongruities and untruths? A laugh has been raised, but Mr. Kotzebue, at whose expence it was intended, has enjoyed it at least as well as the deriders. He set out on a journey to Petersburg for the purpose of visiting the friends of his wife, and his two sons, officers in the Russian service. Fortune altered his route for Siberia. This would have broken many a fine genius, and reduced it to despondency; Kotzebue made a penny of this adversity, and, on his return, published his narrative to the world, which had before only heard the name of Siberia. This narrative was highly amusing from the character who was the subject of it, the place of exile, and the life of the description. The country itself, to which he was banished, could not easily be forgotten; and while the impression was strong, our author made it the scene of a tragedy, (Count Beniowsky) which, if it contain no passages remarkable for greatness of conception, or originality, has at least scenes of great interest. The plot is well forwarded throughout by every little incident; and its intricacy and bustle would adapt it admirably to the English stage.

His tours to Paris and Naples were every where read, and abused; we ourselves are far from being among their ad-

mirers, although, it must be confessed that his description is equally correct, and far superior in spirit to any journals of our own countrymen, during the short armistice which took place. But Mr. Kotzebue should not have interfered with the arts: he should have distrusted his own temper, which is too sanguine and vehement to conform with technical rules, or to admire technical beauties. He is every where at variance on this subject with established opinion, and instead of falling in with prevailing tastes and prejudices, he is only irritated into strong language by their opposition to his own.

There are doubtless great defects in his style, but these are again magnified into monstrous deformities by the inadequacy of his translators to the task which they have undertaken. Some of the pictures with which he presents his reader are exquisite; and like every thing exquisite, lose their whole effect by a gross transfusion into a foreign language. His descriptions of the Tyrol, and of the Pomptine marshes, as we remarked at the time, are unrivalled by any modern travellers.

All these works are at the service of the world; read, and almost devoured at their first appearance, without any return of gratitude for the pleasure or information which they afforded.

Their author however, little solicitous about the 'empty praise,' and perfectly contented with the 'solid pudding' and secret pleasure which he gains from writing, perseveres in his course,

Full of disport, still laughing loosely light,
No measure in his mood.

He now appears before us as a writer of novels, and romantic tales. In farce, comedy, tragedy, he aims at stimulating his pliant readers to broad grins, smiles and tears.

The first tale, which, were it not for the translator, is well-told, has a comic title to a tragic subject. It is called 'the Masquerade.' The following are its outlines.

Lady Birkenhayn and her daughters are accosted near the high road leading from Paderborn to Lipstadt by an old and miserable stranger, who in broken German begs for a night's lodging; he is conducted by the ladies to their castle, and after some refreshment, declares himself to have been a rich nobleman of Franche Comté, reduced to beggary by the revolution. The kind treatment and condescension of the ladies inspire him with confidence; and on a further acquaintance, his address and discourse sanction the belief that he had once seen better days.

The Lord of Birkenhayn, who is represented as a gross

clownish sportsman, hardly removed by an idea above his companions, the hounds, prefers the sports of the field to consulting either for the education that would make his daughters amiable, or the amusements that might render them happy. His lady, on whom this task devolves, offers an asylum in the castle to Philibert, (for that is the name of the aged wanderer); and, to give delicacy to the proposal, suggests that the obligation shall be cancelled by his taking on himself the task of educating the daughters of his benefactress. From this time it becomes his study and pleasure to improve his fair pupils, and put them on their guard against the snares of the world, without inspiring a disgust for it.

There was a settled melancholy in the manners of his benefactress which excited the curiosity of Philibert; this was resisted only by his respect for her. She loved to be alone, and passed much of her time in a library stored with the best French books.

It was besides customary with her to retire on every 17th of August, and devote that day to solitude. The spot, to which she retreated, was a hill, where, beneath the gloom of some tall pines, was an urn with this inscription :

‘ TO MY PHILIP.’

It was consecrated to the memory of a beloved child, who had died in his tenth year, and the anniversary of his death was one of grief to his disconsolate mother.

A mystery hung round her story; her daughters had exacted a promise that she would disclose it on the next mournful anniversary. On that day, after some hours passed in solitude, having sent for them and their reverend tutor, she related the circumstances which gave rise to this annual solemnity.

She is a native of France: her misfortunes arose from an early and improvident marriage to a French nobleman, her first husband, whose ardour of affection quickly subsided into disgust. Yet, although he repulsed her endearments, he was unreasonably jealous of her honour. Reports of his own inconstancy had reached her ears, and she ardently desired to detect him, merely that by granting her forgiveness, she might awaken him to gratitude and feeling.

A masquerade (from which the romance takes its name) seconded her wishes. She expects her husband in the habit of a Turk; in this character, she was told, he would make his appearance. She observes a Turk talking finger language to a lady habited like a nun, whom he leaves in quest of others. She accosts him; affects to place confidence in

his professions of sincerity ; accepts the offer of retiring to privacy, where she hopes to shame him out of his profligacy by withdrawing her mask. She follows her conductor to an unknown house, where, on the removal of his mask, she discovers, instead of a husband's features, those of a dissolute friend, who had been the associate through life of his irregularities.

Terrified at the caresses of the libertine, she called for assistance. Her husband, who was a nightly visitor at the same house, recognises her voice ; and after bursting open the door, surprises her in the company of his friend. The appearances would be strong enough to carry conviction of her guilt to better husbands ; and her simple narration of the truth is only treated by him as a well-imagined tale. In an unfeeling letter he settles on her an assignment, demands a separation, and forbids her to dishonour the child which she is going to bear him, by claiming it for her own.

She proudly returns the assignment, and flies from censure and ignominy to Holland, where she becomes the mother of a sickly boy whose ashes are covered by the urn which recalls to remembrance her country and friends. In Holland she became acquainted with the lord of Birkenhayn, and was hence the mother of Charlotte and Babet, whom she hoped to protect from all the miseries that awaited herself.

Here the emotion of old Philibert became too violent to escape notice. He embraced the urn, and was with difficulty conveyed pale and trembling from the spot. He is seized with a sudden illness. The next morning his chamber is found deserted. The mystery is unravelled in a letter which is brought by a young peasant, in which is written with a trembling hand,

‘ At the grave of my child death shook me. Forgive me, Adelaide ! for God has taken powerful vengeance on me. In this my dying moment, the thought is a consolation to me, that I received my last morsel of bread from thy hand.

‘ PHILIP COUNT OF GUICHE.

‘ Lady Birkenhayn let fall the note, hurried out weeping into the road, and arrived breathless at the village.—Without asking, she rushed into the chamber—her eyes flew wildly about—the old man was lying in a corner on the floor—he was already dead—with a piece of chalk he had with difficulty traced out near him,

‘ A GRAVE NEAR MY PHILIP.’

The next tale, ‘ the Pastor's Daughter,’ is one of those moral performances which are falsely supposed to give strength to virtue, by showing the misery attendant on vice.

The plan would be unexceptionable, if vice were arrayed in the colours which she usually wears, and were so drawn that she excited our disgust, contempt, and hatred from the general deformity of her features, instead of inspiring something of love, pity, and condolence for her sufferings.

But who can entertain hatred for the Pastor's Daughter? From infancy to her marriage with an amiable and honourable man, the contracted sphere of a village acquaintance, who venerated her father's virtues, was all her world; and in the shelter of a quiet home were centered all her pleasures and cares. When transplanted from the repose of the parsonage to the gaiety of the great city, she shrunk from the eye of admiration, and was confused instead of charmed at any attentions except those of her husband. The latter, who is only weak in vanity, hurries her into company, and receives, in exchange for the tranquillity of domestic enjoyment, the satisfaction of hearing himself styled husband to the most beautiful woman in the metropolis. The fame of her charms reaches the prince, who is represented as married to an amiable wife, whose tenderness he requites with insult and estrangement from her society. Count Smieg, a worn-out voluptuary, is the pander to his infamous master. But as this office would seldom be very profitable if it were engrossed wholly by men, his wife, worthy of such a husband, is the joint corrupter of innocents who are devoted as annual sacrifices to the passions of Prince Caius. This little *coterie* of monsters is now completed by the addition of the Countess. For whatever may be the dispositions of men, their opportunities with the sex are doubtless less frequent, and less capable of being improved, than the confidence reposed in those of the same sex, and one bad woman is in this respect more dangerous than fifty libertines of the most unbridled desires. Hence the laws of Naples punish the female; and permit the odious office to devolve wholly on the male corrupter.

Poor Charlotte, who had fulfilled through life the duties of a tender daughter and wife; who as a mother is desirous of nourishing her own child; whom we are first obliged to love, is the victim marked out for destruction by this horrible junto. Meanwhile the royal criminal lives apart from the princess, whose name and character he attempts to blight, by making them subservient to the vilest purposes.

Caius is surely a being of Mr. Kotzebue's own imagination. No prince of modern times, we are well assured, can be represented by a wretch so unfeeling to the partner of his dignity, or so gross in the choice of his associates.

It would be needless to trace these monsters through all

the mazes of seduction. The husband is sent on pretence of an honourable employment, to the frontiers. The wife becomes a visitor to the countess of Smieg, who disguises her real character under the semblance of a motherly woman. The prince is here a daily visitor, and vanity, the weakness of the husband, becomes the destroyer of the wife. Their letters are intercepted; horrid suspicions of her husband's infidelity are instilled into Charlotte. Torn from all communications with the good, and assailed by all the devices of cunning, falsehood, and treachery, she is surprized into the loss of her innocence, and soon after abandoned to poverty and contempt.

The sequel is horrible; all the dramatic colouring of which the author is possessed, is here bestowed to produce an effect awful in the extreme. The sinfulness of the daughter visits the husband, mother, and all with whom she is connected.

This novel, like those of an accomplished English lady of the present day, was written evidently for the express purpose of putting virtue on its guard, by disclosing the trials to which it was exposed, and the ruin which awaited its fall. But with the very best intentions, the moralists are doing the greatest evil. If from the exposition of snares and machinations which are every where supposed to be laid in wait for beauty and innocence, the innocent and beautiful only gained a lesson (an improper one we think) which would preserve them unharmed, the good might be something, and the mischief not so virulent. But it is to be remembered, that two lessons are here to be learned, the one of defence and the other of attack; and if the good who are assailed, learn from these books the art of parrying, the assailants, who are naturally more ingenious, become yet more conversant with the modes of destroying. From books like these, they become acquainted with all the subtleties and intricacies of circumvention.

This is an evil; but this evil is by far the least. For in the first place, we conceive it highly injurious to the female or male character, to be led through the labyrinth of villanies which give interest to the plots of these romances. It has been said, very erroneously, that a young woman of chaste and good morals should be put on her guard and rendered suspicious of those who approach her; in short, that she should consider herself engaged in perpetual warfare with the other sex. We think far otherwise. We consider a female used to hear lectures, or read books which unravel the intrigues of faithless and dissolute men, no longer chaste or pure in

heart. An unsuspecting virtuous woman repels any violation of decorum from a better principle than a knowledge of the world—from her own disgust and indignation. In these matters ‘tis folly to be wise.’ Familiarity with vicious scenes will inevitably wear off the first horror, and gradually grow into an indifference and even into a preference for them—

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien;
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first admire, next pity, then embrace.

In the next place the characters of those who offend are drawn amiable to a degree which induces us to pardon the fatal transgression. Such is the character of Charlotte in the Pastor's Daughter, and such the heroines of two affecting little stories by an authoress of our own country. After such a delineation of their natural virtuous propensities, we can but pity them in their falling off—‘And pity is akin to love.’ In the Mother and Daughter, the frail fair is endowed with every charm of modesty and beauty. In the same tale some of the matrons are represented in odious colours. Examples of both might be found in life. Many who have transgressed are not utterly lost, and might be brought back to rectitude, if timely prevented from despairing, and shielded from want and ignominy; and many matrons are to be found who transgress in heart, but in heart only: many dragons of virtue who chuckle in the miseries of the unfortunate. This we allow—but this picture is rather a caricature, which renders virtue ridiculous, and vice amiable and interesting, than a faithful delineation of general character.

It has more than ever of late years been the cry that morality was in danger, and few books have issued from the press without some profession in the preface, that “whatever may be the merit of the performance, the author flatters himself, that nothing will be found prejudicial to religion or good morals.” This cant is universal, and takes much among the worthy folks who live in provincial towns.

It is remarkable that the subjects chosen for the suppression of vice, have been those most likely to irritate, pamper and inflame it into open rebellion. The press teems with affecting stories about the daughters of poor clergymen in the north, and lieutenants on half pay, abandoned to poverty, and obliged to accept the conditions of prostitution for a subsistence. The most amiable of wives (with only one failing) are seduced from the arms of their most affectionate lords, and consent

to dishonour their offspring, kindred, and friends, if we would believe these novelists, without becoming less interesting, to a good natured reader at least; whereas, if it be the wish of an author to suppress the vice, the perpetrator should be drawn bad in more respects than one.

But we object to the subject entirely. The progress of an amour unveils to the uninitiated too many scenes which should be for ever concealed; the subject itself is of a nature so warm, and so conformable with the passions of both sexes, as to admit no embellishments of rapturous expressions, and tenderness of sentiment. We wish it to be exploded altogether. A little laughing would be a good substitute for dangerous sympathy with amiable iniquity.

The 'Protecting Spirit,' to which we next come, professes to be a true narrative. Here is another instance of seduction; but as the description is dispensed with, and it forms only a trifling feature in the story, it is more harmless than the former. The 'protecting spirit' is a flag worked by a young and sprightly Creole for a youth whom she loves. The inequality in their fortunes quenches in them every hope of an union; and when he leaves the island of Hayti to make way for a wealthy rival, to whom Francisca is afterwards married, she puts into his hand at their last interview, this flag of her own embroidery as a memorial of her regard. Some time afterwards her husband M. Noyer is butchered by two English sailors, who set her, with her child and Babet her attendant, afloat in a little pinnace on the open sea. After abstinence for six days and nights, and the encounter of a storm, at a time when Francisca had resolved on death, a vessel darkens the edge of the horizon, which approaches nearer to their signals. Francisca raised her eyes and beheld the 'protecting spirit' waving over the vessel, with the amaranth (emblem of unfading memory) worked by herself in the hands of the good genius. She is married to the object of her first affection, Philip; and as this all happened in the days of Robespierre, we hope that she has lived happy ever after.

'The Subterraneous Passage' seems to have been written in our author's most easy moments. Chapter follows chapter, without plan or meaning. There is hardly any story, and indeed hardly any seems to have been intended. The story was most probably written by instalments. However, it has some few beauties which arrest the reader. The lovers of the descriptive, and those who like the sound to be an echo to the sense, will here have a banquet the most delicious imaginable—For instance—the sound of a window when

assailed by Woldemar with a handful of sand, p. 52, Vol. 3, 'Chink! chink! chink! went the window.' A dog barks to the life, p. 63. 'Bow, wow, wow.' A clock in p. 128, goes 'tick, tack, tick, tack.' Knocking at a door, 78. 'Rat, tat, tat.' In this spirit of making the sound an echo to the sense, Mr. Lewis writeth

'Tramp, tramp across the land they went,
Splash, splash across the sea.'

We insert these beauties of poetry and prose from a wish to forward a project of which we have sanguine hopes, viz. the description of all animals and works by sound; by which means much labour would be saved, and the high road to understanding an author's meaning shortened by many a mile. How pretty, instead of describing a snake coiling, which is nearly as dangerous to attempt, as to meet the said snake, to write simply thus—'Hiss, hiss,' went the snake. 'Ba, ba,' went the lamb. 'Moo, moo,' went the cow. 'Rub a dub,' sounds the drum. 'Amen,' went the clerk. 'Doodle doo,' crows the cock. Now it is as clear as day, that if this mode of description were adopted, the revenues themselves might be materially bettered from the multitude of latent geniuses who would immediately start for fame, and the myriads of reams on which their fame must needs be inscribed.

The lovers of music will languish over the melodious names of the dramatis personæ. In the first place the tale is Echthionian; the mystery brought to light by Martin Liebetraut and Simon Schlaunkopf, or Slyboots. The scene, Lacksmountain. Persons, Gotthard of Plettenburgh, John of Mengden, Elizabeth of Luggenhusen, Jost of Borsten, Silvester Stobwasser, Nettlethorst, Hans Von Rosen, Gurgan Orges, Schlippenbach, Munchenhoff, the Czar Wasphlewitch, Joswen Danhoff, Englebrecht of Eissenhusen, Jurgen Uexkull.

Spirits.—Hedwig the ghost of a nun who had been naughty,
Card of Aceppenback, her lover with whom she had been
naughty.

Dogs.—Tollpatch, Hollerbohl.

Places.—Busch-koppel, Fregelo-koppel.

The names of the hero and heroine, Woldemar and Gertrude, are in no respect particular, and are far superior to Sam Smart, and Rachel Rainsbottom.

The 'Revenge' is beneath notice. A cobbler's son by the name of Distet personates a baron for the purpose of gaining the affections of a young lady at Hamburg, the daughter of a merchant. After gaining an ascendancy over her

heart, he acknowledges the meanness of his birth and present occupation (that of village school-master) and sets off in despair to enlist in the army: The fair Amelia has no qualms against cobbler's sons, or village-schoolmasters. She recalls him. They marry, and have been, for any thing we know to the contrary, very happy ever afterwards.

'The Romantic Wife,' is a story not unpleasantly told. Louisa Von Fels was confined in all her knowledge of books to romances, and in that of men to the parson of the parish who squinted, and the clerk of the parish who had bandy legs. Her books had told her that men were to be found without either of these embellishments. The young baron de Thurn who returns from his travels, is one of these men. She is married to the young baron de Thurn; whose behaviour however is rather too cold for the warmth of Louisa's heart. In him she recognizes neither a Werter, nor Tom Jones; and although perfectly satisfied with his fidelity and goodness, she consents to live separated, and to search amid crouds of gay court butterflies, for the lover of her own imagination. The Count Lalli possesses every thing but sincerity; and Major E— is sincere without the requisites of good breeding and temper. After various experiments she bethinks herself of returning to her husband. The reunion is managed very prettily, and it is not without regret that we refrain from transcribing it.

We have to beg pardon of the translator for the seeming neglect which he may have experienced. But a writer whose cadences are so melodious, whose periods are so balanced, whose *naïveté* is so piquant, and whose language is so luminous, must not pass unnoticed. And first who is he? No name, no finger-post is set up to point him out. Our readers however exact of us a duty which we must perform; and since we cannot discover his name or profession, conjecture only remains. The following suppositions may at first sight appear vague, but they are authorized by the beauties of his style:

Although the general syntax, aided by the evidence of certain expressions, as '*suchlike*,' '*drops of sweat*, &c.' might seem to carry conviction that the translation was effected and brought about by some lady or gentleman whose province was not literature exclusively, but who devoted part of the morning and no inconsiderable part of the evening to the crying of sprats, or oysters, yet certain formalities again overrule this conjecture in favour of its being written by some young spark articulated to an attorney, e. g. p. 162. 'Send my good cousins word *thereof*.' 166. 'He united the entreaty *therewith*.' 168. 'A life now commenced, which

many would have called paradisaical, and the rapture *of the same*, would have *thereby* been weakly described.' 186. 'Cupid had played a trick *therewith*.' 213. 'He found visible pleasure *therein*, even excited her *thereto*.'

From his orthography we took the translator either for a man of the very first fashion, or a village-schoolmistress. Thus we have *learnt* for learned, in this '*desparing* situation,' '*kist*' for kissed, '*flys*' for flies, '*pallid*' for pallid.

For his extreme courage, and spirited contempt of grammar, it struck us, that he must be an officer accustomed to face danger, and always on actual service. Who but a man of dauntless spirit would set every rule at defiance, as does our author thus, 'the nuns had *learnt* me a sort of finger language?' The husband of lady Birkenhayn enters the chamber '*for* to make her a morning visit,' and again her ladyship says with a laudable aversion from the pedantry of grammar, 'yes, sir, *I* am a Frenchwoman, who *has* taken every pains to forget her native language, &c. From the usage of compound epithets, we supposed him a native of Greece studying English; thus we are regaled with '*affection-proving* beneficence,' the poor *by-man-deserted* betrayed creature,' '*red-wept* eye,' '*mind-distracting* idea,' '*knowledge-devouring* father,' '*wept-through* nights,' '*interest-taking* benevolence,' '*oblique-hearted* opinions,' '*love-intoxicated* daughter,' '*shrub-over-grown* spot;' but what is all this to one word which we will venture to write, but which can only be read at easy stages, we mean '*ever-with-hope-deceiving* disease' !!

Poor Aristophanes! how art thou worsted at long words.

The opinion that our author was a Grecian, received additional weight from the many instances of his neuters plural which rejoice in verbs singular.

From the terms '*Maiden*,' '*Damsel*,' &c. he should be a quaker.

From tropes, similitudes, and daring expressions, a rhetorician; thus he writes 'an evening breeze *loaded* by a sigh;' 'a spark still glimmered, but mildly, *like a star through a fog*;' 'the pale cheek of Philibert was *flush'd* with the *breath* of gratitude;' 'the monster vanity, like a sea *polypus*, embraced her with all its *arms*.' How beautiful the mutation of *feet* into *arms*!! 'She closed her full eyes, and the whole lost world of innocence, moved before her *in a bloody veil*.'

From performing impossible things he seemed to be a conjurer—thus he supports an adjective by an adjective, a grand secret known only to himself. By *hocus pocus*, he sets before us '*a wretched imbecile*, who is able to ani-

mate this, to bridle that;' and tells us that 'the good-natured deceived accustom themselves to overlook every circumstance.' In vol. 3. p. 56. when Woldemar slides down the rock on parting from Gertrude's chamber, she shuts her window and retires to bed, while he goes home for the same purpose. Yet although *she* is above, *he* below, parted by rocks, walls, and a vast distance which encreases as Woldemar runs, the translator manages it so that 'when he got to the bottom, he immediately proceeded home *with* Gertrude; meanwhile Gertrude remained above, and went to bed *with* Woldemar.'—A pleasure which she could only enjoy through magic.—In another place we are told 'that Fernaw only *heard* the silent Charlotte.'

From the frequent use of the ellipsis, we should have thought (had we not recollected that it could not be, by reason of the death of the grammarian) that he might be Lambert Bos. The same reason for giving up this opinion, prevented us from supposing him to be Schoettgenius Leisnerus, or Bernholdius his successors and editors. But this would apply only to the ellipses of diction. His more favourite figure is an ellipsis of sense, which should prove him to be the clown of Sadler's Wells.

From the following he might be a grinder of colours. 'Not the *carmine* of love, but the *ceruse* of labor painted his cheeks.'

In short, this wonderful translator is the first writer who has opened to us the full stores of the English language, all that wildness of imagery by examples that illustrate diction, and grammar, which may be vainly desired, and as vainly attempted by others.

ART. VI.—*A Chemical Catechism for the Use of young People, with copious Notes for the Assistance of the Teacher; to which are added a Vocabulary of chemical Terms, useful Tables, and a Chapter of amusing Experiments. By S. Parkes, Manufacturing Chemist. 8vo. 12s. Symonds: 1806.*

IT will readily be admitted that, if alchemy deluded the imagination of its votaries in the middle ages, the science of modern chemistry has contributed its share to induce habits of close and accurate observation and comparison, no less than those of logic, mathematics or metaphysics. Experiments which give birth to such numerous and apparently opposite effects, must necessarily exercise the reasoning faculties in order

to find some plausible explanation, some probable relation that may exist between cause and effect. These researches indeed have led the human mind to those fountains of truth which were wholly unknown to the ancients, and have disseminated more just ideas of the material world, and of the true purposes of social existence.

The object of the present treatise, as may be inferred from its title, is to initiate all those unacquainted with chemical science, into a pretty general and accurate knowledge both of the theory and practice of modern chemistry. It is prefaced by an address to parents on the propriety of teaching their children at an early age the principles of this science, a position, of which we doubt the truth, and have expressed our opinion in a former article of this number, (p. 137.) that, if pursued before the acquisition of other knowledge, it is rather prejudicial than desirable. In this address the author briefly mentions the importance and utility of chemistry to the production of food and raiment and all the necessities of human life. It is indeed a curious truth that there is not one art or science in the encyclopedia of human skill, to which chemical knowledge is not either directly or indirectly necessary. We have therefore to congratulate the public on its rapid diffusion, which will be considerably facilitated by the excellent initiatory treatise before us.

Mr. Parkes divides his work into twelve chapters, as follows: an introductory miscellany; atmospheric air; caloric; water; earths; alkalis; acids; salts; simple combustibles; metals; oxides; combustion; and attraction, repulsion and chemical affinity. To these are added notes, which occupy nearly two-thirds of the volume, and are replete with curious and interesting facts. In variety and interest, indeed, two qualities well adapted to enlist the attention of youth, Mr. P. seems to have successfully imitated and sometimes even rivalled the celebrated author of the Botanic Garden. He is however less visionary, and always conveys more truths in fewer words. The arrangement of the subjects is rather designed to render chemical knowledge more easily acquired, than to present a systematic classification; and the reader is desired to study the catechetical part of each chapter, before he attends to the notes. The following citation, from the chapter on atmospheric air, may serve to convey some idea of the manner and spirit of this volume.

*'What is the use of the atmosphere?—The atmosphere, which is the air we breathe, is necessary for the support both of animal and vegetable life.**

* " It has been ascertained by experiment that no other gaseous body

‘ *Is the atmosphere of use in any other respect ?*—The atmospheric air is *necessary* in every instance of combustion : it ministers to several of the pleasures which we derive from our senses ;* it gives buoyancy to the clouds, and enables the feathered creation to transport themselves with ease from one part of the earth to another.

‘ *How does the atmospheric air support life ?*—By giving out its oxygen and caloric to the blood.

‘ *Is the caloric which is combined with the air we breathe, sufficient of itself to keep up the necessary heat of the body ?*—Animal heat is preserved *entirely* by the inspiration of atmospheric air. The lungs, which imbibe the oxygen gas from the air, impart it to the blood; and the blood, in its circulation, gives out the caloric to every part of the body.†

‘ *How do clothes conduce to preserve the heat of the body ?*—When the temperature of the atmosphere is colder than our blood, clothes‡ are necessary to prevent the sudden escape of that heat from the surface of the body,§ which the lungs have separated from the atmosphere.’

with which we are acquainted can be substituted for atmospheric air. All the known gaseous bodies have been tried ; but they all prove fatal to the animal which is made to breathe them. Water absorbs air when exposed to the action of the atmosphere, and thence becomes as fit element for the various tribes of creatures which inhabit it : and when covered with a crust of ice, cavities are formed in the ice as it freezes, by which means a communication between the external air and the subjacent water is preserved, in order to support the life of those beings which reside there. Thus it appears that the welfare and happiness of the most minute creature was not forgotten by the Creator, when the various laws of matter were established. It is to the presence of air that water is indebted for its agreeable taste. Boiling deprives it of the greater part of it ; hence the insipidity of boiled water.”

* “ Were it not for atmospheric air, we should be unable to converse with each other ; we should know nothing of sound, or of smell, or of the pleasures which arise from the variegated prospects which now surround us. It has been well remarked, that if the Deity had intended only to give us existence, and had been indifferent about our happiness or misery, all the necessary purposes of hearing might have been answered without harmony, of smell without fragrance, of vision without beauty.”

† “ Dr. Crawford found that blood contains a much greater quantity of absolute heat than the elementary substances of which it is composed. According to Lavoisier, a man generally consumes 32 oz. troy of oxygen gas in 24 hours, that is, the lungs separate this quantity of oxygen gas from the air which he respires in that time. The blood, in passing through the lungs to take up oxygen gas, throws off charcoal ; for there is a larger portion of carbonic acid gas thrown out in every respiration than could be furnished by the atmospheric air.”

‡ “ Clothes keep the body warm in consequence of the air which they include within them ; atmospheric air being a non-conductor of heat. It is on this principle that double windows preserve the warmth of apartments with an equable temperature. In like manner double lids for boilers, formed so as to hold a sheet of air, are found to be very effectual for preserving the heat of the liquor with a very small portion of fuel.”

§ “ We clothe ourselves with wool because it is a bad conductor of heat and retards its escape from the body. The inhabitants of Russia clothe themselves in fur, because fur is still a worse conductor of heat than wool. Sheep are na-

We shall make another familiar extract from the succeeding chapter on water; but must observe, that however it may convey a satisfactory idea of the nature of the questions designed for the instruction of youth, it must leave but a very imperfect knowledge of the contents of multifarious and diverse notes, which are much too considerable for our insertion here. After explaining the different states of water, it is asked,

'What constitutes vapour?—Vapour is water combined with an addition of 1200 degrees of caloric.*

'What are the properties of vapour?—Vapour, owing to the large quantity of caloric which is combined with it, takes a gaseous form, acquires great expansive force,† and a capability of supporting enormous weights; whence it has become an useful and powerful agent for raising water from deep pits, and for other important purposes.'

The author proceeds to examine the nature and composition of water, and the means of decomposing it. The different modes of analyzing it, and the quantities of gas produced are also accurately detailed in the notes. To most readers the catechetical form may probably be little pleasing, as it wounds their pride by bringing to their recollection those forms of instruction which perhaps frequently embittered their juvenile pleasures. It must be confessed however that it is particularly impressive, and well calculated to operate on young minds. It requires indeed a much more complete knowledge of the subject, and also much greater accuracy of expression, than any other form, as without these qualifications, it is of all modes of instruction the most dangerous in propagating gross errors, from the demonstrative tone in which the answers are generally given. We readily take for true whatever is plausibly and positively asserted, without giving ourselves the trouble of investigation, or of acquiring a *rational* instead of a *traditional* conviction. This circumstance has induced many prudent persons to reject the

tives of a temperate climate; but bears and ermine of the coldest. The provident care of the Creator is evidently conspicuous in this appointment, and directs the same undeviating attention to the comfort of all his creatures; hence the clothing of animals in the torrid zone is hair, in the temperate zones wool, in the frigid thick fur."

* "However long we boil a fluid in an open vessel, we cannot make it in the smallest degree hotter than its boiling point. When arrived at this point the vapour absorbs the heat, and carries it off as fast as it is generated."

† "The expansive force of steam, is found by experiment to be much greater than that of gunpowder, hence probably the causes of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes."

catechetical system entirely; and when we consider that by far the greater part of all our knowledge is to us purely traditional, that is, communicated by our parents or teachers, and not the result of our own inquiries and observations, we can scarcely say that it is unreasonable.

Waving however all objections to what is merely formal, we must examine the truth of some of Mr. P.'s answers to his questions. To the interrogation, 'What is water composed of?' It is replied; 'Water is composed of two *solid* substances, united and rendered *fluid* by caloric.' This is not correct; surely the author could not mean to call oxygen and hydrogen *solid* substances, as we really know nothing of either but in combination. It would have been a less improper expression to say, that 'water is composed of two *fluid* substances united and rendered *liquid* by the intervention, perhaps by the extraction of caloric.' We indeed considered this a slight error only, till in a subsequent question it is observed,

'You have said that water is composed of two *solid* substances,* do you thence imagine that it is naturally solid? Yes; for underneath the poles water is eternally solid: it is similar to the hardest rocks, and may be formed by the chisel of the statuary like stone.'

Such language might suit the Botanic Garden, and is perhaps admissible in poetry, but cannot be tolerated in an elementary work, that professes to initiate youth in the rudiments of chemical science. But even admitting the alleged *solidity* of oxygen and hydrogen, does it follow that there are more of these substances in congealed than in fluid water? The well known levity of ice cannot establish this supposition, as it has never been supposed that ice is more peculiarly an oxyde than water, or that it imbibed either oxygen or hydrogen from the atmosphere.

Notwithstanding these and some other incorrect expressions, which the author will doubtless correct in a second edition, we cannot but allow that the work is very well adapted to answer the object in view, namely, to excite in young minds a taste for chemical science, and impress them with the necessity of an early and respectful attention to the works of nature. The chapter on metals offers as diversified and interesting a view of these bodies, and of the changes which they undergo in consequence of the action of oxygen, as we have

* In the vocabulary which concludes this catechism, the author defines oxygen gas to be "*solid oxygen converted to a gaseous state by caloric*;" we expected that the idle speculations about concrete oxygen would not have been again revived by this truly practical writer.

seen in any similar work. The additional notes on different chemical subjects are not only enlivened by poetical extracts and some original verses by our author, but also abound in useful practical facts and illustrations, which must be highly interesting to all classes of chemical readers. Tables of the specific gravity of carats, of the thermometrical degrees of different chemical phenomena, of affinities, of the properties of salts, and of the quantities of acids and bases which constitute neutral salts, are very properly appended to this volume. But what is the most original and the most curious, is the introduction of one hundred and fifty-four of the most singular and amusing experiments. It would be difficult to find any mode likely to stimulate curiosity more effectually than this plan. We speak this from experience, as it has actually had the effect of creating a taste for chemistry in one or two of our critical fraternity, who had never before given any part of their attention to scientific studies. Many of these experiments are equally curious and useful with the following method of gilding :

‘ To a solution of gold in nitro-muriatic acid, add about a fourth part of ether ; shake them together, and wait till the fluids separate ; the upper stratum, or ethereal gold, is then to be carefully poured off into another vessel. If any polished steel instrument or utensil be dipped into this solution, and instantly plunged into water, the surface will have acquired a coat of pure gold, being a very elegant and *economical* mode of preserving polished steel from rust.’

From the preceding extracts and observations, it will be evident that the practical chemist has furnished the British youth with a more amusing chemical miscellany than any hitherto published in our language. We wish however that the author, who has published this volume from the notes he used in educating his own children, would pay still more attention to the vocabulary, and render it somewhat more critically correct, and more simple, without attempting to embarrass the science with synonymous terms, such as *oxydizement*, *oxydation*, &c. which are either useless or inadmissible.

ART. VII.—*Dr. J. F. Gall's System of the Functions of the Brain, extracted from Charles Augustus Blode's Account of Dr. Gall's Lectures held on the above Subject at Dresden. Translated from the German to serve as an explanatory Attendant to Dr. Gall's figured plaster Skulls.* 12mo. 1806.

THE ancient fable that feigned a window to be placed

in the human breast, by means of which spectators might observe without a chance of deception every varying emotion, was founded on a very universal passion of the mind. To penetrate into the intentions of others, and to decypher their inmost thoughts, has long been a favourite object of the curiosity of men. The popularity of Lavater was derived from this source, and though his physiognomical attempts have tended more to the amusement of prying idleness than to any solid or useful information, the credulity or the inquisitiveness of the world is not yet exhausted. In vain has the colour, the size and the cast of the eye been measured with painful diligence, in vain have the just limits and virtuous extent of our noses been ascertained, and to no purpose has the width of our mouths, and the protuberancy or depression of our cheeks and foreheads been investigated with an accuracy more than philosophical: in spite of all these learned operations the workings of the mind and the feelings of the heart were yet veiled from every mortal eye. But what will not German diligence undertake! Though men had been foiled in their endeavours to read the only language of sincerity in the form of the features, the whole head was not yet examined. The face may be the index of temporary gusts of passion, but the skull contains the grand organ of life and of thought; and if we may not inspect the direct operations of the brain, we can at least observe their effects on the bony covering of the head. Such has been the idea of Gall, which he has prosecuted with unwearied diligence and propagated with apostolical zeal. The sensation which has been excited in Germany by this most extraordinary proposal must recommend it to our examination, and if we cannot always admit the truth of the conclusion, we can admire when it is proper the ingenuity with which a false or a doubtful proposition is supported.

It is strongly insisted in the epitome before us that it has been a great error hitherto to consider the human nerves as originating from the brain. They are rather, according to Gall, to be regarded as roots which all run to one spot, the medulla spinalis or stem; at the top of this stem is to be found the brain, 'on whose surface, like the tree on its uttermost sprigs, it bears blossoms and fruit.'

'That nature actually has pursued this road in the formation of the nerves of the brain, and that the nerves actually do originate, where hitherto they have appeared to anatomists to terminate, is proved by the gradual progress, which she has observed in the formation of the animals, from the most simple worm, that constitutes

the link between the vegetable and animal kingdom, up to the noblest of animals, man, as we are taught by comparative anatomy, In the worm we observe namely, only as many single nervous fibres as are wanted for the most simple functions of life, motion and nurture. The number and strength of these fibres encrease already in the insect, in which here and there they unite and form a little knot, which in some measure bears a resemblance to the brain. In the frog these little nerves already unite to a medulla spinalis and at the top form a stouter ramification, a brain; and so it goes on through the series of the quick creation, fishes, turtles, birds and viviparous animals up to a man, so that the mass of nerves constantly encreases more and more, and the brain is constantly augmented in the same ratio as the animal is to be of a nobler kind, or intended to stand higher on the scale of animated nature.

‘The nerves therefore are formed before the medulla spinalis, and the medulla spinalis previous to the brain; hence nerves are found where there is no medulla spinalis, and in newborn infants the latter was observed to exist, whilst there was yet no appearance of the brain.’

When Dr. Gall shall have decided what meaning to attach to beginning and end, it may perhaps not prove a labour of Herculean difficulty to settle this knotty point. He lays great stress on the distinction between organic and animal life by the former of which he means that whose functions all relate the preserving and continuing of the organization in general: the latter refers to the functions of the mind and temper. The nerves to support the organic life, are asserted all to arise from the spinal marrow, but those employed for the purposes of animal life proceed from the nobler source of the brain itself. The theory of Gall requires that each nerve should originate in a peculiar place, and when the reports of former dissections have not assigned this origin in a manner satisfactory to him, he proceeds to wield the scalpit with his own hand, and never fails to discover some nervous filaments or ramifications, of which the situation corresponds to his views. We confess it would be satisfactory to hear of a confirmation of these discoveries from an unprejudiced and skilful anatomist.

We cannot follow Dr. Gall through all this part of his theory. We only mention, that according to him, the most important nerves arise first from the medulla spinalis. Many parts of the nervous system are considered as ganglions. The concretious substance of the brain is represented as serving as a common ganglion of the reverting nerves, and the skin as a general ganglion for all the nerves of the body. Immediately after this anatomical disquisition, the following statement is given of the real system of the functions of the brain:

' As a general survey of the whole system of the brain and the organs, which enable it to perform these functions, it may likely not be altogether useless, to exhibit here, in an epitome, the process of the following enquiries :

' A. Man and animals are born with certain dispositions, and inclinations, and for

' B. the exertion of them they have received certain organs, by way of innate instruments, by the means of which they may have an intercourse with the external world. These organs

' C. reside in the brain, which however must not be considered as a faculty, but merely as a material requisite of it.

' D. Nor is the brain the general organ of all the mental faculties, but merely the place of rendezvous of all the single organs, each innate disposition having an organ of its own, which is increased in proportion to the power residing in the disposition.

' E. These organs of the innate dispositions are expressed on the surface of the brain, and form

' F. certain protuberances on the exterior osseous cover of the skull, by which,

' G. the existence of the organs may be ascertained under certain strictures. And from these observations arises

' H. the special system of the organs, or the system of the skull, as a science entirely new.'

The first of these propositions is proved by examples ; and the author deems it sufficient to mention the son of the late Mozart, only 14 years of age, who is said to possess already a musical genius, fully as distinguished as his father, and the Young Roscius, whose theatrical talents astonish all England. We hope the former of these instances is less unexceptionable than the latter will be here considered. But few will deny the existence of peculiar disposition to a certain extent. We quote for the amusement of the reader, the following additional instances of prematurity, which are not perhaps generally known.

' The author begs leave to mention here two more remarkable instances, which are very little or not at all known. The one is the son of a Russian residing at Dresden, a boy of from 9 to 10 years old, who last winter astonished our fashionable public by the skillful and elegant execution of a concerto on the violin by Rode, which by the connoisseurs was deemed extremely difficult, and who the year before, consequently at an age of between 8 and 9 years, is said to have won the prize for solving a mathematical problem at the national institute at Paris. The second is related in one of the best French journals. (*La Revue*—formerly *Decade*—philosophique, littéraire et politique. No. 5. of the 30th Pluviose, (19th Febr. of T. Y.) P. 378.) It says, Bodeau, teacher at the primary school in the commonalty of Vimontier, in the department of the Orne, has made to the president of the national institute, a report on *

wonderful child of 7 years and some months old. The facts are stated and put beyond all doubt in a deed, drawn up by the commissary of superintendence of the chief place in the canton, signed by the maire, the assessors and the justice of the peace, and are in short as follows : A child of 7 years and 4 months old, born in indigence, and ignorant of both reading and writing, finds pleasure in repairing every market day to the place, where the merchants settle their accounts of sale and purchase. The boy will quietly listen to them, and when they err in the sum, set them right with a smile, and tell them ; that makes so much. He thence goes among the linen traders, and as soon as he hears the number of yards at a certain price mentioned, will tell the amount and walk off to another. In this manner he will in an instant calculate any purchase, and withdraw with an arch look and heartfelt satisfaction, when he sees, that most merchants are at some trouble to verify his calculations pen in hand. The reporter, who had a wish to know this boy personally, gave him several accounts less and more difficult to make, and received the most instantaneous and right answers. When among other things he asked the boy, what was the produce of one and half a third of 16 livres, he did not understand, what a third meant ; but no sooner had he been told that three thirds made a whole, but he was ready with the right reply. He then fixed the teacher and said, as you ask me so many things you may in your turn tell me what is the produce of 1000 sous, 1000 half sous, 1000 liards, 1000 half liards, 1000 deniers, and a 1000 half deniers. Full of joy at Bodeau's embarrassment, he said with a pleasing smile : that will make 100 livres, and slipped out of his presence. The form of this boy is very regular ; his head is long and prolonged on the hind part, his face flat and broad, (according to Gall's system, the sense of numbers which widens the face, is strongly expressed) his eye is fine and spirited, his appearance weak, his smile agreeable, and his motion quick. Both the reporter and the commissary of the commonalty assert to be convinced, that the child's answers are by no means the effect of a strong and cultivated memory, but that they must be attributed to the most extensive mental disposition for arithmetics. The boy's name is Lewis Robert Desvaux. His parents seem to be deprived of all means to give him any education.*

That many of the propositions of Dr. Gall are extremely questionable, we need hardly spend much time in explaining. Of many of them indeed it would be little troublesome to imagine any possible mode of proof. In general however it does not seem at all difficult to convey a tolerably clear idea of the means by which this theory proposes to instruct us in the knowledge of the heart, or rather as we must now say, the head of man. It is assumed that there are innate dispositions, and that these dispositions are exerted by the aid of certain parts of the brain, which are therefore

called the organs. These organs also are not solely in the internal parts of the brain, as might be imagined, but project on its surface, and occasion certain protuberances in the bony covering of the head, which we can observe externally. Thus then is the chain completed; men's dispositions to peculiar kinds of conduct, are caused or accompanied by the projections on the brain, and the degree of the disposition is marked by the size of the prominence.

A theory so comprehensive as this can hardly fail of meeting many objections, and encountering great opposition: and it appears that the Germans have not all yielded to the torrent of conviction. The privy counsellor Walthers has distinguished himself as a sturdy, though not very successful sceptic, and he is fated to tremble under the pen of criticism in many pages of this little volume. It appears that the existence of innate dispositions had been called in question by some disbelievers, who adduced as an objection the case of some of the savage children caught in the woods of the Austrian dominions, whom it was found impossible to tame by any exertions. But Dr. Gall, on examining these unfortunate creatures, discovered the real cause of the difficulty to have consisted in the unhappy organization of their heads. We extract the passage.

‘ To the assertion of the existence of innate dispositions there has been objected what we have before animadverted to, namely :

‘ That man's education can impart dispositions to man and develop them in him ; ‘ and to support this objection those unfortunate beings were mentioned who sometimes were found in forests in a state bordering upon imbecility, and who, in spite of every possible exertion, seldom or never could be brought to a certain degree of civilization becoming man. It was admitted that those savages had sunk to that low degree of human nature, because they never had an opportunity of acquiring talents by any kind of education ; but Gall maintains that those wretches, rather than contradict, prove the validity of his assertion, because he had observed many of those savages who out of the imperial dominions had been sent to the institute of the deaf and dumb at Vienna, and were subjected to his examination, when in every one of them he witnessed the most unhappy organization of the head, flat and depressed skulls, &c. Nature had then refused them every disposition for human improvement, and it might be supposed with the greatest degree of probability, that the parents of those wretches, when they perceived their utter incapacity of education, had themselves exposed them to the mercy of chance. And as to those demi-savages, in whom still some human disposition and sometimes the traces of an earlier education were discernable, it was to be supposed, that they had strayed in their infancy, and from a want of education had sunk to that half-brutish state.’

The existence of organs for each disposition is inferred from the phenomena which appear in hurts and distempers of the brain, in consequence of which sometimes single dispositions are lost entirely. The following illustration is given :

‘ The existence of sundry single dispositions and their being attended with their respective organs in the brain, likewise is proved from many phenomena which appear in hurts and distempers of the brain, through which sometimes single dispositions, e. g. the recollection of words, were lost, and sometimes other dispositions arose, of which there was no trace before ; a fact which already is well enough known, and will be made still more evident from several instances to be related hereafter.’

Dreaming, noctambulations, and extacies are explained in the same way, and arise, in the opinion of Gall, from the activity of a part only of the organs. It is even with some degree of seriousness hinted that we may perhaps account in a similar manner for animal magnetism, and that there is nothing ridiculous in supposing that there may exist some unknown fluid, which may have the power of carrying some organs of animal life to an extraordinary degree of activity. The following additional arguments are given on the same subject :

‘ Gall here mentions two extraordinary phenomena, which were exhibited in his own person. He namely once observed ; that by gently stroking the hair on his forehead, he first experienced a very sensible perspiration on his hand, then an ebullition of heat ascending in his sides from the waist up to his head, and at last a sickness at heart. He afterwards tried the same experiment upon other persons, which not only produced the very same effect, but was sometimes followed also by a deep and long swoon.

‘ He afterwards read in a book on animal magnetism the case of a woman, who for a long time had laboured under a violent pain in her left breast, the cause of which could not be discovered, till the woman, on being magnetized, in the state of disorganization herself said, that the pain was owing to a hurt received in her stomach. This case more than ever engaged Gall’s attention on animal magnetism, because some time before he had accidentally swallowed the kernel of a plum, which stuck in the mouth of his stomach, and likewise caused him a pain in his left breast.’

In the latter part of this little tract the foregoing maxims and observations are applied to use, and the precise spots are pointed out, the protuberancy or depression of which determine the character of the man. As words, however, might be insufficient to convey a clear idea of these distinctions, the work is accompanied by a plaster

skull, on which the situation of the different organs is marked by figures. So that if we doubt the honesty of a servant, we have only to fetch our skull from the closet in which it is deposited, and having examined the organ of larceny, No. 16, on the plaster skull, and compared it with the same spot on the servant's forehead, we may immediately discover the existence and intensity of his roguery. In like manner an examination of the organ of wit on the protuberance, No. 22, will enable us to determine with infinite accuracy, the value of any saying which passes for a *bon mot*, provided we can see the person who has uttered it. In the same way we may find out many other qualities of the heart and mind, which run the greatest risk of escaping vulgar observation. This then is certainly a most valuable discovery, and requires only to be a true one, to prove of the first utility. As its value however can only be ascertained by a reference to facts, we must wish our readers, who shall be stimulated to the study of skulls by this our report of the merits of Dr. Gall's system, that fortunate protuberance, No. 26, which indicates the requisite degree of perseverance and firmness for so great an undertaking. Perhaps it might not be amiss to wish them also a sufficiently large organ of courage, the possession of which quality cannot be dispensed with by those who examine too minutely the skulls of others, unless by such as can boast a preternaturally ample organ of patience. Whatever may be the event of the discussion, we can safely recommend the book and skull as a source of considerable amusement to those who delight in such investigations. They are sold by Ramdom and Co. No. 5, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, at the low price (together) of twelve shillings and sixpence.

ART. VIII.—*Napoleon and the French People under his Empire. By the Author of Bonaparte and the French People under his Consulate. From the German. 8vo. 9s. Tipper and Richards. 1806.*

THIS work professes to be a sort of comment on a book entitled 'Bonaparte and the French People under his Consulate,' published three years ago. It contains some few facts and characteristic traits relative to this destroyer of nations, which were not to be found in that publication. But it must be remembered that all productions of this kind, which are not compiled from authentic documents, but in which assertion is often substituted for proof, and personal or political animosity causes a perpetual tendency to exaggeration, are to be read

with certain grains of allowance for the omissions, misrepresentations and prejudices of the writers. When we say this, we are as far from meaning that Bonaparte is not that monster of iniquity which he has been depicted by his enemies, as we are from believing that he is that prodigy of greatness which he has been described in the lavish adulation of his friends. Truth, in this case as in others, seems to lie between the extremes of obloquy and praise. Bonaparte is a man, subject to the same feelings and passions as other men; but a wider field has been opened to their display than was ever enjoyed by any other man. Almost every gratification which ambition could covet, has been placed within his reach, and if the avidity of the passion, instead of being appeased, have only been increased by the power of enjoyment, the fact will by no means surprise those who have studied the operations of the human heart. It is not in the nature of any passions like those of avarice and ambition ever to rest satisfied with present possession, however vast it may be, for in such passions to suppose contentment to be produced by any quantum of enjoyment, is to suppose the passions themselves suddenly to become rational or quiescent, which experience proves never to be the case. There is hardly any ambitious man, who, placed in the same circumstances as Bonaparte and gifted with a similar ability, would not have run the same career of folly, of cruelty and injustice; who would not have sought continual accessions of fancied aggrandizement, by whatever means they might be obtained. To suppose that Bonaparte should be suddenly elevated from very humble circumstances to the highest pitch of power, or that the son of a blacksmith should be extolled above the greatest potentates of the earth without his mind becoming inebriate and his head turning giddy, would be to suppose him more than man. Ambition is not, like avarice, the passion of a narrow and sordid, but of a capacious and a towering mind; yet, in Bonaparte, highly sublimed as seems the spirit of his ambition, that ambition is associated with a littleness of mind, a peevishness of behaviour and a puny puerility of resentment which have not often been seen combined with the more lofty, great and generous characteristics of ambition. There are few instances in which the highest ambition has not been conjoined with the most dazzling magnanimity; yet, of Bonaparte, hardly one action is recorded which can fairly entitle him to the name of the **MAGNANIMOUS**. Though nothing may seem greater than the greatness of his exploits, yet what can exceed the littleness of his disposition? What action does history record of the **most contemptible and narrow minded tyrant, which is not**

surpassed by the pitiful effusions of *his* tyranny? Revenge is one of the surest marks of a little mind; but in this respect we believe that there never was a person, who could prefer a juster claim to pusillanimity than the present emperor of the French. His detention, on the commencement of the present war, of the English travellers in France, in direct violation of every principle of justice and humanity, his unprincipled and ruffian-like murder of the Duke d'Enghien, his secret assassination of Pichegru, and other indubitable exertions of his despotism, are a sufficient proof that notwithstanding the apparent grandeur of his military achievements the emperor of the French possesses a puny and dwarfish soul. He has none of the generous, confiding and winning magnanimity which characterized the first of the Cæsars; his are the petty jealousies, the never ceasing suspicions, the dark and lowering terrors of an eastern throne.

We are well aware that Buonaparte considers the liberty of the press as the greatest obstacle to tyranny; and that, consequently, in order to establish the one he has taken every precaution to suppress the other. Indeed, so fearful does the guilty conscience of the despot seem of this enviable liberty, that he has spared no pains to annihilate it in other countries as well as in his own. His antipathy to the political freedom of our public prints was, though not the ostensible, yet perhaps one of the real grounds of the present war. The author of the present work says that 'forty-eight hours of complete liberty of speech and printing would be enough to hurl him from his throne.' Indeed, no despotism whatever could be long maintained, where there was a free and unrestrained circulation of opinions. For the motions of matter are subject to the volitions of mind; and accordingly the force of opinion would ultimately obtain the ascendant over the force of arms. The only sure and permanent safeguard of political freedom, is the freedom of the press. In this security is included every other. While this is preserved, all is safe: but when this is destroyed, all is lost. Britons! learn rightly to appreciate this great preservative of liberty and antidote to despotism!

Despotism seldom befalls any people who are not previously fitted to receive it. Before the yoke of slavery is imposed, the neck is already bent for the reception. Buonaparte would never have been a tyrant if he had not found the French gratuitously disposed to be slaves. Before the revolution, the French mistook the sense of oppression for the love of liberty; and thus they have only exchanged one species of despotism for another. The long interval of revolutionary tumult previous to the usurpation of Buonaparte,

was only a succession of tyrannies; for, neither before nor since the revolution has there been any thing like a moral fitness in the great mass of the people for the precious gift of civil liberty. Buonaparte therefore became a tyrant only because he found the people ready for slavery. At the moment when he had vaulted into the seat of sovereign power, they crouched like spaniels at his feet, and lavished on him the incense of idolatrous adulation. Where there is a genuine love of liberty among any people, a sense of personal dignity is preserved, which will prevent every individual from forgetting that he is a man, or from supposing that any other individual, because he may be invested with the insignia of office or the sceptre of state, is more than man. The adulation of the great is one of the surest symptoms of a propensity to servitude. The French are so lost to all sense of personal worth, that, as this author remarks, they seem to think themselves exalted by being admitted into the presence of the Corsican. They swallow the salutations of his creaking voice like the nectar of the gods. 'He stands erect,' says the author, 'and bows to no one, and when he addresses any one, it is with entire *nonchalance* of tone and gesture, that stepping somewhat nearer, he utters some insignificant sentences, as we speak to children to prevent their being afraid.' Those who are admitted to the puppet-show of his imperial levee, seem so absorbed in admiration or so palsied with fear, that they forget the use of their eyes and ears: and go away without being conscious that the Jove, whom they have been worshipping, is 'a little yellow man with little green eyes.'

This sovereign pageant of imperial Gaul is surrounded on his days of ceremony by a numerous troop of variegated menials, bedaubed with gold and silver from the cape to the knee. How great is the delusion of human vanity, which can be gratified with such a spectacle!

With a portion of political penetration, Buonaparte certainly unites no common share of military talent. But his greatness is principally founded on the total disregard of all moral considerations in the attainment of his ends. No means are ever scrupled which suit his purpose, or which can, in any way, conduce to the gratification of his ambition. That is his ruling passion, to which good and evil, vice and virtue are made equally subservient. Buonaparte therefore can be regarded only as a ruffian of a more gigantic size, and ravaging on a greater scale. For as true greatness cannot exist apart from an inviolable regard for the sanctity of virtue, the greatness of Buonaparte must be considered as similar in kind though different in degree to that of Jonathan

Wild, or any other *great man*, who has figured at the Old Bailey, or been suspended by the *new drop*.

The temperament of the Corsican has no infusion of that melting sensibility, which might operate as a check on the ferocity of unbridled power. The blood of man is not estimated at more than the value of common water in his calculations of ambition. The same sanguinary spirit, with which he begun his career as a servile tool of the convention, when in October, 1795, he raked the long narrow streets of Paris with grape-shot while crowded with people, has accompanied him ever since; but only increased in activity as he has approached nearer the pinnacle of power. When, in a later period, he ordered his wounded soldiers to be poisoned at Jaffa, or the Turkish captives to be shot in the plains of Nazareth, when he fired on the garrison of Acre in the midst of a parley, when he sent his Mamelukes to strangle Pichegru or Captain Wright, when Villeneuve was assassinated by his direction, we behold a man not only dead to the common feelings of honour and the common sympathies of humanity, but, as ambition stimulates, defying the sense of remorse and mocking the retributive justice of the Deity.

The performance of the present author does not furnish a regular history of Buonaparte or his government, but is composed of scattered observations; in which we occasionally meet with some characteristic trait or some striking remark. On the return of Buonaparte from Acre to Alexandria after his signal discomfiture by Sir Sidney Smith, he is said to have been informed of every thing that was passing in France by an English captain, through the exertions of his brother Lucien and Talleyrand; and it is asserted, though we believe without any reason, that the English connived at his return. That return happened at a most critical and for him fortunate juncture, for the people affected both with disgust and with resentment, by the feeble, injudicious and oppressive government of the directory, almost made him a tender of the sovereignty. But yet, in the little and spiritless opposition which the boasted conqueror of Italy experienced on this occasion from the two councils, his resolution seemed to falter; and perhaps if it had not been for the energetic aid of his brother Lucien, the sceptre would never have come into his hands. Buonaparte was no sooner seated at the helm, than his first step towards an unconditional and unrestrained despotism was the organization of a guard for his *sacred* person; which was soon increased to ten thousand men, and so artfully disposed as completely to overawe

the capital, and prevent any future insurrection of the volatile and unprincipled Parisians. Those very people who had so heroically stormed the Bastille, and on so many occasions made so many sacrifices in the cause of liberty, tamely suffered the wily Corsican to take the most certain measures to perpetuate their servitude ; and even while he was thus employed in reducing them to an ignominious subjection, they lavished on him a greater degree of idolatrous adulation than they had ever shown to any of their kings. When such was the state of France, must not the Corsican have contemptuously exclaimed of the French people as Tiberius did of the Roman senate, that they were *ripe for servitude*? They were totally unworthy of any government that was not arbitrary in its principles and oppressive in its practice. The coercive system of the Corsican was exactly suited to their necessities and their desert.

Whatever may be the military talent of Bonaparte, which we neither presume to contradict nor to appreciate, it seems certain that there never was a conqueror, at least among a people who could make any pretensions to civilization, who was so unsparing in his ravage, who shewed so little regard for the blood which he shed, or the desolation which he caused. Though he has more faces than Janus, and can assume, in order to deceive, the tone of the philosopher or the sanctity of the religionist, yet, in his heart, he seems to make a mock of misery, and to know nothing of humanity but the name. Little incidents often characterize the man more than great ones. What then shall we think of the *feeling*, the *philanthropic* Napoleon, who permits his soldiers in mere wantonness to set fire to the charitable *hospitium* of the poor Capucin monks on Mount St. Gothard, which has saved the life of many a traveller who must otherwise have perished on the dreary heights? What epithet shall we affix to the boasted hero, who authorizes his commissaries to sell at exorbitant prices the subsistence of which they have plundered the country, and leaves those who are too poor to purchase, to feed on wild roots and berries, or to starve?

When Buonaparte in 1797 was placed in a dangerous and critical situation in the Tyrol, in which it was not safe for him either to retreat or to advance, he, all at once, affects the language of a sensitive moralist, who has a heart open as day to melting charity. He writes to the Archduke—‘ Have we not sacrificed men enough? Have we not brought misery enough upon suffering humanity?’ &c. &c. And he pretends that, if, by his proposals, he can save the life only of **one** man, he will prefer it to ‘ all the dismal glory’ which

the field of battle confers.' This is truly the sanguinary wolf putting on the fleece of an harmless lamb. The Archduke Charles, who knew his own strength and the desperate situation of the enemy, rejected the hypocritical proposal; but his resolution was overruled by the timidity or the perfidy of the Austrian cabinet; and the short-lived peace of Campo Formio ensued. At this very moment, when all Europe resounded with the praises of the hero, who was not so well known then as he has been since, he is said to have exhibited no small anxiety to prove his descent from the ancient Italian family of Bonaparte; and it is certain that from the period of his Egyptian expedition, he omitted the *u* in the spelling of his name; and, instead of Buonaparte, subscribed himself Bonaparte. Such are the trifles which often occupy even the attention of those on whose will depends the destiny of nations; and who are, we should think, too exalted to attend to such contemptible minutiae! But who is there so great as not sometimes to sacrifice at the shrine of vanity?

At the treaty of Campo Formio, Venice, in which the conqueror had pretended to establish a democratic constitution, was basely given up to Austria; but before the period of its surrender, a military administration was formed in order the more promptly to assist the French in their usual schemes of pillage and confiscation. The capital was stripped of almost every thing valuable; what could not be taken away was sold; and what could not be sold was burnt or destroyed.

Much has been said of the facility of Sieyes in making constitutions; but in this he is greatly surpassed by Buonaparte; but both seem equally careless or equally ignorant of that system of government which is best suited to the habits and genius of the people for whom it is designed, and consequently best fitted to promote their happiness. That system of government is always the best in the eyes of Buonaparte, which is best calculated to favour the execution of his arbitrary mandates. But he often gives great complexity to the machine in order to hide the despotic action of the master-spring. Nothing is so difficult as legislation; because it requires not a knowledge of theoretical generalities, but of numerous practical particulars; not only of human nature in the abstract, but of human nature modified by the intricate relations of property, and the influence of civilization, which belongs only to a few. But Buonaparte, who has been bred a soldier and who really understands little more than the evolutions of an army, is too self-concerned to be conscious of his defects in any other respect; and with

marvellous ease he can, in the hurry of business or the tumult of arms, dictate laws which a Plato or a Solon would not have ventured to promulgate without long and patient meditation.

This writer ascribes the loss of the battle of Marengo, on the part of the Austrians, to General Zach, who commanded a body of eight thousand cavalry, which he could not be induced to advance at the command of the general in chief Melas, and which, if he had advanced, must have completed the rout of the French. But, when battles have been lost, nothing is more easy than to show how they might have been won. Cold, and calm reflection, after an engagement, may readily ascribe to design what was the mere effect of accident; or to perfidy, what was the consequence of mistake. But what strikes us as most remarkable, is that General Melas, after this battle in which his force was at least equal to that of Buonaparte, should instantly surrender to him all the strong places in Italy, without striking another blow. We must here acknowledge either the most glaring treachery, or the most culpable imbecility.

In the appendix to this work, we find a letter from the German philosopher Leibnitz, to Louis XIV. in which, as it is said, for the purpose of diverting that monarch from his projected attack on the Dutch provinces, he urges him to undertake the conquest of Egypt, and points out to him the facility and advantages of the conquest. The philosopher declares that, if the French once get possession of Egypt, 'all Europe united, would in vain strive to wrest from them the sceptre of the world.' This letter is said to have suggested the last expedition of the French to this ancient country; but we know that the conquest and colonization of Egypt has long been the object of their ambition. If it should ever fall into their hands, the security of our East Indian possessions will certainly be endangered, as Egypt furnishes the nearest route to the east, and would enable the French to send troops into that part of the world, with less expence and more facility and dispatch than any other European power. But even Egypt will not be of essential service to them or detriment to us, without the sovereignty of the seas; which they are not likely soon to obtain, and which does not depend on the possession of Egypt, but on a wide extended commerce, favoured by the auspicious spirit of civil liberty, which France never can enjoy under the despotic and oppressive administration of Buonaparte.

ART IX.—*The Miseries of Human Life; or the Groans of Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy. With a few supplementary Sighs from Mrs. Testy.* 12mo. 8s. Miller. 1806.

ART. X.—*More Miseries; addressed to the Morbid, the Melancholy, and the Irritable. By Sir Fretful Murmur, Knt.* 12mo. 5s. Symonds. 1806.

IT is on record that the famous Rabelais, having published some physical tract, which did not sell, upon the disappointed bookseller's complaint to him, told him, that since the world did not know the value of a good book, they would undoubtedly like a bad one. The excellent, and highly probable and natural characters of Grangousier, Gargantua, Friar John, Pantagruel and Panurge soon made amends for his physical tract. The world has dealt with equal severity by Mr. Beresford's good books. Their want of taste has condemned the Song of the Sun, to utter oblivion;— and his pious Æneas can hardly find an admirer in the methodists of this country, of which worthy sect that hero was, as all the world knows, the founder.

To fall in with the taste of the age, our author has presented the world with an easy, social, good for nothing, harmless, diverting sort of book, which must do all our hearts good at least, even if our heads receive no material benefit. It is calculated to affect the præcordia and muscles of the mouth and face, an effect which Dr. Willis ascribeth to kissing, without the further disarrangement of the system ascribed by that doctor to the latter amusement.

Dr. Johnson had said of Gulliver's sojourn among the Lilliputians, that it was nothing. Once get the idea of little men and little women, and the business is done. But until the time of that illustrious voyager, the business did certainly remain undone. There should appear nothing so obvious as the recapitulation of our little petty evils, which form the conversation of all those whose attentions are not absorbed in diverting from themselves the more dreadful and overwhelming torrents of misfortune. But, probably from its very obviousness, it has remained undone to these times.

It certainly was a maiden subject, tempting in many respects; she seemed to give herself no airs and offered so few obstacles, that no suitor, however moderate his pretensions need have despaired of embracing her with a moderate attention and the penance of a little patience. We congratulate our author in the success which has followed his addresses; we wish him joy in the possession of the virgin, although we by no means believe that he was decidedly the object of her preference; nay, we are convinced that she cast an eye of favour nearly

a century ago on a young gentleman in orders of the name of Jonathan Swift; that he was at that time forming a connexion with another lady of facetious memory, was besides afflicted with a vertigo, and hence unconscious of the charms of the young creature who loved him, and of her preference in his favour. Since that time she settled calmly down into the old maid, and was of course glad enough to give her hand, heart and fortune to Mr. Beresford, or indeed to any one who asked them. Let us see what sort of a husband Mr. Beresford has made, how he has treated the antiquated lady herself, and in what manner he disposes of her immense dowry.

‘Wretches,’ says our author, ‘whose stories wash the stage of tragedy with tears and blood—approach a more disastrous scene! Take courage to behold a pageant of calamities, which calls you to renounce your sad monopoly.’

It appears that Messrs. Timothy Testy, and Samuel Sensitive have established a *firm* of misery, but by no means on that selfish plan which would preclude other miserables from a share in their sufferings; on the contrary, they publish a catalogue of dreadful articles, from a broken head to a broken wafer, (supposing this last distress far from the most poignant that might befall humanity) with an intention of encouraging other dealers in distress, and reminding them of many woes, aches, throbs, bobs, twitches, &c. which they might inadvertently pass over unnoticed.

Here however we must utter an interdict against the language of Messrs. Testy and Sensitive, which is throughout miserably depraved and unmeaning. The Babylonish dialect of the Address to the Miserable, which serves as an introduction to the work, might be cited as a comprehensive instance of all that is bad in style; and the dialogues throughout are written in a spirit of puppyish smartness, as unlike true wit, as a dancing master is unlike a gentleman.

The delineation of man’s helpless state (p. 13.) must however be exempted from the general censure. It is a well-drawn picture though couched in language the most crude and undigested, of the hopelessness of this our existence on earth to attain any thing like happiness. But upon this introductory matter, we must not dwell; after observing therefore that Ned Testy is sometimes too busy with his quotations, and that the train laid for them is frequently too long and broad to escape observation some time before the explosion takes place, we shall proceed to the Miseries themselves, which certainly are sometimes of a nature to justify complaint even from a hero; and we do not think the conquerors of Trafalgar would bear the following without evident marks of uneasiness.

‘Walking all day, in very hot weather, in a pair of shoes far too tight both in length and breadth:—corns on every toe.’

‘When you have trusted your foot on a frozen rut,—the ice proving treacherous, and bedding you in slush, to the hip.’

‘In your evening walk—being closely followed, for a quarter of an hour, by a large bull-dog (without his master), who keeps up a stifled growl, with his muzzle nuzzling about your calf, as if choosing out the fleshiest bite:—no bludgeon.’

Neither should we accuse any gentleman of being over nervous, if he expressed his dissatisfaction at the first groan of the third dialogue.

‘In skaiting slipping, in such a manner that your legs start off in this unaccommodating posture (describing an angle of about 145 degrees) from which you are relieved, by tumbling forwards on your nose or backwards on your scull,’ &c.

But to the more pleasant part of our office. Who does not sympathize with the author in the following varieties of misery !

‘Pushing *in* with an immense crowd at a narrow door, through which such another crowd is pushing *out* :—thermometer at 95, or 6.

‘Briskly stooping to pick up a lady’s fan, at the same moment when two other gentlemen are doing the same, and so *making a canon* with your head against both of theirs—and this without being the happy man, after all’.

‘On entering the room, to join an evening party composed of remarkably grave, strict, and precise persons, suddenly finding out that you are drunk; and (what is still worse) that the company has *shared* with you in the discovery—though you thought you were, and fully intended to be, rigidly sober.’

‘After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession—thinking, at your leisure, of a repartee which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms.’

The quotations of Mr. Beresford are frequently taken from Virgil. It were to be wished that he had not been quite so squeamish in the choice of translations from that poet. His delicacy on this point not only induces him to reject Dryden’s version, but even to substitute his own in its place. His translation is in metrical prose, and in the scale of poetical excellence is exactly equal to the list of groans which are cited above.

There is however a vein of humour pervading the whole of his Virgilian travesty, which appears but partially in his groans. The parting of Orpheus and Eurydice, the Cacus, and more particularly a passage in p. 135, with many others, are done into English with great pleasantry. But we must take leave of Mr. Beresford, who on the whole has entertained us very hospitably, to attend Sir Fretful Murmur at Fen Lodge. After having banqueted to satiety at the table of the former gentleman, we are not quite prepared for a repetition of the same fare in the same profusion, and therefore take it very kindly of Sir Fretful, and esteem it an act of great consideration for our health on his part, that he has only prepared for us a *petit souper* of viands so light and frothy, that our night's rest will not be disturbed by indigestion.

This gentleman prefaces his entertainment with a kind of grace before meat, which is here called a memoir. In language and style it is far superior to the preluding dialogues between Messrs. Testy and Sensitive.

The following we think are highly unpleasant circumstances :

‘ Being requested by a foreigner who understands very little of the English language, to hear him read Milton.’

‘ Shooting London Bridge with weak nerves, several ladies of the party.’

‘ Having so flaccid a cheek that the parish barber who shaves you is obliged to introduce his thumb into your mouth to give it a proper projection ; cutting his thumb in this position, with the razor.’

The following disappointments and accidents must be shocking to any one of fine feelings :

‘ Sending a challenge, requesting a timid friend to attend you to the field, who you think will not fail to acquaint the magistrate of it ; going with horror to the appointed spot, anxiously looking back every step to see if the Bow Street officers are coming, without success.’

‘ A false calf shifting in a dance.’

‘ Meeting a young lady the first time after an intended match is broken off (love tolerably, but not excessively deep) looking like two shy cats, each obliquely watching the other to see what degree of dejection the separation has produced.’

‘ Sending a challenge to a man because you thought him a coward, who accepts it.’

In point of language Sir Fretful, as has been before observed, is vastly superior to his rival, whose wit is strangely clouded by scholastic pedantry. But Messieurs Testy and Sensitive have undoubted claims to superior honour from primo-geniture.

This species of writing appears at first sight new; and the manner in which the subjects have been handled would make it entirely so. The great object of these authors is to bring into notice, and raise into consequence all those petty vexations which come whiffing across the canvass of life. This has been done by one of the ablest humourists in our language. For of what, but the most petty crosses and disasters, is the life of Tristram Shandy composed? A rusty hinge, a window without a pulley, a button hole, the whim of a christian name, an any thing, are there raised from their original obscurity to objects of the first magnitude. The author every where keeps his countenance himself, and from this grave demeanor, becomes irresistibly humorous to his readers. The accident which caused my uncle Toby's demigration for Shandy Hall may come under the head of a groan; and from the aggravation of petty circumstances gravely told, it produces an effect infinitely beyond the smart and facetious sallies of the two authors here reviewed.

'The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c. about him, being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinitely of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it, he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses, and in stooping to take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers; and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling, he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table and Count de Pagan o' top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing all these evils by himself; he rung the bell for his man Trim, &c.'

Here the hand of a perfect master is apparent; the picture is so natural, the art so nicely concealed, that numbers would fancy themselves enabled to paint as well. It is only from a trial, that the difficulty can be discovered.

ART. XI.—*A Tour through some of the Islands of Orkney and Shetland, &c. By Patrick Neill, A.M. Secretary to the Natural History Society of Edinburgh. 8vo. ss. Murray. 1806.*

IMMEDIATELY on seeing this tour advertised, we ordered it of our bookseller, and determined to give our rea-

ders a full analysis of its contents, as it relates to a part of the kingdom very little known, and on many accounts highly interesting to the politician, the philosopher and the naturalist. We got the performance, and paid for it five shillings sterling. It has however turned out the worst bargain we ever made; for on offering to return it to the same bookseller for half a crown, he listened to us with a knowing smile, and bowing to us in a very complaisant manner, hoped that we would not insist upon it. As we were unwilling to have such a scurvy performance constantly in the same room with our other books, we gave it back gratis, and it was since accidentally seen by a friend, in a snuff-shop near Spring-Gardens. We have therefore every reason to believe that ere long the whole impression will be sold off, and converted to some other purpose than that of reading, for which it appears scarcely to have been intended. If it was indeed published as a speculation in snuff-paper, the idea of printing words upon it is tolerably ingenious, though a Tour to the Orkneys is less suitable than would have been a Gleaning in Scotland, or a Stranger in Ireland, or a Literary Hour: we therefore advise Mr. Neill in his next traffic to solicit the aid of Dr. Drake, Mr. Pratt, or Sir John Carr, Knight. If Mr. Neill really be, as he asserts, Secretary to the *Natural History Society* of Edinburgh, his election to such an office speaks highly in favour of their want of common sense, for his acquaintance with that branch of science seems slight and distant. A Scotch degree of A. M. has long been considered so very opprobrious an epithet, that we do not wonder at a person of Mr. Neill's stupidity glorying in it. We formerly alluded to an LL.D., one Dr. Chapman, who failed to an amusing degree in a convulsive effort at a Latin poem, and now we meet with an A.M. who is repulsed in a feeble attack upon the king's English. In verity, Mr. Neill is a very ignorant and imbecile person. We cannot at this moment charge our memory with a full grown gentleman so entirely deficient in natural and acquired parts. The bare idea of his visiting the Orkneys with a view to describe them to the public, 'is big with jest.' If a man had been landed on one of those islands with a handkerchief over his eyes,—tied neck and heels, and left lying on the shore for a few hours, then put into the hold of a trading vessel, and kept there till he arrived under the cloud of night in Leith harbour, and afterwards been obliged to publish an account of what he saw and did during his trip to the Orkneys, it is probable that his book would have contained little more than double of Mr. Neill's Tour.—This unfortunate secretary has cautiously avoided every thing in the shape of an idea, and exhibited an excess of intellectual timidity,

which can be described by no other words than an amiable weakness: so terrified is he at the very shadow of a remark, that he frequently quotes Dr. Barry's words without their meaning, and if at any time he runs unexpectedly against the reality of one, he is so much flurried that he never stops to look behind him, till he has run over a great many pages uninfested by such formidable beings. He then sits down beneath the shade of some immense paragraph and makes reflections.

Yet there are some parts of this performance not quite so destitute of amusement as others. It contains a particular account of a battle between Mr. Neil and a northern hero styling himself Thule, which shows the mode in which literary warfare is carried on in Scotland. Two such clumsy sparrers and ineffectual hitters never stripped for the amusement of the learned ring. For several rounds the battle remained doubtful, not one fair knock-down blow having been given, till at last our Tourist 'shew'd the white feather,' called out 'foul,' and declined any further contest. The said Thule is indeed the sorriest attempt at a literary bully, his antagonist excepted, that ever went into training; he possesses neither muscle, skill, wind nor bottom, although like all other cowards he swaggers about in a manner sufficiently alarming to people of weak nerves who do not know him well. We therefore advise these two irate champions to shake hands and settle all quarrels, lest, if they ever again break the peace, some spectator among the croud turn to and flog them both in good earnest.

ART. XII.—*False Alarms, or my Cousin; a Comic Opera, in three Acts, performed at Drury lane Theatre. By James Kenney. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Longman. 1807.*

THE author, conscious of the demerits of this piece, converts the preface into an apology for its defects. He does not 'affect to despise a laudable and honest fame,' and wishes the scenes of this opera 'better fitted to the test of classical taste.' That the world may be aware on what very slender pretensions a dramatic author looks for 'a laudable and honest fame,' the ideas of this dramatist on that subject shall be laid before them.

'A production of this nature, however, in which, (now-a-days particularly) the dramatist must sacrifice so largely to his associate artists, cannot be expected to challenge the critic's austerity. As I am, therefore, wholly unprepared to dispute his charges on the present occasion, I can only promise him my endeavours to please him better in future.'

‘In the mean time, I am content that crowded audiences have received my Opera with their accustomed indulgence, and that it is likely to share, with other modern productions, its little day of favour and attention.’

What is it in lieu of the critic's austerity which this author would wish to challenge? Would he willingly challenge his contempt? And in what respect are his associate artists humoured by having nonsense put into their mouths. If the natural pleasantry of manner peculiar to Johnstone and Bannister, can give effect to such nullity of characters as Tom Surfeit and Lieutenant M'Lary, their humour would become irresistible on occasions more favourable to exertion.

The author from a persuasion of his own imbecility, has introduced every theatrical trap by which crowded houses are usually ensured. Thus Miss Umbrage wears the university cap: this joke has been practised before. Surfeit, in stepping up to embrace Emily, finds her unexpectedly and nonsensically in the arms of Edgar, who comes in, by a violation of all the decencies of probability, merely to aid and abet an old and stale joke. But the centre of all attraction is in Miss Duncan, who is obliged to forego her sex, and dress and talk and act as a young hussar. This nostrum of filling a house by the personal charms of a female attired as a male has been prescribed with effect for some years; and when things went amiss at Drury-lane, Miss De Camp put on breeches, and all was right again. Bad scenes, bad music executed by an ill-conducted band, shabbiness of costume, arrant nonsense in dialogue were all atoned for by the magic of a female Ferdinand or Theodore.

It was piteous to see an actress so exquisite as Miss Pope struggling under the stupid weight of Miss Umbrage's character. The part of Edgar, which means nothing, was properly assigned to Braham, who expresses that meaning to a miracle. This personage has by dint of tagging together parts of old tunes which he had heard in the streets of London and in those of divers towns on the continent, aspired to the name of a musical composer. The music of the Cabinet, which depends almost entirely on these foreign props mixed with the genuine vulgarisms of our native slang is in some parts at least sufferable. Italians say of Mr. Braham, that whatsoever he touches he absolutely murders. And as music is not the province of our countrymen, we must submit to the decision of the Italian and German schools, by both of which this compiler is considered as an incurable.

But in *False Alarms* he has most wisely given up the point of composing; the music has the air of a drover's extempore whistle, and depends wholly on the exertions

of Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Bland and Storace, for sufferance. Some parts are formed exclusively for himself; and here the composer was at less pains than for others; for a tune to a bad voice is a burthen almost insupportable. Mr. Braham therefore has recourse to the bravura style and the execution of difficult passages. These are followed by a swell, which is probably the most inharmonious sound that can be produced by human nose. We use the term *nose*, in opposition to the *voce di petto*, the voice which comes from the *breast*.

The writer acknowledges himself under obligations to the composer and performers. To the latter he is greatly indebted. And the former has so far entered into his feelings, that a noble emulation for the palm of worthlessness is discoverable, more particularly in one song, between writer, composer and singer. The sickliness or rather the squeamishness of thought, the Monmouth-street finery of diction, of the millinery of sentiment, aided by the trembling nasality and *elegant attitude* of the singer and composer, rendered the following *morçeau* absolutely bewitching to the female citizens, who compose so large a portion of our London audiences.

AIR.—EDGAR.

(*Accompanying himself on the piano forte.*)

‘ Said a Smile to a Tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam’d like the sun in spring weather,
In sooth, lovely Tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together.

‘ I came from the heart
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief :
And I, said the Smile,
That heart to beguile,
Since you give the poor mourner relief.

‘ Oh ! then, said the Tear,
Sweet Smile, it is clear,
We are Twins, and soft Pity our mother :
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the woe and the bliss of another !’

Edgar’s dear then is thinking of two persons. The one has met with a misfortune—to put a case—has been run over by a hackney coach, the other has been fortunate, probably

has got the 30,000*l.* in the lottery. The tear is for the former, the smile for the latter.

It is most extraordinary that at a time when the compositions of Giardini, Jornelli, Mozart, Winter and others, are to be had without difficulty, such poor apologies for melodies and harmonies as those offered by this man and other English composers of the day, should be received, in which all the simplicity of the Italian is abandoned for complex, unfeeling and difficult passages.

Music and poetry so far resemble each other that they are unattainable by mere labour. Not merely the skill in composing, but taste in forming a judgment of what has been composed, must depend much on natural good sense. Among the illiterate in both, gaudiness will for ever pass for elegance (as in the words and notes of the song above cited,) and conceit be mistaken for sentiment.

ART. XIII.—*Eight Letters on the Subject of the Earl of Selkirk's Pamphlet, on Highland Emigration, as they lately appeared under the Signature of AMICUS, in one of the Edinburgh Newspapers. Second Edition, with supplementary Remarks. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Longman. 1806.*

WE have already, in two former articles of our journal, (See Crit. Rev. for August 1805, and August 1806,) entered at some length on the important question, which forms the subject of the present publication. To those statements therefore we refer our readers for a general view of the circumstances of the controversy, and for a concise recital of such opinions as our own enquiries have enabled us to form. We have more than once lamented that a question of so considerable a magnitude, and so deeply interesting to a large portion of the northern inhabitants of our island, as that which respects the *policy* of foreign emigration under the present critical circumstances of many parts of Highland territory, should hitherto have failed to meet with a substantial and satisfactory decision. It is almost needless to observe that the Earl of Selkirk is the only writer who has entered on the investigation with the proper spirit of calm and dispassionate enquiry, with a copious collection of apposite and well authenticated facts, and with a careful attention to arrangement, besides which he has superadded the exercise of clear and philosophical reasoning. Greatly as we all along have been disposed to differ on some material points, from the sentiments of that respectable writer, we are rea-

dy to acknowledge that this disposition has rather been lessened than increased, by the feeble and inconsistent efforts which his adversaries have made to oppose him. The motives of their opposition have been manifest from the first to the last pages of their performances. Vague declamations seasoned with personal impertinences; private hostility decked out with the sentiments of flaming patriotism, arguments substituted for fact, and assertion for proof, have stamped upon the mass of their productions, a character ill-suited to promote their success. However they may have deceived themselves as to the justice or the policy of adopting this method of controversy, under the mistaken notion of asserting the honour or the interests of their country, we may venture to assure them, that whilst on the one hand they will inevitably fail of bringing the public to question the upright motives of the Earl of Selkirk, they, on the other hand, are as certainly preparing for themselves the unqualified disapprobation of all candid and reasonable enquirers.

The work at present under our notice consists of a series of letters originally inserted in one of the Edinburgh newspapers, and now collected together, and attended by supplementary observations. We should not do justice to the author, were we to express without considerable qualification, the unfavourable opinion which on the whole we entertain of his performance. But the limited design of our journal does not permit us to meet now, for the third time, a discussion of so copious and almost interminable a character as that which it comprehends. Had the letters been suffered to remain in the temporary situation, for which the author at first wisely designed them, we might have been induced to approve the zeal rather than to blame the futility which they display. We might even have admired the fluency and praised the energy, which characterize many of the letters far above the common style of newspaper eloquence; we might even have accorded our thanks to the writer, for having aided the laudable design of agitating an important question of national policy, for keeping alive the slumbering regards of his countrymen to an affair very closely connected with their interests, and for furnishing all the aid in his power to overturn a system of opinions, which he conscientiously believed to be false and baneful.

When however these letters come before the public in the grave and authentic form of a volume of controversial disquisitions, and are presented as a deliberate refutation of a work which has already had the stamp of very general approbation, we are compelled to pronounce that we deem

it not only an unsatisfactory but an unworthy reply to a most candid and philosophical treatise, that we conceive the author has injured rather than aided the cause which he has espoused, and that he has laid himself open to much censure by the indecent freedom of his personal reflections.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 14.—*A Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, June 29, 1806, being Commencement Sunday. By Edward Maltby, D. D. 4to. Cadell and Davies. 1806.*

FROM the words of Jesus, ‘I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work,’ the preacher takes occasion to inculcate the necessity of exertion suited to our several situations and employments in life, and he more particularly recommends an unremitting assiduity in mental and moral culture to the youth of the university. Dr. Maltby well remarks that ‘the delights of indolence are to be found only in the fictions of poets, and in the paradoxes of sophists.’ Labour is certainly one of the surest sources of pleasure; and the highest gratification of which humanity is susceptible, is the fruit of corporeal or intellectual toil. We entirely subscribe to that sentiment which the author has quoted from Dr. Jortin, that it is doubtful ‘whether the toil, which God enjoined to Adam after his fall, and to his posterity, was a punishment or a favour.’ The whole of the sermon is rational and impressive; and it is needless to add that the language is correct.

ART. 15.—*The Christian Mirror: exhibiting some of the Excellencies and Defects of the Religious World. Containing various Essays in Prose and Verse. 12mo. 5s. pp. 285. Williams and Smith, &c. 1805.*

THE title-page will inform the reader that this is a collection of essays on religious subjects, and the first number that it is a *periodical* publication. After this designation of the character of the work before us, we expected, with that simplicity of mind which even long habits of reviewing have not wholly subdued, that each of the essays would bear a different date as having appeared at different times. Our expectations, it seems, were erroneous, for these essays, we discovered, were on the contrary all published together in one mass. Upon what pretensions then the epithet of periodical is assumed, and for what reasons the editor should discuss the privi-

leges of a periodical writer, must be left to himself to determine. As well, in our opinion, may the *Tale of a Tub*, or the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* claim the title of *periodical* publications.

The editor tells us that his situation of life is not elevated; and the persons whom he has associated in his labours appear to us to be of a similar rank and station. Their views of men and manners discover none of that refinement of mind which a scholar generally possesses, none of that knowledge and experience which a man who has lived in the world seldom fails to display. The religion exhibited here is distinguished in a great measure by a hatred of cards and plays, and every thing of good is traced to the conventicle as the source of reformation; of piety and virtue.

ART. 16.—*On the Doctrines of final Perseverance, and Assurance of Salvation. A Sermon preached at Leicester, June 6th, 1806, at the Visitation of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, by the Honourable and Rev. H. Ryder, A.M. Rector of Lutterworth. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Payne. 1806.*

WE have perused this discourse with considerable satisfaction. The Calvinistic doctrine on the subject of infallible perseverance, is concisely but ably refuted.

ART. 17.—*A Sermon preached at the Parish Church of Aylesham, Norfolk, on the 5th of December, 1805, being the Day appointed for a general Thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the signal Victory obtained by his Majesty's Ships under the Command of the late Lord Viscount Nelson, over the combined Fleets of France and Spain; by the Rev. John Bedinfield Collyer. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Norwich. 1806.*

THERE is such a similarity in all the sermons on this occasion, as to supersede the necessity of our wearying the reader with an enumeration of all its merits or defects; *similia omnia; omnes congruunt; unum cognoris, omnes noris*. The chief merits of the present discourse however consist in the charitable intention of the author, who like many others has devoted the profits arising from the sale to the Patriotic Fund; its principal defects are long and laboured sentences.

ART. 18.—*The Unitarian Doctrine that 'Jesus Christ is a mere Man, in all Respects like unto other Men, and no more,' completely refuted, &c. &c. By the Reverend J. Proud. Peacock. 8vo. 1806.*

AS this author says that he has *completely refuted* the arguments of his opponents, he may judge it highly presumptuous in us to doubt the truth of so modest an assertion. But the Rev. J. Proud has not only *completely refuted* the commonly received unitarian doctrine, but he has *completely established* an unitarian hypothesis of a different description; which is no other than this;—that JESUS CHRIST IS THE ONLY GOD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Mr. Proud, who is a great reconciler of contradictions, determines to render his unitarian principles palatable to the lovers of the Trinity. For while he says that Jesus Christ is 'THE ONLY GOD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH,' he adds that 'in him centres the divine trinity, not of persons but of person,' that 'he is the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, the only object of adoration, &c.' And in order to remove all objections to this doctrine, he gives us this luminous piece of metaphysical instruction; that man is composed of three essentials, *soul, body, and operations*, which constitute a *trinity of person* in man; and then, says he, 'it must be acknowledged that these *three essentials, soul, body, and operation*, did and do exist in the Lord.' Mr. Proud however does not go so far as to declare, that those who do not assent to this very logical solution of this *trinity of person*, shall be positively and eternally d—m—d; but still he seems to think that they are in a very bad way !!!

POLITICS.

ART. 19.—*Memoirs concerning the commercial Relations of the United States with England. By Citizen Talleyrand. Read at the National Institute, the 15th Germinal, in the Year 5. To which is added an Essay upon the Advantages to be derived from new Colonies in the existing Circumstances. By the same Author. Read at the Institute, the 15th Messidor, in the Year 6. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Longman. 1806.*

THERE is nothing new or important in this memoir, except the observations on the effects of similarity of language, and these are too late to be of use to England in its European connections, for its government, with its general want of policy, has neglected to improve the occasions of its commerce, and of the intermarriages of the numerous branches of the Royal Family, for the extension of its language, and French is become the general medium of diplomatic and commercial transactions. The consequences are too obvious to be insisted upon, for the French are now writing many of them in characters of blood.

ART. 20.—*A Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Moira, on the Accusations brought against his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Paull: with Notes Critical and Admonitory; in which the Character and Principles of Mr. Paull and Sir Francis Burdett are examined, and their Origin and Tendency briefly elucidated. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Jordan and Maxwell. 1807.*

WE have no doubt the Earl of Moira is a nobleman ambitious of popularity; and many of his public actions, when out of power, were of a popular nature. But we cannot give his Lordship credit for judgment in the choice of his protégés, particularly among the literati.

It was a part of the odious policy of a late administration to involve the Prince of Wales in the reflections they cast on opposition; and its wretched scribblers were accustomed with impunity to introduce his royal highness's name in a manner essentially injurious to the true principles of the monarchy.

Those who are called (by a licence of their own) the Prince's friends, saw these proceedings, if not with indifference, without that resentment or indignation which they would have displayed, where their own interests were endangered.

Since their accession to power, the same indignities have been continued with the same inexcusable inattention; and the defence of his royal highness has been left to the most wretched pamphleteers in the nation.

It is but justice to the writer of the present pamphlet to say that he is much superior to any of Lord Moira's correspondents on subjects relating to the prince.

But he is somewhat too desultory, and his various observations would apply to any subject, as perfectly as to that he professes to discuss.

The following passage will enable the reader to judge for himself:

‘It is also practicable perhaps to adopt some more effectual measures of counteracting the deceptions practised by the enemy, and of destroying that all-commanding influence which the popularity of their language* has given them among the polished people of the continent. It is true, several English papers were printed and circulated in the north, but in the south of Europe, the excessive ignorance of every thing relative to England is only surpassed by the posterously† false representations of the French.

* ‘The following very just and original observations on the French language merit the most serious attention of every Englishman.—‘*Quelque pauvre que soit à certains égards la langue Française, ce sont les mots qui semblent donner souvent aux Français plus d’esprit qu’ils n’en auroient naturellement, au moins plus de finesse, de précision, de clarté. C’est une éducation naturelle pour l’intelligence d’un peuple, que la logique, la syntaxe, le génie propre à cette langue. Un homme qui parle Français, et le parle passablement, ne l’a même que par routine, passera plutôt pour un homme d’esprit dans cette langue que dans aucune autre. Il semble que ce soit sous les formes les plus usitées de ce langage, que la sottise et l’ignorance, le vice et la fausseté, trouvent mille moyens de se cacher avec une facilité toute particulière; et c’est, peut-être, hélas! une des grandes raisons de la préférence accordée si généralement à la langue Française, non-seulement dans la conversation familière des gens du monde, mais encore dans les négociations les plus importantes de la politique Européenne. Je comparerois volontiers la langue Française à ces miroirs qui ne réfléchissent pas les objets avec le plus d’exactitude et de vérité, mais d’une manière singulièrement nette et précise, en leur prêtant même à tous un jour plus ou moins favorable, une surface plus ou moins polie. Ce qui paroît simple et clair passe aisément pour vrai. On prend volontiers l’elegance pour de la finesse, les formules générales et sententieuses pour de la profondeur, des expressions adroitement exagérées pour de la force, un certain ton de confiance et de franchise pour l’accent naturel de la bonhomie et de la loyauté.*”

‘MEISTER, Etudes sur l’Homme.’

* ‘Tous les discours sont superflus;
c’est à qui, par intemperance,

‘ Should the enemy succeed as effectually in shutting out our manufactures as he has our political intelligence, it cannot be doubted that in the course of years, it would operate very considerably to our prejudice.—With all the details of our brilliant victories at least, they should be minutely informed : a circumstance which would enliven and support their respect and admiration of the English name ; and while that respect remains, no efforts of Buonaparte will ever succeed in completely precluding the entry and use of our manufactures. It is only by destroying, or preventing the progress of knowledge, that he can ever hope finally to prevail in such a project, and which we fortunately possess ample means to counteract.

‘ A more general diffusion of the English literature and language on the continent, is unquestionably the most sure and effectual means of preserving our influence on the public mind ; and it is with infinite pleasure I remark that it daily becomes more and more general, and that it only wants the attention and patronage of those invested with authority* to render it in a year or two more popular than ever the French has been. To your Lordship, whose taste and knowledge of human nature are so exquisite, this truth will be equally agreeable and interesting.

‘ Indeed, when I reflect, my Lord, on the present universality of our language, on its diffusion over all the North, and now over part of South America, in Africa, the West Indies, and the vast and populous country of Hindostan, I cannot but smile at Buonaparte’s question to Chaptal—*ne peut-on l’anéantir ?* That the *language of sincerity*, like a government actuated by just principles, will finally prevail over the *language of knaves* and the dominion of tyrants, cannot, I think, be doubted by those acquainted with the history of their species. The triumphs of injustice, however splendid, can never be but transitory : virtue is only permanent.—Empires may be erected and dynasties established, but their durability cannot be determined by any human art ; and Buonaparte’s empire, like Alexander’s, will crumble to pieces under its own weight. The incompatibility of the new divisions of the different countries, while they facilitated the destruction of the old government, will also operate the downfall of the new, and France again perhaps resume her primitive state of duchiest. Till that period, whether governed by emperors, kings or republicans, there never will be a permanent and general peace in Europe.

Vivra le moins, boira le plus ;
On ne voit plus qu’ excès en France.†

REGNIER.‡

* ‘ Is it not a species of *treason* against our language, to use the French instead of it in our negotiations ? A most laudable attempt has recently been made to restore the Latin ; a measure pregnant with the most important consequences to the interest of the country, as the French have uniformly *swindled* us by means of *treacherous* language in their treaties.’

† The inhabitants of Bretagne have always evinced a partiality to the English, as have those of Guyenne ; and even at the present day, if you ask a native of Languedoc if he be a Frenchman, his reply will be, I am a Languedocian—*je suis Languedocien.*‡

It is the national character of the French ; as masters or rivals, their vanity is insupportable ; as dependants or inferiors, they are attentive and accommodating: they were born to obey, not to command.'

MEDICINE.

ART. 21.—*The Naval, Military, and Private Practitioners Amanaensis, Medicus et Chirurgicus ; or a practical Treatise on Fevers, and all those Diseases which most frequently occur in Practice, and the Mode of Cure. Likewise on Amputation, Gun-shot Wounds, Trismus, Scalds, &c. With new and successful Methods of treating Mortification, of amputating and of curing Femoral Fractures.* By R. Cuming, M. D. R. N. 8vo. Matthews. 1806.

THE ample title-page of this work sufficiently points out its object ; and indeed its author seems to flatter himself that it may entirely supersede the labours of his predecessors in the same field. We see no grounds for this confidence, and hope that our army and navy surgeons will not neglect the labours of Pringle, Lind, Blane, and Hunter, nor suppose that all that is valuable in professional knowledge can be contained in the limits of a scanty octavo volume. We are not inclined to depreciate the labours of Dr. Cuming ; but we are of opinion that his work is better adapted to those who are already well grounded in the rudiments of medicine and surgery, than for the instruction of tyros. At the same time we give credit to the author for considerable strength of mind and soundness of judgment. We are obliged to add, that in point of composition, we have rarely met with a modern work that betrays such marks of ignorance or inattention.

ART. 22.—*Anatomical Examinations. A complete Series of Anatomical Questions, with Answers. The Answers arranged so as to form an elementary System of Anatomy, and intended as preparatory to Examinations at Surgeon's-Hall. To which are annexed Tables of the Bones, Muscles, and Arteries.* 2 Vols. 12mo. Highbly. 1807.

THE first of these volumes contains a complete set of questions in anatomy : the second a series of answers arranged exactly in the same manner, and with the same numerical characters attached both to the question and the answer. We do not think this arrangement very happy. A proper set of questions may be very useful to learners in many sciences. For example, in arithmetic or in geometry the teacher may very properly put a set of questions only into the hand of his pupil, retaining the solutions in his own. But in anatomy, the whole information being contained in the answer, the question is wholly useless and superfluous. Let us take at a venture the following example.

'Qu. What is the origin, insertion, and use of the glutæus maximus.

'Ans. The glutæus maximus arises from the posterior part of the crista ilii, from the side of the sacrum, below its junction with the ilium, from the posterior sacro ischiatic ligament, and from the os-coccygis. It passes over the posterior part of the trochanter major; and is connected to the fascia of the thigh. It is inserted into the upper and outer part of the linea aspera. Its use is to extend the thigh.'

Now we would ask what does the student gain by this question, and of what possible use can a volume of such questions be to him? We see none, whilst it is exposed to the serious inconvenience of doubling the price of the work. The same objection apply to the form of dialogue; which certainly ought to be confined to subjects admitting of contrariety of sentiment, and which may therefore be agreeably diversified by putting opposite opinions, or different illustrations, into the mouths of different speakers. Such are our objections to the form of this work. To the execution we have none at all.

ART. 23. *Oratio in Theatro Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensis, ex Harveii Instituto, habita; die Octob. xviii. An M.DCCC. A Christ. Rob. Pemberton, M.D. Principi Walliæ Medico Extraordinario, Coll. Reg. Med. Lond. et Reg. Soc. Socio. 4to. Nichols. 1807.*

WE cannot find any thing in this oration that greatly distinguishes it from those annually delivered at the festival of the college of physicians, nor do we understand why the author or the learned body before whom it was delivered should have wished for its publication. The writer has taken occasion to avow his hostility to the projected reform which has been lately much agitated among medical men, and perhaps it is intended by implication to give the profession to understand that the sentiments of the college are in unison with his own. On this topic he is very warm: 'Imo,' he says, 'eo processit hæcce rerum novarum cupiditas, ut consulerent de petitione Senatui inferendâ, ad inceptum suum lege sanciendum. In tali causâ ubi is vestrum invenitur, qui non ad arma currat? Quis non clamet 'Stet fortuna domus,' clamandoque pro salute nostræ reipublicæ propugnet? Anne antiquam illam majorum domum, que talem heroum progeniem quasi in gremio aluit, dirui tandem et collabi patiemur? Uno animo statuimus, pugnamus esse pro hac nostra patria, asserenda quæcunque sunt jura, vindicanda privilegia, tenendosque mores a patribus receptos.' We have not been inattentive to the proceeding of the reforming association; but we cannot say that we have seen any thing in their conduct to justify so much vehemence of language and so much asperity of hostility. The necessity of some regulations in the practice of medicine is allowed on all hands. The only contest then seems to be with regard to measures proper to be taken, and persons from whom they should originate. We hope for the sake of the public, that if any thing is done, it will not be wholly under

the influence of either of the contending parties. We know enough of human nature to be persuaded, that no men are to be trusted in matters which concern their own interests, their own vanity or their own importance. If the sages of Warwick Lane be animated with the same spirit as their orator, we cannot hesitate to pronounce that they are acting the part of assailants rather than of defenders.

POETRY.

ART. 24.—*Admonition, a Poem on the Fashionable Modes of Female Dress ; with Miscellaneous Pieces ; in Verse. By George Ogg. Miller. 5s. 1806.*

THE preface to this book contains an apology for its want of merit, at once so hackneyed and so insufficient, that we should be strangely wanting in our duty, were we to suffer it to operate in any degree to the relaxation of our judicial severity. We know indeed of no argument more likely to warrant, in the eyes of the public, our condemnation of an author's work, than the informing them, from his own voluntary assertion, that he had been entirely destitute of the advantages of education. The exceptions of Chatterton, Burns, and a few others, are only sufficiently numerous to prove the validity of the general rule.

But Mr. Ogg assails the feelings of the critic in a more tender point, 'I would not, certainly,' says he, 'have thought of appearing before the public as an author, if the loss of my right arm at sea, had not unfitted me for other avocations.' We cannot help wishing however that he had proceeded to prove, which no doubt he could have done according to the strictest rules of logic, that the above misfortune rendered him so peculiarly fit for the avocation of a poet. He would have greatly obliged us by demonstrating the connection between the tourniquet and the muses, and by shewing that a man becomes a better poet in proportion as he loses his limbs.

It might have been reasonable however to expect to find some of the *disjecti membra poetæ* at least scattered through the present volume. But the specimen we are about to offer, is, to say the least of it, on a par with any other equal number of lines in the book. Mr. Ogg is so greatly scandalized at the fashionable nudity of our modern ladies, that in his zeal for the reformation of mankind, indignation supplies him with the verses which nature denies. Accordingly, in a poem consisting of nearly five hundred bad lines, and no good ones, he points out to the fair sex the evil consequences that may arise to them from the prevailing modes of dress. He illustrates his position by more than one example, among others by that of Alexis and Anna, who go together to enjoy an evening's amusement at Vauxhall. The lady was dressed in a manner more consonant with fashion than modesty. In the course of the evening her husband having occasion to quit her side for a short time, said to her,

'Sit there, my love, while I
To find my friend amid this concourse try.'

A gentleman however shortly supplied his place, whose affection seems to have been considerably more fervent, though not expressed in more poetic language.

' Fairest of earth's fair daughters, this I swear,
My eyes have ne'er beheld one half so fair ;
By heaven ! the lightnings of that piercing eye,
Transcend the lightnings of the lurid sky ;
Oh, what a mouth !—I swear, to feel thy breath,
Well pleas'd I'd hear thy lips pronounce my death :
Die ! Oh, by this sweet swelling bosom's charms,
I'd wish to die a thousand times—within thy arms.'
He said, and with a rash, unhallow'd haste,
The beauteous bosom of the fair one press'd,
Angry she rose, but still the youth pursu'd,
And thus again his hateful speech renew'd :

' Nay, frown not so, nor think that crime in me,
Which all commit who only look on thee ;
'Twould be apostacy to Nature's will,
To gaze on thee, and not admire her skill.
I love—'

At this moment the husband returns, and puts a stop to the courtship. A duel ensues, which terminates in the death of the combatants, and the subsequent insanity of the lady. The dying Alexis bequeaths with his last breath, the following admonition, with which the poem closes,

' Oh learn, from mine and luckless Anna's fate,
To shun the woes that passion can create,
Avoid those habits, born of Vice and Sin,
Tho' titled beauty strive to lure you in :
One passion cherish'd calls another forth,
And that another, more devoid of worth,
Till what began for want of virtuous care,
Ends in Misfortune, Mis'ry, and Despair.'

A considerable number of smaller pieces and a list of subscribers complete the volume.

MISCELLANIES.

ART. 25.—*The new Boethius, or of the Consolation of Christianity.*
8vo. Mawman. 1806.

THE work before us, which is written (as appears by the dedication) by a Mr. Shepherd, is intended to form a sort of supplement to the quaint, but certainly in many respects justly admired, treatise of Boethius on the Consolation of Philosophy. That author, as it is supposed, had meditated a sixth book, which was to sum up his argument in the consolations afforded by the Christian religion, without which indeed all the comforts of philosophy reach no farther than the old proverb, ' what cannot be cured, must be endured.' But before he could complete his project, the axe of the executioner interposed. He was beheaded in prison, says our author, in the year 525.

Agreeably to the manner of his prototype, Mr. S. carries on his argument by the assistance of ideal personages. Under the pressure of extreme sorrow, he supposes himself to be counselled successively by Plain Sense, Stoical Philosophy, Epicurean Philosophy, and Atheism. At last Religion appears :

‘ While absorbed in this train of thought, a tall majestic person presented herself to me. She appeared of more than mortal mien; and as she approached me in slow and solemn step,

“ *Incessu patuit Dea.*”

‘ A snow-white veil she wore; which half concealed her modest charms: complacency smiled in her countenance, and contemplation raised her eye, as soaring above all sublunary objects, in holy reverence to heaven. She held in her hand a scroll, on which was written, The Book of Truth.’

In a series of conferences she lays before him the evidences of the truth of Christianity, the superiority and simplicity of its main doctrines, and the resources of comfort under adversity which it offers. And here perhaps the elevation of style which forms a part of the writer’s plan but ill accords with the sobriety of argumentation. Yet it must be said that he goes over the usual ground with sufficient precision, and enlivens the dryness of argument with occasional bursts of poetry in imitation of his model. These scraps of verse are not indeed very highly finished, and in some places rather incoherent. Yet they possess considerable merit from strength and fluency of expression, and show that the writer possesses respectable talents in this way. A few lines which occur in p. 199, though the ideas which they present are not very new, yet pleased us as neat and strong.

‘ But he is great, who shapes his way
Through sleepless nights, and toils by day;
Not for the tinkling of a name,
The bubble, which the world calls fame;
Not, with high-crested pride elate,
Struggling for the chair of state;
Nor bags on bags of glittering ore
Heaping, and sighing still for more.
He is great, whose purer aim
Blazons his ’scutcheon with a claim
To greatness better understood,
The godlike dignity of doing good.’

It seems unnecessary to say more of the present volume. Blemishes may without doubt be found. Some instances of needless turgidity of expression may be pointed out; as in the word *obnubilated* (p. 88.), a term which only serves to *overcloud* a plain idea. But upon the whole we do not hesitate to recommend the work to our readers as a pleasing specimen of religious speculation enlivened by its allegorical form, and occasionally embellished with the flowers of poetry.

ART. 26.—*The Pantheon ; or ancient History of the Gods of Greece and Rome. Intended to facilitate the Understanding of the Classical Authors, and of the Poets in general, for the Use of Schools and young Persons of both Sexes. By Edward Baldwin, Esq. With Engravings of the principal Gods, chiefly taken from the Remains of antient Statuary. 12mo. 6s. Hodgkins. 1806.*

‘THE chief object of the present volume,’ says the writer in a dedication to the learned master of the charter-house school, ‘is to remedy the imperfections of Tooke’s Pantheon.’ We much doubt the success of Mr. Baldwin in this undertaking. The principal defect in Tooke is the very indelicate language in which he describes the amours of the heathen deities : his principal merit is, that he comprises much in a small compass, and that he always refers his reader to the classics for the authority of his assertions. Of the charge of indelicacy we certainly acquit Mr. Baldwin ; but can by no means consider this as an adequate compensation for the omission of references. Lempriere’s Classical Dictionary however is so much superior to either of these works, that we think in a short time both Mr. Baldwin and Tooke will be superseded by that useful publication.

ART. 27.—*An Introduction to Merchant’s Accounts, in which the Invention of applying and opposing the Terms Dr. and Cr. according to the Italian Method of Book-keeping, is explained, by which the Art is demonstrated, made perfectly easy, and reduced under four plain Cases or Rules, which are applicable and infallible in every Occurrence or Example of Domestic and Foreign Trade. Part the First. Intended for the Use of Schools, and Persons who would acquire a Knowledge of this Branch of Science, without the Assistance of a Teacher. By J. Sedger. 12mo. 2s. Law. 1806.*

WE think this an ingenious piece of theory, better calculated for schools than any treatise on the same subject, which has come under our cognizance. A publication, of which this is an improvement, was noticed in the Critical Rev. in the year 1781, with considerable approbation, Mr. Sedger has promised a second part, with subsidiary books ; and should he succeed as well as in the present performance, we do not doubt but he will meet with encouragement adequate to his most sanguine expectations,

ART. 28.—*A faithful Account of an important Trial in the Court of Conscience, by J. Jamieson, D.D.F.R. and A.S.S. Edin. 12mo. Williams and Smith. 1806.*

THIS work, which is in the style of the Pilgrim’s Progress, possesses considerable merit ; and to the admirers of Bunyan will afford no small gratification. The same peculiarity of names as disfigure the original, deforms also the copy. The culprit’s name

who is brought into the court of conscience, is a gentleman called 'Peccator,' and his jury consist of the following personages. 'Mr. Self-commune of Heart Street, Mr. Try-all of Leaven-Lane, Mr. Weighwell of Balance Place, Mr. Long-silent of Peace-Row, Mr. New-awake of Storm-Hill, Mr. Sense of guilt of Menace Court, Mr. Recollection of Old Street, Mr. Micaiah of Ahab Square, Mr. Sharp-arrow of Law Place, Mr. Fear-death of Golgotha, Mr. Flee-from-wrath of Jordan vale, and Mr. Judgment-to-come of All-souls-town.'

ART. 29.—*Letters on Natural History, exhibiting a View of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of the Deity, so eminently displayed in the Formation of the Universe, and various Relations of Utility which inferior Beings have to the Human Species; calculated particularly for the Use of Schools and Young Persons in general of both Sexes; in order to impress their Minds with a just Idea of its great Author. Illustrated by upwards of one Hundred engraved Subjects applicable to the Work. By John Bigland, Author of Letters on Universal History, &c. 8vo. 9s. Longman. 1806.*

THE contemplation of the works of nature never fails to exhibit such evident proofs of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Deity, that the utility of introducing natural history into the system of education can scarcely be called in question. The best mode of communicating instruction is to render it entertaining; and from this persuasion the author has declined adopting the system of Linnæus, as too complex and artificial for common readers or young students, whose circumstances, occupations, and future prospects do not permit them to make the study of natural history the business of their lives. We shall lay before our readers the manner in which Mr. B. has treated the subject: in the first place a view is given of the grandeur of the universe, and of the structure of the solar motion. Some of the most striking objects which this globe presents, as seas, mountains, volcanoes, &c. are next brought forward: the attention of the reader is then called to the winds, tides, exhalations, and other remarkable phenomena of the earth and atmosphere; and afterwards to the principal metals, minerals and other subterraneous productions. All these being described in a manner equally plain and concise, a sketch is given of the beauties and utility of vegetation, and a general view of the inanimate creation being thus exhibited, the transition is made to animated nature, which, as it is to youth the most entertaining branch of natural history, occupies the greater part of the work. The most striking and interesting objects of the animal kingdom are delineated; the creatures which are peculiarly curious in their formation or habits, and especially those which are most formidable or most beneficial to man, are particularly selected and described. Those of general utility or the greatest commercial importance, and those which frequently occur in conversation, or reading, in the relations of travellers, and in the sacred or classical writings, are considered as the most interesting subjects of investigation. These different subjects are treated with brevity

and not unfrequently with elegance, and are all rendered subservient to morality and religion. The engravings are executed with considerable neatness.

ART. 30.—*A Father's Memoirs of his Child ; by Benjamin Heath Malkine, Esq. M.A.F.A.S. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Longman. 1806.*

THIS book, which would be interesting to the private circle of the author's friends, to the public is trifling and devoid of entertainment. The hero of the tale died at the age of seven years ; but in the interval between that period and his birth, we are told he made great progress in history, geography, drawing and other accomplishments. Specimens of his performances are here exhibited, which certainly display his premature talents in an uncommon point of view. The injudiciousness however of printing infantile exercises is obvious ; but as we are unwilling to hurt a father's feelings, acute as they still must be for the loss of so amiable and extraordinary a child, we shall dismiss the volume, merely expressing a wish that we had never seen it.

ART. 31.—*On the Improvement of Poor Soils ; read in the Holderness Agricultural Society, in Answer to the following Question : ' What is the best Method of cultivating and improving poor Soils, where Lime and Manure cannot be had ? ' With an Appendix and Notes. 2d Edition. By John Alderson, M.D. pp. 32. 8vo. 2s. Harding. 1807.*

DR. ALDERSON may pursue analogies, compare the respective laws of the animal and vegetable economy, ' transmute inert matter into life,' trace the ' decompositions and absorptions' of earth till it becomes vegetable matter, ' convert this vegetable into animal matter,' and purify it ' by the delicate organs of the human body, until it reaches the utmost perfection of created intelligence,' yet still be far from producing a *practical* account of the ' best method of cultivating and improving poor soils.' It would seem as if many of our modern agricultural writers were better acquainted with the poetical imagery of Darwin, than with ' the care-worn labours of the husbandman.' The author has however copied some useful remarks from Kirwan, whose small tract on manures has given existence nearly to as many books on agriculture in France and England, during the last seven years, as the works of Aristotle did on the revival of learning. Kirwan's soil, composed of clay, chalk and flint, Dr. A. proposes to render fertile by the cultivation of thistles and other succulent plants ; and in the true spirit of a Brunonian, expects by his ' diffusible stimuli' to render ' the poorest soils productive !' When we read one of our author's postulates, in which he considers the planting of osiers, hedges, and trees as essential to the amelioration of the soil, we could not help pitying poor Mr. Williams, who will thence anticipate such an alteration in the atmosphere as must be fatal either to him, or to his system of the ' Climate of Great Britain,' (Crit. Rev. Jan. 1807.) Dr. A. is wrong

indeed when he considers the 'calx of iron as a source of barrenness in soils.' Experiments have proved that sulphate of iron is one of the best manures, and there is no reason to suppose that carbonate of iron, which is the substance he alludes to, is in any degree different. On the contrary, its very existence in alders, willows, and mosses, all plants of rapid growth, is an unequivocal proof of its not being inimical to vegetation. Upon the whole, these flimsy common-place remarks cannot be considered as a very important and satisfactory answer to the question proposed.

ART. 32.—*Observations respecting the Grub, a Paper read to the Holderness Agricultural Society, by Wm. Stickney of Ridgemont, in Holderness, and published by the Society. 2d Edition. pp. 22. 1s. 6d. Harding. 1806.*

IT is not difficult to perceive that Mr. Stickney is neither a Fabricius nor a Latreille, and although he has caught some grubs and kept them in pots till they changed to aurelia and finally to flies, and afterwards preserved flies, eggs, grubs, and aurelias, he has not answered his own questions relative to the species, the extent of the depredations, and the means of destroying these insects. All that the author has done is to prove that the common quantity of lime applied as manure is not sufficient to destroy them, and even in this second edition no other remedy is proposed than that of encouraging the breed of rooks! We are told that the insect belongs to the family of tipulæ, that the fly is vulgarly called *Tom Taylor* or *Long-legs*, and that the grub is most destructive to crops which succeed grass or clover, or which are in the immediate vicinity of meadow or pasture ground. But this sapient society should have recollected, that however they might know these insects when they saw them on their table, if they really wished this paper to be of any use to others, they should at least have added some description of the species and generic character, in order that naturalists beyond the precincts of Holderness might have been able to discover the particular species of tipula here alluded to. This is the more necessary, as every species of tipula has in general its peculiar plant for food, as the tipula pomonæ, T. hortulana, T. persicariæ, &c.

ART. 33.—*La Floresta Espanola, ó piezas escogidas. i. e.*

The Flowers of Spanish Literature, or select Passages in Prose, extracted from the most celebrated Spanish Authors, ancient and modern. To which are prefixed, Observations on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Literature in Spain. pp. 200, 12mo. 5s. Boosey. 1807.

THIS author's historical sketch of the origin of the Castilian tongue is far from being accurate; Mavens's work would have assisted him! Aldrete, he appears either not to have read, or not properly understood. The authors he recommends are very proper, but he might also have mentioned some living ones, such as Moretini, Jovellanes,

Guerra, Sompere, &c. The best grammar and dictionaries are those of Fernandez and Neuman, or Connelly, and Higgins; the greater part of the others are a disgrace to literature. Upon the whole, this collection, which is chiefly composed of miscellaneous, moral, humorous, and historical pieces, is very well adapted to exercise the student in some of the more difficult phrases in the Spanish tongue; and to persons of matured judgment, the speediest and most effectual method of acquiring a profound knowledge of the idiom, is unquestionably to begin with the most difficult sentences. In this respect the present 'Floresta' will be found singularly useful in facilitating the acquirement of a language which, to be generally admired, requires only to be generally known.

ART. 34.—*A complete Dictionary of Practical Gardening; comprehending all the Modern Improvements in the Art; whether in the raising of the various esculent Vegetables, or in the forcing and managing of different Sorts of Fruits and Plants, and that of laying out, ornamenting, and planting Gardens and Pleasure Grounds: with correct Engravings of the necessary Apparatus, in Buildings and other Contrivances, as well as of the more rare and curious Plants, cultivated for Ornament or Variety: from original Drawings, by Sydenham Edwards. By Alexander M'Donald, Gardener. 2 vols. 4to. 74 Plates. 3l. 10s. boards. Kearsley. 1807.*

A MORE scandalous imposition was never before practised on the public. This voluminous work contains the names of about 600 genera and 1500 English names of plants; the descriptions are vulgar, and imperfectly copied from other works. This is what Mr. Alexander M'Donald is pleased to call 'a complete Dictionary of practical Gardening.' There are 60 plates of flowers such as are usually sold in the streets for a halfpenny each, containing 209 plants, called by the author the 'more rare plants,' but among which the crocus and sweet william, and the various lilies occupy a conspicuous place. The plates relative to hot houses are copied from the first edition of Nichol's book, without any attention being paid to his subsequent alterations and improvements.

ART. 35.—*An extraordinary Case in Chancery, fairly related, with a Sketch of some uncommon Transactions in the Office of one of the Masters, Sir William Weller Pepys, Bart. In a Narrative addressed to the British Public. By Anne Mary Crowe. 8vo. Hatchard. 1806.*

AS we lately saw in the papers that Mrs. Crowe, with her husband, and Mr. Delahoy of Deptford, the printer of this pamphlet, have lately been imprisoned by order of the Chancellor for a libel on the court, we shall make no other remark on 'this extraordinary case,' than merely saying, that Anne Mary Crowe, like many others of her sex, does not seem to have made any great proficiency in the Pythagorean excellence of taciturnity.

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ART. I.—*Travels after the Peace of Amiens, through Parts of France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany.* By J. Le-maistre, Esq. Author of a 'Rough Sketch of Modern Paris.' In three vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. boards. Johnson. 1806.

THE passion for travelling prevalent amongst our countrymen, is, in general, matter of astonishment to foreigners, who have little idea of subjecting themselves to the expence, fatigue and dangers of a journey without some diplomatic or mercantile incentive.

The motive with us is seldom so definite; fashion, ennui, dissipation, are too frequently the springs on which the English traveller moves; but, notwithstanding such occasional incitements, this species of errantry may fairly be considered as a branch of that spirit of improvement and enterprise which so eminently distinguishes us amongst nations.

It has been well observed that 'a generous and elevated mind is distinguished by nothing more certainly than an eminent degree of curiosity; nor is that curiosity ever more agreeably or usefully employed than in examining the customs and laws of foreign countries.'

To those who indulge the world with a narrative of their adventures we are indebted in proportion to the addition which they make to our store of knowledge.

The merits of books of travels depend upon what the traveller has previously in his mind, his knowing what to observe, and his power of observation. Those adventurers who explore unknown regions have this great advantage, that they cannot easily relate any thing totally devoid of interest; a shower of rain is an event in an African desert, and even a bill of fare, a good or a bad lodging, excite a certain degree of sympathy in the reader; but in travels through a known and civilized country, the trifling occurrences of a journey cannot fail to disgust. If a traveller pleases other-

wise than by novelty, it must be by treating an old subject in a very superior manner.

‘What can you tell of countries so well known as those of the European continent?’ said Dr. Johnson to his friend Boszy. A few years however have produced changes so important in the state of society, that after the peace of Amiens almost every one of these countries afforded new and valuable matter for the observation of the traveller: and Italy, interesting as it is in every point of view, was at this time peculiarly so in a political and moral light.

How far our author has availed himself of these circumstances we shall now proceed to notice.

That part of these volumes which relates to France consists of a rapid journey from Paris to Geneva by way of Fontainebleau, Dijon, and Lyons. Of the political sentiments of the people of Lyons, Mr. L. gives the following, we believe, accurate picture:

‘From the heavy losses which the town has experienced, from the devastation committed on its principal buildings, and from the murder of its best and richest citizens, Lyons derives a strong and rooted hatred to the name of the republic; and however satisfied the inhabitants may be with the government of Bonaparte, their satisfaction is only relative. They prefer his administration to any which has existed since the death of Louis XVI. but they are still royalists; and if the house of Bourbon shall in the course of years be ever restored, I am convinced that no part of France will so heartily rejoice in the measure, or so willingly assist in promoting it, as the city of Lyons.

‘In the few days which I have passed within its walls it is impossible not to discover such to be the general, and I might almost say the universal wish of the people—a wish which few, if any, attempt to conceal.’

From the nature of the extensive manufactories of this city in velvets, silks, and embroidery, the magnificence of a court was essential to its prosperity, and we suspect that the attention of Buonaparte to these objects will soon obliterate the attachment of the Lyonnese to the Bourbons: he had already endeavoured to conciliate their affections by devoting a large sum to the rebuilding of the famous *place de Belcour*, destroyed during the reign of Robespierre, and by promising every encouragement to their manufactures.

In Geneva and its neighbourhood Mr. L. made some stay, and associated much with the inhabitants, who, we are happy to find, retain their partiality for the English. Nor has the revolution in the government of that state

made any lasting alteration in their social habits. Speaking of the public walk of La Traille, Mr. L. says,

‘ This walk, though singularly beautiful, is but rarely frequented by the first class of the inhabitants, in consequence of the painful reflections which it excites, It was here that the most venerable, most wealthy, and most respectable citizens of the former republic fell under the ax of the guillotine in the first moments of revolutionary phrensy, and which was the prelude to that national annihilation which the country has since undergone. The memory of these lamented victims is still too dear to their friends and relatives for the spot where they suffered to be approached, without the liveliest feelings of sorrow, shame, and indignation.

‘ Near this place stands the theatre, which though opened and protected by the present government, is but little resorted to by the Genevese, who retain many of their ancient prejudices against amusements of that kind. I ought to add, that when the ladies of this place do visit the spectacle, they take their places in the pit. I asked the reason, and was told they did so in order to avoid the company of the French officers who are commonly seated in the boxes. Such indeed is the hatred of the inhabitants against their conquerors, that though the military behave themselves with the greatest propriety, and are commanded by an officer of merit, formerly a man of rank, none are received in the houses of the principal citizens.

‘ The aristocratic distinctions which existed in the time of the republic are still scrupulously observed in the choice and divisions of society, and prove to demonstration that manners, customs, and prejudices are above the power of law. Those from whose families the syndics or chief magistrates were usually chosen (for public opinion, though there was no direct ordinance on the subject, gave such a preference) are still looked up to as forming a superior order. Persons of this description live entirely together, and would think themselves disgraced were they to associate with their neighbours of an inferior class. ‘ The citizens’ (or sons of native Genevese), who were alone eligible to the senate, conceive themselves in the same manner greatly superior to the ‘ bourgeois,’ or burghesses, while the latter on their part, claim precedence over those who were only ‘ inhabitants,’ or domiciliated strangers.’

Mr. L. visited Ferney, and has given a particular description of Voltaire’s apartment, which remains furnished as it was at his death; but the estate has been repurchased by the family from whom he originally bought it. (p. 40, vol. i.) As we do not profit by the ‘ mirth, jollity, and wit’ of our author and his companions (p. 66, vol. i), we must be excused if we have found his excursion to Chamouny far less amusing than he assures us that it was. The Swedes, Russians, and English, who accompanied him on that expedition were the most lively and ingenious persons imagina-

ble; yet from their joint efforts we are favoured with only one brilliant remark, an illustration (or *definition*, as Mr. L. is pleased to term it) of a glacier. 'It seemed as if the sea had stopped in its course, and we were moving over its waves.'

The local description of this wonderful valley, aided even by an extract from Mr. Coxe, is very imperfect. It may be satisfactory to the patrons of giants, dwarfs, nyctalopesses, &c. to learn that 'the two Albino's who were shewn in the Hay-market have with the profits of their exhibition purchased a farm in this their native valley;' (p. 53, vol. i.) and encouraging to the most adventurous of our Bond-street loungers to hear that a pretty French woman is resident at the custom house, established on the new frontier line of France and the Helvetic republic, upon the Col de Baume, which mountain Mr. L. crossed, and returned by way of Martignol, Bex and Vivay to Geneva. What Mr. L. styles his 'Journal of his Tour round Switzerland,' is copied, he assures us, from the notes which he took with a pencil on the road, 'which he has not attempted to ornament or even to correct.' We have no reason to doubt this assertion: with the ornament we willingly dispense; but we really think that had he condescended to correct his extemporaneous memoranda, he might safely have ventured to expunge many of the bills of fare, impositions, weather-tables, &c. without injuring the spirit of this rough sketch. The following effusion of his ardent imagination was elicited by the ill-treatment he met with from an innkeeper at the town of Rolle.

'Our coachman drove us to *La Couronne*, where we found a landlord who spoke English uncommonly well. From his address we flattered ourselves that we should be well received; but in this hope we were cruelly disappointed. It seemed that a British earl, whose courier was waiting at the door, had engaged all his best apartments; which, he said, must plead his excuse for offering us an indifferent room. We requested that, '*pour nous dédommager*,' he would give us an excellent dinner. To our great astonishment this order was apparently executed in a few minutes; but when we attempted to eat what was placed on the table, we found (what indeed might have been expected from so hasty a preparation) that the dishes consisted of the heated remains of some former repast. Unable to swallow these broken victuals, we requested something fresh, our civil landlord said he was very sorry he had nothing in his house. "Pray give us at least a mutton chop,"—"It is quite impossible, sir: my lord has ordered every thing in my larder."—Disgusted and irritated by this insolent refusal, I called for the bill, and paying nearly a louis for what we had seen, but not eaten, we removed to another inn, called *La Tête Noire*, where we obtained a good dinner, civil attendance and a comfortable apartment.'

One of the most promising occurrences in this tour is the visit of our author to Aloys Reding at Schwitz : it terminates very unsatisfactorily ; but his description, such as it is, of this great man, we shall transcribe.

‘ While I took a slight dinner at the inn called *Le cheval Blanc*, I learned that it was necessary to have my passport examined by the landermann, or principal magistrate ; and finding that the celebrated Aloys Reding* held this office, I greedily seized an opportunity, thus afforded me, of seeing that extraordinary man, who at the first arrival of the French troops in these peaceful scenes, checked with a small body of brave men the whole force of their army, who since was at the head of the Helvetic government, and who is supposed to be the very soul of the present insurrection. I accordingly repaired to his dwelling, which though far from large, is somewhat superior to the houses around it.—Aloys Reding (formerly an officer in the Swiss regiment of guards employed by France) is a tall, fair, genteel man, about forty years old, of military appearance and polished manners. He received me with much urbanity ; and hearing I was English, spoke of our country in terms of great esteem. I told him I visited Schwitz with no common feelings—a spot interesting to every British traveller for the exertions made there in former times, and not less so for those which I now witnessed in the cause of liberty. ‘ Alas ! ’ interrupted M. Reding with a sigh, ‘ if this country be interesting at all, it is so for its unmerited misfortunes ! ’ he then countersigned my passport, and in pressing terms offered any civilities which he could grant or I could request. I should have had much pleasure in continuing the conversation, but, recollecting how valuable must be every moment of his time in the

* ‘ The following account of the heroic conduct of this extraordinary man, taken from a late publication, will perhaps be not unacceptable.—

‘ “ Skirting the verdant heights of Morgarten, the sacred monument of the ancient valor of the Swiss, they were resolved if unable to leave liberty to their posterity, to set them an example worthy of it. Aloys Reding of Schwitz, who commanded the allies—a hero and a sage, who in peaceable times had been the advocate of reforms and ameliorations, but who resented the offer of changes from an armed enemy—in this situation thus addressed his troops :— ‘ Brave comrades ! dear fellow citizens ! behold us at a decisive moment surrounded by enemies, abandoned by friends ! There now remains for us only to ascertain whether we wish courageously to imitate the example set us by our ancestors at Morgarten. A death almost certain awaits us ! If any one fears it let him retire, and no reproach on our part shall follow him. Let us not impose on each other in this solemn hour. I would rather have an hundred men prepared for all events on whom I can rely, than five hundred who, taking themselves to flight, would produce confusion, and by their perfidious retreat would sacrifice the heroes who were desirous of still defending themselves. As to myself, I promise not to abandon you, even in the greatest peril. Death and no retreat ! If you share in my resolution, depute two men from each rank, and let them swear to me, in your name, that you will be faithful to your promises, ’ —Zschockle’s Hist. of the Invasion of Switzerland.*

present conjuncture, I contented myself with wishing him and Switzerland every possible happiness, and took my leave.

Mr. L. made no excursions into the lesser cantons, except to the well known vallies of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald; but in this we have little to regret, since his total ignorance of the German disqualified him from procuring any information from the inhabitants, and since, having never, as he says, had occasion to use the Latin, excepting in the schools at Oxford, he was not able to avail himself of the facility with which most of the Swiss clergy speak that language.

Mr. L.'s route from Switzerland lay through Chambery, and across the Mont Cenis to Turin, of which place he gives the following melancholy account:

'Of all the places which I have yet visited, this seems to have suffered the most from the ravages of the last war. The fine gates by which it was formerly entered have been pulled down; and its splendid palaces, though still standing, are neglected and turned into public offices. Every thing bears the appearance of revolution; there is no trade, there are no equipages, and apparently few persons of fortune left among the inhabitants.'

Mr. L.'s stay here was too short to investigate the state of society, but we believe him to be pretty correct in his surmise that what luxury remains in this once brilliant capital is confined to the French generals.

From hence, on his way to Genoa, Mr. L. crossed the plains of Marengo, which he was content to examine from the windows of his carriage; but, to grace his tale 'with decent horror,' he relates his postillion's story, how, the night after the battle, the wheels of a chaise, in which he was conducting Melas's aid-de-camp to Buonaparte's head quarters, 'cracked every moment with the noise of broken bones.' P. 195. vol. i.

Mr. L. has not favoured us with a scrap of information respecting the battle of Novi, or the siege of Genoa; but apologizes for this seeming negligence by saying that 'he was not a military man.' N. B. He was not at that time an officer of the Mary-le-bone volunteers.

Whilst going his rounds through the churches of Genoa, he is much disgusted by the bigotry of a monk, who threatened a brother with excommunication for permitting Mrs. L. to enter the 'sacristie' of the adjoining monastery. His *laquais de place* observed,

'That the holy fathers need not be so scrupulous, since, a few months before, they were not only obliged, while the French soldiers were quartered there, to allow females to enter their walls, but even to sleep there.'

Upon which, Mr. L. sily remarks that,

‘Probably the *latter* circumstance did not occur for the *first* time during the invasion of a foreign enemy!’

We must take the liberty of reproving our author for this *espièglerie* (as he would perhaps call it), and we will do so in the words which he has very properly used to discredit the reports circulated respecting the death of the late prince of Parma. p. 238. ‘It is injurious to the cause of morals, lightly to admit the supposition of crimes which we must suppose happen but rarely.’ Mr. L. however, seldom hesitates to indulge his imagination on the subject of religion and morals: he may, perchance, be not very far from the truth; but, it is by such hasty, superficial travellers as himself, credulous, eager to collect any idle tales that may serve as a substitute for real knowledge, and conceal (as they flatter themselves) their ignorance of the manners of nations over which they skim, that wrong notions and prejudices are propagated and perpetuated with regard to foreign countries. Thus Mr. L. cautions us not to suppose that the devotion of the people of Turin is occasioned by any extraordinary degree of morality. And so active was he in his researches during a single night which he passed at Sienna, that, the next morning, seeing the inscription ‘*Castissimum Virginis templum castè memento ingredi,*’ over the threshold of the door of the cathedral, he observes, ‘If none but those whose chastity was unsuspected were to enter this church, I am inclined to think that the holy ceremonies celebrated here would be but thinly attended.’

Pavia, Milan, Parma, Piacenza, and Bologna were successively visited by our author. The following extract from his journal while at Milan, surely could not be matched in any tour of Italy but his own:

‘October 30.—I strolled about the town on foot, and went into several churches the names of which were unknown to me. That of S. Alessandro has a fine cupola richly painted. I lost my way, and consumed the greater part of the morning in getting home again. The violent rain which fell in the evening confined me to the house. Mr. S., an American gentleman with whom I was acquainted at Paris, arrived at our hotel. The unfavourable account he gave me of the present state of the rivers over which it is necessary to pass in the prosecution of our journey, determined me to postpone my departure. I had intended to leave Milan to-morrow.

‘October 31.—The weather was so extremely bad, that it was impossible to leave the hotel. I heard from every body that the Po had risen to such a height that it was quite impassable. I became consequently a prisoner

' November 1.—The rain continued to fall in torrents; and the non-arrival of the mail convinced us of the impossibility of continuing our journey.

' November 2.—Still bad weather, and no appearance of a favorable change.

' November 3.—The morning, though gloomy, had some appearance of better weather. I hailed with joy this favorable change. I took advantage of the first moment of cessation from rain, and walked in the public garden and on the Corso. About two o'clock the sun burst through the opposing clouds, and confirmed our hopes of being able to leave Milan, of which we were heartily tired. After dinner I strolled into the cathedral; which was lighted with torches this evening, preparatory to the *fête* of St. Charles, which is to be celebrated here to-morrow. The night was fine; the stars shone in all their brilliance; and our expectations of being relieved from our present imprisonment were hourly strengthened.'

He seems to have found his only consolation in the opera-house; thrice he proclaims the charms and talents of La Corforini (p. 259, 266 and 274. vol. i.), though he saw her perform in only one opera. His taste for music may be very correct; but it is somewhat suspicious, that he should have preferred the singing of the curate's cook and dairy maid at Lauterbrunnen to the 'finest efforts of studied skill,' (p. 105. Vol. i.) whilst the '*bocca Romana*' was harsh and disagreeable to his ear. (p. 270. vol. i.)

His catalogues of pictures at Bologna are very tiresome, and so, we are sure, he himself found the pictures; for having visited a few palaces, he makes enquiry as to the state of the churches, and concisely mentions the changes which have taken place in the late revolutionary times. This plan throughout would have been far preferable to that which he has adopted, though it should have reduced his great work to a single volume. The catalogues of Florence fill many pages; and Rome of itself furnishes nearly a whole volume of extracts from Lumsden's *Antiquities*, &c. besides many descriptions of the same scenes given in our author's own words; so that, in these instances, the reader has the advantage of duplicates, and if in a fit of impatience he should have passed over a first description, he may often meet with a second in the course of the volumes.

At Naples Mr. L. resided about two months, but saw little of the Neapolitans. Having always understood that the Italians were remarkably accessible, we were surprized to find him attribute his small acquaintance with them to the difficulty of procuring introductions. He adds however, that our minister visited few of the Neapolitans, and his countrymen consequently could not easily become known to them. It would be well were our diplomatists sensible that

it is the duty of an ambassador to acquaint himself with the inhabitants of the place in which he resides, and it should be his aim by an easy and insinuating manner to gain their confidence. We are apt to value too highly our school celebrity, and to continue, even to our second childhood, to plume ourselves upon a Greek or Latin stanza, rather than the more useful knowledge of mankind, and that address which often determines the fate of nations.

Our author, enchanted amidst the gaiety of balls, masquerades, dinners, &c. in a society formed of the English, some Russians, and other foreigners, seems to have forgotten the object of his tour. Any lady, we think, who has resided a month at Naples, might rival him in research. He did not visit any one of the interesting islands of Capri, Ischia or Procida, which were always in his view; nor the eastern shore of Torrento, which presents the finest scenery in the bay of Naples; nor the temples of Pæstum, the noblest remains of Grecian architecture in Italy. He confined himself to the most beaten track, the coast of Pompeii, and Baiæ, and, as if to justify his indolence, he reminds us that—

‘Nullus in orbe locus Baiis præluet amænis.’

He ventured indeed to the summit of Vesuvius, but was satisfied with the account of some friends, that there was nothing to be seen at the bottom of the crater. Similar inertness had induced him to pass the *pietra mala* (one of the wonders of the Apennines between Bologna and Florence) without approaching it. But perhaps he reflected that he was ‘no naturalist,’ and since (as he has candidly told us, p. 36 & 19. vol. ii. & 181, vol. i.) he was ‘no antiquary’ ‘no judge of painting,’ and ‘unacquainted with the Italian language,’ we are only surprised that, a pigmy as he was in all these requisites, and no giant in classical literature, he should ever have meditated publishing a tour in Italy.

In addition to the above disadvantages under which Mr. L. laboured, his schemes were frequently interrupted by his lady who accompanied him. His tenderness towards Mrs. L. is very amiable; but he might, we think, have been content to have recorded it amongst his family manuscripts without holding himself up to the world as a pattern for husbands. The roaring of a cataract, and the complimentary effusions of an improvisatore, a fellicca, and a Brenta passage-boat occasion corresponding degrees of terror in this lady; and, amongst the Genoese mountains, the mention of the *Gran Diavolo* had brought on fits, but for the timely relief of a

French guard of soldiers, who with characteristic vanity cried out, 'Dites a Madame qu'elle n'a rien a craindre : elle peut marcher en suretè ; nous sommes François.' p. 199. vol. i.

Mr. L., having thus paid his tribute of gratitude to these guardian angels (who, as he says, after the above exclamation, 'walked on a good pace, whistling as they went and unruffled by the rain') might very well have given us some account of that extraordinary man the Genoese devil, who (we have been informed) was a political robber, confined his depredations to the French and their republican friends, and particularly avoided offending the English, was himself a Genoese of family and fortune, and had retired to the mountains individually to avenge the wrongs of his country. Indeed the little Mr. L. tells us concerning him is rather in confirmation of our story, viz. that he had plundered and murdered a French commissary's muleteer, and attacked the French guard house in the Bocchetta.

We hasten to attend our traveller northward. He returned by way of Venice, and through Styria to Vienna, where he resided two months, and collected materials for the best part of his work. He appears to have been well introduced, and, with the exception of some frivolous details of dinners and routs, his descriptions of the court and society of Vienna are not devoid of interest.

We extract the following account of the aristocratic prejudices of this court :

'No person can be received into the first circles of this place who has not been presented at court ; and no one can be presented at court who cannot give authentic proofs of his sixteen untarnished quarters, both on the side of his father and on that of his mother. A single *mis alliance*, or marriage with a plebeian, destroys the rights of him who is in other respects unobjectionable. The military are alone exempt from the effects of this general regulation : an officer, as such, may be presented, though his birth be ever so obscure : but this professional privilege does not extend itself to his wife, or to his descendants ; who remain incapable of basking in the sunshine of royalty, till the required number of unalloyed generations has purified their blood, and given them the allotted number of heraldic quarters.

'In consequence of this strange species of pride, many persons honored with titles of nobility, but not possessed of necessary pedigrees, are excluded from the court of their sovereign, and consequently from the first circles of society. Even females whose birth is spotless, may by an interior marriage lose their rank, and sink into the class of their husbands.

'Since I have been here, I have heard related a curious instance of the rigidity with which this rule is enforced. A lady of the first

nobility married an officer of the second, and by so doing was degraded, and rendered incapable of going either to court or to the society of her equals; while the husband, for whom she suffered this disgrace, was in his professional character admitted to both.

‘Neither the liberal sentiments of Joseph the second, nor the example of his successors, who have on all occasions endeavoured to destroy so strange a distinction among the members of the same privileged body, have produced the slightest change in this deeply rooted prejudice. Nor can the power or influence of a minister assist the most amiable individual, who, without the required qualifications, should presume to aspire at moving in the first circles. As a proof of this, I have been told the following anecdote: Count Cobenzel, the prime minister and favorite of the emperor, had a niece, a beautiful and accomplished young woman, who was educated in his house, and who at the proper age was presented at court. A few days afterwards it was whispered that this lovely girl had not a pedigree sufficiently pure to justify the honor which she had received; and, at the next general assembly given by the premier, she no sooner appeared than all the ladies of the court left the room.

‘Such, indeed, is the pride of the first families, that though in the country, or in private, they will associate familiarly with persons of inferior birth, they cannot at Vienna, without subjecting themselves to degradation, appear in public with any whose quarters are not as spotless as their own.’

Those who share the loaves and fishes in this country will pity their hungry brethren of Austria, if the following statement be correct:

‘The great offices of the crown, most of which are exclusively enjoyed by the first nobility, are not very liberally paid; and the inferior departments, through which every individual must pass before he can become either the governor of a province or a minister of state, are filled gratuitously. The proudest noble, if ambitious of holding a place of importance, must submit to advance by the regular steps through which it is gradually approached; and though many fatiguing duties are to be performed, they are accompanied by no salary or remuneration whatever. A friend of mine is thus secretary of one of the regencies; and though the functions of his office occupy several hours of every day, and compel him to reside constantly at Vienna, he receives no pecuniary recompense for his trouble; and the only advantage gained, is the probability of attaining, in the course of years, a post of honor.’

We have gladly noticed such parts of these volumes as have merit; but we should be sorry to reproach ourselves with having encouraged Mr. L. to waste his valuable leisure in another work of this nature. His talents for masquerade, with which he astonished the Neapolitans, we readily acknowledge, and have no doubt that he would be an admirable mask as a ‘travelling author,’ though nature seems not to have formed him to support that character in real life.

His own works, as well as some of those of his predecessors, might suggest to him much satirical humour. Thus might he augment his fame without enduring further 'surfeit of fine sights,' or the fatigue of pursuing them, and without alarming Mrs. Lemaistre with any more of his rash projects. Yet we are convinced that he is too strongly infected with the *cacoethes scribendi* to remain inactive in the literary world, and we shall not be surprised to see a novel or romance struck off, while his imagination is yet warm with the recollection of the Novice of 'Regina Cœli.' (Vol. ii.)

ART. II.—*Ensor's Independent Man*, (continued from p. 141).

CERTAIN expressions of a dangerous tendency drew from us in our last number, some remarks which we made with reluctance. The philanthropy of our author, which displays itself in every part of his work, will induce him to believe, that censure on a book replete with information and originality must be irksome to the censor himself.

The preceding chapters were intended only to usher in the various learning, acute remarks, and decisive criticisms, with which the remainder of the pages abound.

The author is not content with pouring the same ingredients into fresh vessels, and thus professing an originality which is not his own. He neither despises, nor adopts the opinions of those, who have been before hand with him; and although he may be accused of screening himself behind great names when his cause has need of their protection, he may be commended with equal justice for declining their authority whenever it runs counter to his own belief.

The greater part of this work is occupied in criticisms. Philosophers, essayists, writers on political economy, historians, orators, poets of all descriptions, pass in review, and are assigned stations, different in some instances from those which they have usually held, by a scholar whose censure is not to be disregarded, and whose praise, in general, is an honourable testimony to abilities.—Our last number was confined chiefly to the theories of education, which, like most other theories, seemed incapable of being reduced to practice. A writer who embraces the whole circle of literature, who has soared to Plato and descended to Keit, who has read Homer, and the travesty of Cowper, should be allowed to speak for himself, and no greater advantage can be taken of the short limits prescribed to a review, than the judicious insertion of passages remarkable for

their originality, reasoning, or beauty. No present of greater value can be made to the public, than the compression into a small space, of treasures which are scattered at intervals through a long, learned work, calculated to improve the taste and enlarge the understanding. A critic does ill who exacts implicit reliance on his own opinion; the grand features of a good work should be given to the public in their original impression. The unimportant parts may be suppressed. A reader must be grateful for that analysis which places a voluminous author within his grasp.

In the chapter on 'genius and study requisite to great undertakings,' after asserting the insufficiency of the one unaided by the other, he pays the following tribute to the power of genius :

'Genius has its enterprize quickened as it is most resolutely opposed: imputed possibilities are its opportunities of action; for, while fools turn their fortune to their prejudice, and ordinary men take advantage of occasions, genius makes obstacles the means of its prosperity. In literature the ordinary writer considers the prescription of critics the laws of good writing. The academicians condemn the *Cid*: Scudery writes a regular piece in opposition to it, which is neglected; while Corneille's Drama enchants the nation. Genius forms new and peculiar combinations:—the censor says, "these are unauthorized;" the man of genius replies, by the effects of his execution, "I am my own authority."

The chapter on philosophers is a cool and dispassionate treatise, in which many old and idle fancies are refuted with great acuteness. The extraordinary elevation of Socrates, the source from which all the great schools of Grecian philosophy took their rise, attracts more exclusively the notice of our author. He had been considered the greatest of the ancient world. To the estimation in which he was held by his disciples, was added the sanction of the Delphic oracle, and his title to wisdom was confirmed from the sacred tripod. It is unaccountable how the saying of an infuriate man or woman should increase or diminish the reputation of any person.

Hear Mr. Ensor:

'His opinions are a strange mixture of error and truth: in many instances he opposed popular prejudice and superstition, yet he reproved Xenophon for not inquiring from Apollo whether he should undertake his proposed journey, or abstain from it; and when dying, he ordered a cock to be sacrificed to *Æsculapius*. Knox says that this external conformity is not to be confounded with hypocrisy; I do not say that this was hypocrisy, but surely such a reproof,

and such an act, did not correspond with the first of the human race.

‘He spoke much of a familiar dæmon. From what I have read, I am inclined to think that this dæmon was not, in his belief, a mysterious term for conscience, but an attendant power. Some are of a contrary opinion, as they cannot conceive that Socrates could be an enthusiast. From observing human life, you will find traits of gross superstition affecting the wisest. Few old women could be more unsettled in their notions of ghostly apparitions than Johnson. Many instances of folly equal to this might be added. Fletcher of Saltoun ‘considered that in critical cases his understanding received direction from a supernatural impulse.’ Lord Herbert, a notorious sceptic in religion, relates that the interposition of heaven sensibly affected himself: and Cardan, whom Tiraboschi thinks to have possessed as profound and fertile a genius as any one that Italy ever produced, believed in dreams; and that he had in his side a genius, who advertised him of impending dangers.’

To the fear of ghostly apparitions, ascribed to Johnson, might be added his belief in sympathy and antipathy; a superstition for which he seems to be a serious advocate under the cover of a note on the raving of Othello. ‘Nature would not invest herself in such a shadowing passion without some instruction.’ On this passage Warburton indulges in a classical dream, intended only to display his ingenuity, without a hope or wish of instructing. Johnson enters into the real spirit of Othello with such warmth, that he countenances and even joins him in his error.

The greatest merit of our author is that acuteness, which enables him to detect fallacy, by whatever bait it be disguised. Trifles, attached to the histories of great men, have called forth thunders of applause, that are re-echoed from century to century by the undiscerning, who are indifferent to the great traits of character, daily discoverable among men of the present day. It is to be remembered that a person of exalted character is desirous of preserving his rank; he considers himself an object of which all eyes are observant; and studies to give an almost theatrical effect to his words and actions. An ordinary man is unambitious, and having no character to win or lose, acts commonly from the impulse of his feelings; for this reason, if he act well, his merit increases in proportion to his want of consequence. The behaviour of Socrates at the theatre, on a trying occasion, was noble. But the true value of it is best ascertained by comparing it with the conduct of a modern on a similar occasion.

‘That Socrates excelled in the practice of virtue, there can be no doubt; but many circumstances of his life are recorded for our ad-

miration, which in other men are scarcely remembered. It is related with great triumph, that he went to the theatre to confront Aristophanes, who ridiculously personated him. Sir William Brown did as much, when he was mimicked by Foote. Foote had obtained the identical wig and coat of the knight. Sir William sent him his muff, which the droll had forgotten.'

The following is in the same style of discrimination:

'He is praised for his temperance, and it is recorded that he escaped the plague in consequence: but it is scarcely known that doctor Hodges administered medical aid to hundreds in London, while they were perishing by the plague, yet remained himself uncontaminated by the disease: and all the world has heard of the catastrophe of Socrates, and it merits universal admiration; but few have heard that Hodges the philanthropist died in a jail, abandoned by the world.'

The escape of an individual makes a good counterpoise to that of Socrates;—but the instance of Socrates will dwindle to nothing, when it is known that a commission of five medical men who were sent in the year 1720 to Marseilles, for the purpose of attending the citizens visited by the plague, returned to their homes after exposing themselves to its malignity for some weeks uninfected. This circumstance induced François Chicoynean, who was appointed head of the medical staff, to discredit the infectious tendency of that disease.—(Vid. *Traité des Causes, des Accidens, et de la Cure de la Peste, &c.* Paris. 1744, in 4to.)

The character of Plato contains few if any remarks which are uncommon: the pith of what has been said by others is collected with diligence. Antithesis is a favourite figure with our author; and when the points which are drawn up in opposition to each other, have been previously made out, the compression and energy of antithesis brings the whole more clearly and decidedly under review. The following is more than bare assertion; and what follows it will justify each separate remark:

'Plato stands high among inconsequential writers; he wrote against sophistry with chicane: he wrote against Homer, and was his studious imitator; he wrote against poets, yet his works assumed a poetical form: he also introduced allegories, and made a romance of legislation: he wrote against superstition, yet his writings are crowded with Rosicrucian fancies, final causes, and preternatural agency; so much so, that it may be said theology was the domain of Plato.'

In the account of Aristotle, two ingenious suppositions are advanced: The one is an attempt to account for the exoteric and esoteric doctrines, for which he in common with

Plato, Pythagoras and others, has called down on himself the censure of Plutarch, and the ridicule of Lucian.

Of these doctrines we know no more, than that some were intended for the multitude and some for the few.

‘I think,’ says our author, ‘the fairer explanation is, that he related the general principle of science at his public lecture : and that at his private lecture, from which priests and their emissaries were excluded, he introduced his aspiring pupils to the unclouded height of science.’

The other supposition is intended to account for the obscurity of his style.

‘It has always struck me, that many of Aristotle’s tracts are little more than the skeletons of lectures to be embodied by the philosopher when speaking in the lyceum ; for there is often such abruptness in his introduction of passages, such violence in his transitions, and such elliptical brevity in his thoughts and expressions, that without this belief, his mode of writing is inexplicable.

The Stoics seem ever to have employed their thoughts and ingenuity, on diminishing the horror of death. They first denied their wise man the use of his senses and affections. He was to suffer misfortunes without affliction, and prosperity without pleasure. The separation of his intimates, either by distance or by death, was of equal consequence. When the creature was made thus insensible and nearly inanimate, the transition to the grave was easily reconcilable. But lest any fears should arise on its nearer approach, a number of terms were invented, remarkable more for their smartness and pungency than their meaning, which it was hoped would entirely disarm death of its terrors. Thus it was called a long and unbroken repose, without dreams; a voyage for which we need not be at the trouble of taking in any provisions. ‘Why need we fear him?’ says Burton; in the words of an ancient Stoic; ‘for when death is, we are not : and when we are, death is not ;’ with fifty other conceits, which rather evince fear than courage on reflecting on the final departure from the world. On this subject the following is a specimen of good reasoning :

‘They talked contemptuously of death : Seneca says, death has nothing dreadful. This is true ; but he and his sect discourse too much and too boastingly concerning their contempt of it, not to make their sincerity suspected. He that cries out frequently in the day of battle, ‘I am not afraid,’ is pusillanimous ; and the bravo in peace, is commonly a poltroon when called into action. No man is indifferent to what often occupies his thoughts and conversation.’

to posterity an exact transcript of the manners, habits, and costume as it were, of the times which it records. Dignity and gravity, which well befit the historian of times that are gone by, seemed unsuited to the narrator of scenes, and characters of persons familiarly known. It signifies very little, by what name we call the Age of Louis XIV. Call it an essay, or history, it is equally interesting and instructive. But some men require a cheat to be played on their understandings; and turn with incredulity from truth itself, unless accoutred in solemnity. The critic complains, that 'the historian descends from his dignity when he quotes billets, and descants on the fête at Versailles.' In other words he is angry with Voltaire for the prodigious pains which he took in tracing great events to their sources, which like those of mighty rivers, are frequently in themselves shallow and unimportant.

What procured the disgrace of Marlborough, the rise of the tory faction in England, and the deliverance of France from the arms of a genius who had baffled all her generals? 'Quelques paires de gands d'une façon singulière qu'elle (la Duchesse de Marlborow) refusa à la reine, une jette d'eau, qu'elle laissa tomber en sa présence par une méprise affectée, sur la robe de Madame de Masham, changerent la face de l'Europe—Les esprits s'aiguirent, &c.'

—ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?

Voltaire was not in fault, if the cause should appear too trifling for an effect so important.

The historian who commemorates actions and persons, on whose names antiquity has put a stamp of veneration, is awed into respect, and accounts gravely; and therefore for the most part erroneously, for the springs of human events. What is this mystery that hangs over cabinets? Where are the sublime talents that call for adoration?

The history of late years has been little more than sanguinary buffoonery. It is disgusting to hear of couriers arriving from certain great courts, the bearers of most important dispatches; of attentions paid to certain ministers, from whence certain advantages may be augured; of three or four hundred thousand men, headed by a leader, full of courage, and only destitute of brains, threatening to annihilate a crafty usurper, who, for the sake of the confusion which it must occasion, wishes the number of his enemies doubled; of immense garrisons, conducted by generals of profound abilities, being put up like nine pins only to be bowled down. No con-

sequences, however serious, can attach to such absurdities respect or veneration.—We regret the poison, which Voltaire infused into a subject of far more importance than the revolutions of nations, or of the world itself: but as an historian we regret his absence. His pungent sense, attired in seeming levity, would be of service to mankind in enabling them to estimate by their true value, councils and politics, which have the air of grave and important. He would hold a mirror up to the eyes of profound reasoners, which would make them laugh at themselves, and probably recant their errors.

The author deems all real friendships between kings and their servants chimerical. Had he forgotten the terms of friendship on which Philip de Comines and Sully lived with their respective masters?

Of Milton's history, the opinion of Monboddo is but too correct. His language is deeply infected with Latin idiom, and he appears bigotted to his style merely because it cost him labour in attaining it.

The egotism of Burnet gave birth to the memoirs of P.P. clerk of this parish. His whole history is cut into petty stories, and produces no one grand or general effect. Monboddo remarks of Hume, that his style is dry and inanimate, without the least colouring of classical elegance. 'I admit,' says our author, 'that when he attempts rapture (a word to which our critic is very partial) he seems to put a violence on the tranquillity of his temper.' This is only another form of words for Monboddo's opinion, which is just. What does Hume mean by the following? "Each line, each word of Catullus has its merit, and I am never tired with the perusal; it is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell after the fiftieth reading is as fresh as ever"!!!! It is inexplicable, and affected besides.

The censure of Robertson is too severe; and the very fault which the author objects is a virtue.

'The first portion of his sentence,' our author says, 'often measures the second; and the divisions are so balanced, that they vibrate on the beam; very different from his opponent, the hurried and rugged Stuart. This desire to swell his periods to their close, has impeded the progress of his narrative with expletive and synonymous expressions. He has introduced short sentences; but they are evidently inserted to obviate his numerous periods perpetually recurring.'

One fault here becomes obvious in the plan adopted by the critic: he seldom if ever produces examples to give validity to his remarks; there is a dogmatical way of asserting his free opinion, as the only true one, which clearly

proves him unused to contradiction. A vast and accumulating mass of information and criticism has been uninterruptedly inserted in his common-place book; and conscious of his great strength, he sometimes hazards opinions which may be asserted in a minute, but which would require much labour in their proof. How is 'Robertson's language infected with colloquial barbarisms?' And where is the fault of being 'laboriously melodious?' If by colloquial barbarisms, Mr. Ensor means vulgar idiom, his assertion would require many examples before it becomes a creed. It is well known that study is requisite in North Britain to attain the English language in its purity and that the idiom and familiar phrases are only to be acquired by a long and colloquial intercourse with the south. The biographer of Robertson, Dugald Stewart, makes the contrary remark, and thinks that the historian preserves his dignity by not admitting that familiarity of expression, which would have become habitual after an early intercourse with the inhabitants of London.

The objection made by Mr. Ensor to his melody, must come from his heart, for the critic has sacrificed very little to the graces of composition. His sentences are homespun; and frequently clogged with nameless names, and elaborate vulgarisms. The contrasted styles however of our three historians are not to be silently passed over.

'With regard to abilities, Hume seems to me to have had the most discriminating intellect; Robertson, the finest feelings; Gibbon, the most ardent mind. Hume excels in explaining difficulties; Robertson, in the few he starts, is not very successful; Gibbon, in fathoming depths and disentangling perplexities, is more adroit than able. Hume confutes with calm superiority; Robertson with benevolence; Gibbon triumphs when he corrects. Considering their notions of government, Hume, who was a commonwealth man in theory, was a prerogative historian. Neither Robertson nor Gibbon are to be reproved for being too popular in their opinions: as to other points connected with the state, Hume and Gibbon were what the French call philosophers, and Robertson is to be praised as having his religious belief uninfected with bigotry.

'They all excelled in learning; if Hume surpassed in metaphysical knowledge, Gibbon was the most extensive reader; polite literature was first his choice; and whenever it presents itself, his joyful powers exert themselves with spontaneous felicity. In selection of matter, and in its arrangement, they also excelled. In style, Hume possesses most ease, Robertson most melody, Gibbon most intrepidity and spirit. Hume's beauties fall artlessly from him, Robertson's are elaborate, Gibbon's rhetorical. Hume sought perspicuity; he is always clear, and sometimes luminous: Robertson cultivated suavity, and he generally attained the object of his care: Gibbon affected perpetual splendour, and success crowned his ambition. I

conclude this with an honourable testimony to the dignity of their understandings; though they were contemporaries, though they aspired to present and eternal fame, and though their common pursuit was history, they lived in friendship together, and in mutual admiration of each other's productions.'

On the appearance of Hume and Smollet, a critic of those days hailed in the former an English Tacitus, in the latter an English Livy. It is a profanation to mention them together. Those who have read *Peregrine Pickle*, will recognise the same small and vulgar language transferred to the events of nations.

Watson has not been mentioned: for this omission no reason is advanced. If this historian be deemed unfit to be classed with our three great masters, he is at least the first of the second rank, and more deserving of attention, than Clarendon, Burnet or Littleton. His subject is a continuation of Charles the Vth; his language possesses neither extraordinary beauties nor blemishes. His style is smooth, easy, and flowing; and we see no reason for excluding him from a rank with Hume at least, whose characteristic is freedom from faults rather than richness in excellencies. The 6th chapter of Philip the second, recounting the siege of Malta by the Turks under Mustapha and Dragut, should exempt him from neglect. The historian, in commemorating the heroism of La Valetta, and the deeds of a few knights in defending a barren and thankless rock, rises to an elevation of style and description, which, had it continued through other chapters, would have given him an indisputable place among the first English writers. The effect of this extraordinary chapter is nearly that of romance, and the reader feels himself rapt and inspired, while he is instructed.

The merits of Raynal are well discussed. 'Though sometimes well informed, always spirited, and often eloquent, it is rather a declamatory ramble through the world, than a history.' How did Raynal get the following precise and exact information? 'Pres de quarante mille chretiens, dans le royaume ou la province d'Arima s'armerent au nom, et pour le nom de Christ: il se defendirent avec tant de fureur, qu'il n'en survécut pas un seul au carnage, excité par la persecution?' The roarings of Bedlam hardly equal some of appeals to the conscience and clemency of mankind. The same author somewhere talks of millions precipitating themselves into the flames. This is not grandeur: the idiot who proposed mount Athos for the block out of which the statue of Alexander should be carved, would rank among men of sublime imagination, if this be sublimity, or any thing like it.

It was a favourite scheme with Swift to institute an academy for the purpose of directing the language and taste of England upon a plan similar to that of France. Happily for the literature of our country, its great and original geniuses have been allowed to take their free range uncurbed by the shackles imposed by these and similar institutions. The appearance of critics who fix certain standards to excellence, and prescribe nostrums for fine writing, may be ranked among those signs and portents which announce the downfall of grandeur and of power : lecturers and writers on belles lettres, and all the picknickery of literature, were reserved for our times ; hence arises that lady-like languor of conception, that insignificance of language, that soft rotundity of period, which places the gentle reader in a sort of fool's paradise, neither quite awake nor quite asleep. Hear our author :

‘ It was fortunate for Bossuet and eloquence, that the academy, that emanation of despotic policy, had not reduced all to a faultless mediocrity. Had its jurisdiction then prevailed in full force, Bossuet's genius perhaps had sunk beneath its oppression. The academicians added nothing to the French language, and they deducted much from it. D'Ablancourt, Patru, Vaugelas, Coellietau, had given it form ; Montaigne, poignancy ; Pascal had added precision, variety, and strength : Balsac made it numerous ; Bourdaloue and Bossuet superadded dignity and pathos : and if liberty had survived the revolution, though no time ever fermented more turgid declamations, Mirabeau, who possessed all oratorical qualifications except virtue, had alone carried the grandest eloquence, the popular and political, to its perfection.’

The following remarks on a popular writer, of the order above-mentioned, are just and accurate : after canvassing the merits of different orators, in the senate, at the bar and in the pulpit, he writes,

‘ Blair's sermons have been praised for their eloquence. I cannot call the dictates of common sense in unimpassioned unornamented language eloquent : and the sermons of this good man have no greater pretensions.’

‘ After Blair's pages,’ says our author, ‘ you should read a passage from the poets of Johnson, as preparations of steel are recommended when the solids become infirm by the too free application of relaxing medicines.’

We pass the dissertation on poetry and the satyrists, which is at least equal to any discussion of the same subject in our language. Our limits however are so confined, that we are unable to bestow attention to every position, whether it falls

in with, or contradicts our own opinion. For this reason we permit our author to preach up blank verse ; call Cowper a poet ; and to attack Sterne under the shelter of an insidious note. Other opportunities will most probably occur, during our future critical labours, for enabling us to assert the superiority of the genuine English couplet, to disprove the inspiration of the truly good man who is miscalled a poet, and to repel the assault on one of our greatest humourists. Those who imitate the metrical prose of the sofa, the Cririe's, Grabbame's, Bowles', are injurious to literature, because they fully equal their master ; and shew how easy it is to be a poet, if his be poetry. Whereas no danger is to be dreaded from the imitations of Mr. Yorick, because on a comparison with their great prototype, they sink into insignificance, pitied and unread. The author no where shews his determination to think for himself more clearly, than in his comparison of Pope with Dryden. It is well worthy of attention.

In his observations on the Italian opera, we hail the lover of sweet sounds in their purity ; what language addresses itself so rapidly to the heart as poetry introduced by her sister music ?

That enchanting science, which the wisdom of Greece made subservient to the noblest purposes, was in former days undervalued by our countrymen. At present, it is said by those who know not how to distinguish between genius and study, that we are becoming musical. It cannot be denied that more natives are engaged in the study of music than formerly ; and the science as far as relates to its mechanism is with us cultivated and understood. But nature or bad precepts have objected an insuperable bar to our proficiency. Music, which among the Italians is the offspring of melancholy and tenderness, is among the English generally the vehicle for licentiousness and the rudest jollity ; it is with us an appendage of the banquet only, where melancholy and distress are the least likely to obtrude themselves. 'The superfluity of sound' is added to the inspiration of wine ;

συγχρῖς δὲ βροδῶν ἔδεις λυπας
εὗρετο μῆση καὶ πολυχόρδοις
ὠδῶν παυεῖν. κ.λ.λ.

Noise is the principal ingredient. Not that we have neglected the amatorial or platative departments. Our composers, without end in number, and without a name, have applied themselves to the study of what is called an exquisitely refined and polished style. But their rude noise is more sufferable than their clumsy refinement. In this branch our

composers and singers have recourse to imposition in all its shapes, under the false pretence of graces, to hide their want of genius, science or voice. Our climate is indisputably unfavourable to the latter, which cannot be expected either so clear or powerful as in countries less exposed to sudden changes. But our greatest deficiency is national taste, which forsakes the simplicity, plaintiveness and ease of the Italian, for abstruse, difficult, and tawdry compositions. The highest excellence of what is called a fine English singer, is the encounter of apparent difficulties. His aim is to surprise; which is far easier than to please. For it may be considered as an established truth, that exaggerated ornament is an evasion by which a bad voice escapes detection, which would be exposed by the production of a simple tone. This is the mere juggling of the art; it surprises a little those who are unacquainted with the trick; it plays round the head, but fails in all its attempts upon the heart. To use our author's words 'it can never convince the soul, nor sway the passions.' Let composers remember the command of the Ephori to Emeripes, a complicated musician, 'do not debase music'—then we shall see music fulfil the poet's wise command,

' Arise as in the elder time
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime;
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales thy sons relate, &c.'

The Germans are of all nations the most scientific. But there is something of the commentator which obtrudes itself on every thing German, and their compositions present us rather with a dissertation on music, than the enchantment of the art itself. The Italians, having discovered the key to the heart, yield the palm of science to their laborious rivals, and are content to lose it. The similarity of some ancient Scottish and Russian airs to Italian melodies is too obvious to escape notice. To account for it would be difficult. Some have pleased themselves with attributing to David Rizzio the introduction of music into Scotland, as if the peculiar habits and genius of one man, and that a foreigner, could have communicated themselves to a nation. Others have indulged in the pleasing delusion that the antient Lydian and Ionian measures are perpetuated among the inhabitants of Moscovy. These men are dreamers—but they dream like poets, and we would shut our eyes for the same enjoyment.

We should not have paused so long on this subject, but from a conviction of the importance of pure and chaste music to natural taste and manners, and we have generally

remarked in those who are insensible to its power; that music is not the only delight of which they are unsusceptible, or the only grace in which they are deficient.

Much yet remains to be noticed in this work, which seems to us to be so deserving the attention of the public, that we shall feel ourselves justified, contrary to our usual practice, in deferring the conclusion of our remarks to another article.

(To be continued.)

ART. III.—*Philosophical Transactions of London for the Year 1806. Part II. 4to. 10s. 6d. Nichol.*

X.—*Observations upon the Marine Barometer, made during the Examination of the Coasts of New Holland and New South Wales, in the Years 1801, 1802, 1803. By Matthew Flinders, Esq. Commander of his Majesty's Ship Investigator.* This paper contains, as its title announces, observations made on the barometer: together with the observations, the author notices the direction and magnitude of the wind, and the preceding and succeeding temperatures; and he is of opinion that a knowledge of the rise and fall of the barometer, and of certain concomitant circumstances, will be of very great use to the navigator, and especially when the vessel is near a coast. The reasons for this opinion are properly founded on observations recorded in this paper. We hope that every commander employed like Mr. Flinders in the service of government will be instructed to make observations on the barometer and compass. Astronomy has contributed largely to the perfection of navigation: other sciences ought to contribute their share.

XV.—*A new Demonstration of the Binomial Theorem, when the Exponent is a negative or positive Fraction. By the Rev. Abram Robertson. p. 805.*

If n be a whole number, then by a legitimate and easy process we may prove

$$\text{that, } (1+x)^n = 1 + nx + n \cdot \frac{n-1}{2} x^2 + n \cdot \frac{n-1}{2}$$

$$\cdot \frac{n-2}{3} x^3 + \&c.$$

$$\text{similarly that, } (1+x)^m = 1 + mx + m \cdot \frac{m-1}{2} x^2 + m \cdot \frac{m-1}{2}$$

$$\cdot \frac{m-2}{3} x^3 + \&c.$$

m being also a whole number.

Now if we multiply the first series by the second, the respective terms shall be

$$1, (m+n) x, \left(\frac{m^2-m}{2} + \frac{n^2-n}{2} + m n \right) x^2 + \&c.$$

$$\text{or, } 1, (m+n) x, \left\{ m+n \left(\frac{m+n-1}{2} \right) \right\} x^2 + \&c.$$

Or the actual multiplication shall give the very same co-efficients affecting the powers of x , as we obtain from developing $(1+x)^{m+n}$ on the supposition that the development of $(1+x)^{m+n}$ follows the same law as that of $(1+x)^m$ and of $(1+x)^n$; in other words, that $(1+x)^m$ is always formed according to the same law, provided that m be an integer number.

Now, Mr. Robertson remarks that in the multiplication of $(1+x)^m$ and of $(1+x)^n$, the equality between the co-efficients affecting certain powers of x and of the co-efficients affecting the same powers of x when $(1+x)^{m+n}$ is expanded according to the law of the binomial, does not depend on the values m and n ; which is true: hence n and m being any two fractions whatever, if the series expressing the expansion of $\overline{1+x^n}$ be multiplied into the series for $\overline{1+x^m}$, the result must be $\overline{1+n+m.x + (n+m) \frac{n+m-1}{2} x^2 + \&c.}$

If therefore the series

$$1 + \frac{x}{r} + \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{r} \cdot \frac{1}{r} - 1 \right) x^2 + \&c. \text{ be multiplied into itself,}$$

from the above property it must be

$$1 + \frac{2}{r} x + \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{2}{r} \frac{2}{r} - 1 \right) x^2 + \&c. .$$

and if, r times into itself, the resulting series must be

$$1 + \frac{r}{r} x + \frac{1}{2} \left\{ \frac{r}{r} \frac{r}{r} - 1 \right\} x^2 + \&c.$$

but this series = $\overline{1+x}$; consequently the series from which it was produced, viz.

$$1 + \frac{1}{r}x + \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{r} \frac{1}{r} - 1 \right) x^2 + \&c.$$

must be the r^{th} root of $1+x$; in other words, that series is equal $(1+x)^{\frac{1}{r}}$, or the developement of $(1+x)^{\frac{1}{r}}$ is according to the same law which the developement of the integral powers of the binomial follows.

It is plain from this description of the method that the proof is not a direct one: the series for $(1+x)^{\frac{1}{r}}$ is assumed according the law that $(1+x)^n$ (n a whole number) follows, and then the assumption is proved to be true, by shewing that the series multiplied r times into itself becomes $1+x$. This proof, although perhaps it satisfies the mind, yet stands not in the situation of a direct proof: besides, the proof has no claim to originality, for Newton adopts the same method: he says

$$'(1-x^2)^{\frac{1}{2}} \text{ valeret } 1 - \frac{1}{2}x^2 - \frac{1}{8}x^4 - \&c.$$

$$(1-x^2)^{\frac{1}{3}} \quad 1 - \frac{1}{3}x^2 + \frac{3}{8}x^4 - \&c.'$$

and then he adds 'Nam ut probarem has operationes, multiplicavi $1 - \frac{1}{2}x^2 - \&c.$ in se, et factum est $1 - x^2$ terminis reliquis in infinitum evanescentibus per continuationem seriei. Atque ita $1 - \frac{1}{3}x^2 + \frac{3}{8}x^4 - \&c.$ bis in se ductum produxit $1 - x^2$, &c. (Epist. ad D. Oldenburgum Octob. 24, 1676 data, cum Leibnitio communicanda.)

The same kind of proof too, if our memory does not fail us, has been adopted by the Baron Maſſerès in some of the volumes of the *Scriptores Logarithmici*.

We have said, that a proof of the kind adopted by Dr. R. may satisfy the mind with regard to the truth of the assumption of

$$(1+x)^{\frac{1}{r}} = 1 + \frac{1}{r}x + \&c.$$

but still the assumption is not beyond the reach of doubt and controversy: An enquiring student might demand, and not in the spirit of cavil, 'Is there no other series, the coefficients of which are formed after a law different from the

above law, which when multiplied into itself r times is reduced to $1 + x^r$

$$x^{\frac{n}{r}} + \frac{n}{r} x^{\frac{n}{r}-1} z + 1 \cdot \frac{n}{r} \frac{n}{r} - 1 x^{\frac{n}{r}-2} + 2 \cdot \frac{n}{r} \left(\frac{n}{r} - 1 \right)$$

$\frac{n}{r} \frac{n}{r} - 1$, is reduced to $x+z$ when $n = r$, but such series is not produced from the r^{th} root of $x+z$.

This paper occupies twenty-one pages, and considering its importance and the particular point it intended to establish, it is, in our opinion, unnecessarily prolix and dilated. It ought to have been comprised within a fourth of its present dimensions, and it might have been so comprised without any injury to the clearness of its statements or to the accuracy of its deductive processes.

XVI.—*New Method of computing Logarithms.* By Thomas Manning, Esq. p. 327.—If we assume N to represent a number, and put

$$N - \frac{N}{10} = R$$

$$R - \frac{R}{10} = R'$$

$$R' - \frac{R'}{10} = R''$$

$$\& R^{(v)} - \frac{R^{(v)}}{10} = g$$

$$\text{then } N = \frac{10R}{9} = \frac{10^2 R'}{9^2} = \frac{10^3 R''}{9^3} \&c = \frac{10^n g}{9^n},$$

or if any of the quantities R''' R^{iv} , &c. had been thus formed:

$$R'' - \frac{R''}{100} = R'''$$

$$R''' - \frac{R'''}{100} = R^{iv} \&c.$$

or thus:

$$R^{iv} - \frac{R^{iv}}{10m} = R^v$$

$$R^v - \frac{R}{10m} = R^{vi} \&c]$$

$$\begin{aligned}
 \text{then } N \text{ would equal } & \frac{10^3}{9^3} \cdot \frac{100}{99} R''' = \frac{10^3}{9^3} \cdot \frac{(100)^2}{(99)^2} R'' \\
 = & \frac{10^3}{9^3} \cdot \frac{(100)^2}{(99)^2} \cdot \frac{(10)^m}{999\dots} R' \text{ \&c.} \\
 = & \frac{10^3}{9^3} \cdot \frac{(100)^2}{(99)^2} \dots \frac{1000 \dots m}{999\dots m} \cdot \rho
 \end{aligned}$$

$$\text{Hence } \log. N = 3 \log. \frac{10}{9} + 2 \log. \frac{100}{99} + \&c + m \log.$$

$$\frac{1000 \dots}{999\dots} \log. \rho.$$

Or, if instead of 3 there were m operations of this sort, $R - \frac{R}{10}$,

if instead of 2 there were m' operations of this sort, $R - \frac{R}{100}$,

$$\text{and then } \log. N = m \log. \frac{10}{9} + m' \log. \frac{100}{99} + m'' \log. \frac{1000}{999}$$

$$+ \&c. + \log. \rho.$$

This is the theorem upon which the computations in the present paper are founded: and it is moulded into the preceding form, because the computation of the logarithms of

$$\frac{10}{9} \frac{100}{99} \&c. \text{ is easily made, thus}$$

$$\text{hyp. log. } \frac{10}{9} = \text{hyp. log. } \frac{10}{10-1} = \text{hyp. log. } \left(\frac{1}{1-\frac{1}{10}} \right)$$

$$= \frac{1}{10} + \frac{1}{2} \frac{1}{(10)^2} + \frac{1}{3} \frac{1}{(10)^3} + \&c.$$

$$\text{similarly hyp. log. } \frac{100}{99} = \frac{1}{100} + \frac{1}{2} \frac{1}{(100)^2} + \frac{1}{3} \frac{1}{(100)^3}$$

$$+ \&c. \&c.$$

With respect to ρ , the last remainder, the operation of subtracting must be continued, till ρ is an unit integer followed by half as many decimal cyphers as the number of places worked to: for in this case since $\rho = 1 + \rho - 1$,
 $\text{hyp. log. } \rho = \text{hyp. log. } \{1 + (\rho - 1)\} = (\rho - 1) - \frac{1}{2} (\rho - 1)^2$
 $+ \&c. = \rho - 1,$

or equals the decimal part of ρ , since the first significant figure in $(\rho - 1)^2$ would stand to the right of the last significant figure in $\rho - 1$.

The peculiar advantage of this method is, the facility of computing the hyp. logarithms of $\frac{10}{9}$, $\frac{100}{99}$, &c. and of obtaining the quantity ρ ; for ρ is obtained by a simple process of subtraction.

Suppose it were required to find the hyperbolic logarithm of 2;

$$N = 2$$

$$2$$

$$\cdot 2$$

$$\hline 1 \cdot 8 = R$$

$$\cdot 18$$

$$\hline 1 \cdot 62 = R'$$

$$162$$

$$\hline 1 \cdot 458 = R''$$

$$1458$$

$$\hline 1 \cdot 3122 = R'''$$

$$13122$$

$$\hline 1 \cdot 18098 = R^{iv}$$

$$118098$$

$$\hline 1 \cdot 062882 = R^v$$

The operation $R - \frac{R}{10}$ having been made 6 times,
 $m = 6$.

Now we must not subtract $\frac{R^v}{10}$ from R^v , for were we to do so, there would be no integer unit in the next remainder, and we must retain an unit in order to compute conveniently the last remainder ρ : $\frac{R^v}{100}$ must therefore be subtracted, thus

$$1 \cdot 062882$$

$$1062882$$

$$\hline 1 \cdot 05225318 = R^{vi}$$

and continuing this operation, it will be found that there are 6 operations such as $R^{vi} - \frac{R^{vi}}{100} \therefore m' = 6$;

moreover, that we must perform 6 operations such as $R - \frac{R}{10000}$, 8 such as $R - \frac{R}{100000}$, 2 such as $R - \frac{R}{1000000}$,

consequently $m'' m''' m^{iv}$ are respectively $\pm 6, 8, 2$: and the last remainder ρ will be found $= 1.0000000411896$.

Hence

$$\begin{aligned} \text{hyp. log. } 2 &= 6 \text{ h. l. } \frac{10}{9} + 6 \text{ h. l. } \frac{100}{99} + 6 \text{ h. l. } \frac{10000}{9999} \\ &+ 8 \text{ h. l. } \frac{10^5}{99999} + 2 \text{ h. l. } \frac{10^6}{999999} + .0000000411896. \end{aligned}$$

The author gives a table in which the hyp. logs. of $\frac{10}{9}$, $\frac{100}{99}$ &c. and of their multiples, are put down: so that the preceding arithmetical computation is easily effected.

After the method above described the hyp. logarithms of numbers less than 2 may be computed; in order to find the hyp. logarithms of numbers greater than 2, such numbers must be previously reduced by division, powers of 2 being the divisors, thus $5 = 2^2 \cdot \frac{5}{4} = 2^2 \cdot \{1.25\}$

$$\text{hyp. log. } 5 = \text{h. l. } 1.25 + 2 \text{ h. l. } 2$$

and h. l. (1.25) may be computed as above.

$$\text{Again, } 10 = 2^3 \cdot \frac{10}{8} = 2^3 (1.25)$$

$$13 = 2^3 \cdot \frac{13}{8} = 2^3 (1.625)$$

$$\therefore \text{hyp. log. } 13 = 3 \text{ h. l. } 2 + \text{h. l. } 1.625$$

$$5548748 = 10^6 (5.548748) = 10^6 \cdot 2^2 \cdot \left\{ \frac{5.548748}{4} \right\}$$

$$= 10^6 \cdot 2^2 (1.387187)$$

$$\text{consequently h. l. } (5548748) = 6 \text{ h. l. } 10 + 2 \text{ h. l. } 2 + \text{h. l. } (1.387187)$$

We have sufficiently, we trust, described the principle and conduct of this logarithmic computation for the comprehension of our mathematical readers. The computation, as we have already said, is very simple, plain, and certain: it may be performed, in all cases, by any arithmetician. The invention of the principle of the computation is highly creditable to the ingenuity of its author.

XVIII.—*Observations on the Permanency of the Variation of the Compass at Jamaica. In a Letter from Mr. James Robertson.* p. 348.

The circumstance related, and we may add, established in this paper, is a very remarkable one: since 1660 the compass has not varied at Jamaica; it is now what it was then and in Halley's time, $6\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east. Admitting the accuracy of Mr. Robertson's narration, the grounds on which this fact is established are very sure and satisfactory. All grants of land were formerly accompanied with a diagram or map of the land: the map was constructed by a magnetic meridian, and in a map of the same land or estate, the direction of the magnetic meridian still continues the same. Since the original grant, new maps have been often constructed, and when of the same estates, they are found invariably to agree with the ancient maps in the direction of the magnetic meridian; there is in Jamaica very little difficulty, according to Mr. R., of ascertaining the original boundaries of estates; if the bounding line ran through a forest, notches were cut in a succession of trees to mark such bounding line; many of the trees and the notches still remain, consequently it is easy to determine the inclination of these bounding lines with the meridian lines: the comparison of the present inclination with the former inclination affords results such as we have noticed.

Add to this, particular districts were formerly divided by boundaries running north and south (magnetic) or east and west: they still, examined by the compass, are north and south, east and west.

The circumstance related in this paper, were we ignorant of the variation of the magnetic needle, would not be in the least remarkable: it is now remarkable from our previous knowledge of a circumstance, in itself, more remarkable. The theory of the compass is scarcely at all understood; yet that it is not understood, forms the subject rather of regret than of complaint: other sciences are invaded or subdued by the industry and perseverance of philosophers; but the science of magnetism, or rather magnetism, baffles research, and its secrets will probably not be discovered, except by the unexpected light of some happy discovery.

XX.—*Observations on the Variation, and on the Dip of the Magnetic Needle, made at the Apartments of the Royal Society between the Years 1786 and 1805 inclusive, by Mr. George Gilpin.* p. 385.

In the commencement of the paper Mr. Gilpin describes

the situation of the compass, and the manner of observing its variation. He then proceeds to state that his tables, which are added to the paper, were constructed from observations made every day during sixteen months, and from observations made each day, at short and stated intervals. These observations are arranged in table 1st, which occupies sixteen pages. Table 3d, contains, besides the mean monthly true variation and mean diurnal alteration of variation for the above sixteen months, the mean monthly true variation and diurnal alteration of variation for many months in the year, between the years 1786 and 1805, inclusive.

About 1775 the variation was found to increase annually nearly $10'$, but since that time till the present the rate of increase has diminished: it is now very small, and it seems as if the variation was arrived at its extremest westerly point.

In regard to the diurnal variation, that appears to be stationary about 7 or 8 in the morning, and about 1 or 2 in the afternoon: it is least at the former time, greatest at the latter.

From observations made at London during 200 years, it appears that the annual increase of the variation has been nearly the same, but in a subsequent period of 18 years the decrease of the annual increase has been very rapid, so much so, that the annual increase from 1795 to 1805 has not exceeded $1'$.

The concluding remarks of Mr. Gilpin are so just that they deserve to be here noticed and inserted:

‘ I cannot conclude this paper without expressing my regret, that so little avail should have been made of the numerous opportunities which have been afforded to travellers and others in the last century for making accurate observations with proper instruments, at land, on the variation in different parts of the world; such observations would probably have afforded some curious and useful facts, which would have materially assisted in forming a theory much more certain than what we at present possess: the present received opinion of the cause of the diurnal alteration of variation would be confirmed or invalidated; its quantity of effect in different places, a most desirable acquisition, would be ascertained; and we should be put in possession of more valuable and correct information on the variation than can be derived from observations made with the common azimuth compass, even at land, owing to its imperfect construction. The variation thus accurately obtained at any one period, compared with the variation correctly ascertained at a subsequent period, would give a rate of alteration of the variation which could be relied on.

'The celebrated Halley thought the variation of so much importance, that he made two voyages for the purpose of making observations on the variation, to confirm his theory advanced in 1683, and soon after he published his variation chart. Since his time no better theory than he left has been obtained, although it must be confessed that many observations have been made at sea by voyagers; but these observations, made generally to answer the purpose of the observer at the time only, are therefore seldom preserved; for unless made by authority, which rarely happens, they do not often meet the public eye; and it must be from observations made with care, and with good instruments, carefully registered and properly arranged, that any real advantage can be derived. It is hoped therefore, that in future attention to this subject will not be thought beneath those who may have it in their power essentially to promote an undertaking so interesting to the philosopher, and so valuable and useful to the maritime world.'

XXI.—On the Declinations of some of the principal fixed Stars; with a Description of an astronomical Circle, and some Remarks on the Construction of circular Instruments. By John Pond, Esq. p. 420.

The observations on the declinations of the fixed stars were made with an astronomical circle two feet and a half diameter, made by that excellent artist Mr. Troughton. Mr. Pond compares his observations with the Greenwich and certain Armagh observations, and then suggests an ingenious and a very simple mode, of correcting the latitudes of places. The declination of a star is the difference between its altitude in the meridian and the height of the equator above the horizon: the latter height is the colatitude of the place of observation. Hence, since with good instruments and careful observation we may always suppose the meridional altitudes accurately determined, the declination of the star must depend on the latitude of the place; and hence, since the declination is the same quantity, if at different places the declinations of the same stars should be found to be different, it would follow that the latitudes of the places of observations were inaccurately determined, and required some correction. Agreeably to the principle of this method, Mr. Pond has examined the declinations of the same stars, as put down from observations made at Greenwich, Armagh, &c. and thinks that the following corrections ought to be applied to the colatitudes:

Greenwich	+ 1"	
Armagh	+ 1"	3
Palermo	- 1"	
Westbury	- 0"	25

This paper concludes with the description of Mr. Troughton's instrument, and with the register or table of Mr. Pond's observations.

XXII.—*Observations and Remarks on the Figure, the Climate, and the Atmosphere of Saturn, and its Ring. By William Herschell, L.L.D. F.R.S. p. 455.*

The curious phenomenon announced last year by Dr. H., was the figure of Saturn, flattened towards the poles, but not bulging out towards the equatorial parts: such figure evidently does not result from the ordinary and obvious effects of a centrifugal force: and on first considerations, it does not seem to be the consequence of the attraction of the ring. But, before that laborious investigations are entered upon for the purpose of ascertaining the physical cause, the phenomenon ought satisfactorily and certainly to be verified. Dr. H. has again made his observations, and perseveres in his former statement: he says, the greatest curvature is about the latitude of 40 degrees, but he a little alters his former proportion between the polar and equatorial diameters: this proportion according to the present paper ought to be that of 35,41 : 32. In confirmation of his present opinion the learned astronomer finds an observation made 18 years ago. It is this:

'August 2, 1788, 21^h 58'. 20 feet reflector, power 300. Admitting the equatorial diameter of Saturn to lie in the direction of the ring, the planet is evidently flattened at the poles. I have often before, and again this evening, supposed the shape of Saturn not to be spheroidal (like that of Mars and Jupiter) but much flattened at the poles, and also a very little flattened at the equator; but this wants more exact observations.'

The peculiarity in the figure of Saturn, according to Dr. H., cannot be observed with low magnifying powers, except it be previously observed with high magnifying powers: this may be a true circumstance, but it is an odd circumstance, what we should not have expected.—We hope for further observations of this phenomenon, from the ingenious and indefatigable author of this paper.

ART. IV.—*Manual of Health: or, the Invalid conducted safely through the Seasons. To be continued occasionally. 12mo. 5s. boards. Johnson. 1806.*

THE object of most popular treatises on the subject of health, is to inform mankind on the nature and cure of fre-

quent and unimportant ailments, and to supersede the necessity of recurring to the aid of medical practitioners for every trivial disorder. The writer of this manual seems to have an opposite end in view. He is afraid to trust the uninitiated on the slightest occasion, and is exhorting them to be perpetually consulting the authorised venders of health. A common cold ought not be allowed to continue three days without a prescription; nor is the simple treatment he recommends to be ventured upon by unprofessional people '*without advice.*' It seems then that the people are not to meddle for an instant with that, the care of which it is their daily and hourly concern to preserve. They are to be kept in a perpetual state of pupilage, and the greatest knowledge they can hope to attain, is to judge when it is needful to apply to the regular professors. Of the power and dignity of these professors, he would impress us with the most exalted ideas. The road of life, we are informed, is dangerous from the intricacy of its branchings. Terrible are the difficulties consequent upon taking a false direction: dark hollow ways, deep sloughs, inextricable thickets overgrown with piercing thorns, stand ready to receive the bewildered traveller at every turn:

'In all these bye places are planted persons, bearing some analogy to the monks of St. Gothard. Their office is to raise the fallen, to pour balm into the wounds of the hurt, and above all to reconduct wanderers into the right path. Part of them are stationed in the right path itself to disarm the thunder cloud and give assistance in case of accident.'

If these beneficent beings fail to be of service, it is not, we are told, from their own want of power, but principally because, from ignorance and conceit, numbers without number neglect applying in time to the helpers or guides. And we sometimes find it brazenly asserted, and sometimes more darkly insinuated, that in the most formidable disorders fatality is principally caused, either by this tardiness in applying for advice, or by perversely neglecting their salutary precepts.

This is all very fine; and when we see these sapient professors live themselves exempt from the evils of life; when we see them preserve their own persons from gout, their wives from cancers, and their children from consumptions, the public will doubtless give credit to such magnificent pretensions. Doctors ourselves, we can have neither wish nor object in disparaging an honourable and useful profession. But those who indulge in inflated and hyperbolic descriptions of its powers, must be thoroughly ignorant of its

just objects and legitimate utility. These idle boastings have been contradicted by the experience of all ages, nor have they ever been countenanced by the great improvers of medicine. On the contrary, they have acknowledged the imperfections of their art, and have deplored the innumerable occasions in which it disappoints their hopes. How ridiculous then are they *if* they, proceed from one, who has spent his life in senseless and abortive projects; in perpetually exciting the expectations and hopes of the public, and in as constantly disappointing them?

From this view of the notions and objects of the author, it will be seen that we are not to expect any thing of medicine properly so called from the work before us. The first part of the volume is occupied by a treatise (sufficiently tedious) on the feeble sensitive temperament, its signs and causes. '*On Sensibility*' is a title sufficiently attractive for the class of readers for whom the work is obviously designed; we mean that portion of the fashionable community, who amuse themselves with medical chit chat; and whose opinions give the vogue to a fashionable milliner, a fashionable doctor, or a fashionable medicine. Hot and close rooms, sedentary habits, originally enfeebled stamina, tea-drinking, light clothing, and so forth, are thought to be the chief causes to which is attributed the diminished vigour of the present race. And to correct it we are directed to be provided with some pursuit, which shall keep the mind alert and the body in exercise. Doubtless, the advice is very good. But as it has been already given a thousand times, we cannot form great expectations from this repetition of it.

In the part which corresponds with the title of the book we meet with some very common-place remarks on catarrh; a receipt to make pomade de vie; directions against chilblains; orders to prevent cold feet, by a mustard fermentation; cold knees, by mustard poultices, and to apply the same to a bald head if cold; with some delectable remarks on fleecy hosiery.* We are moreover very seriously informed that catching cold in wet weather is certainly to be in part ascribed to abundant moisture. Very kindly therefore does he caution us against wet feet; and more abundant in his goodness in giving us a preservative against the danger. As we wish to enrich our pages with good things wherever we find them, we shall transcribe the following receipt, trusting that our readers will set a proper value upon it, as coming from the pen of a very eminent philosopher :

‘ Melt of Rosin, 4 parts ;
Bees wax, 6 parts ;
Mutton suet, 8 parts ;
with Linseed oil, 16 parts.’

This mixture warmed and frequently applied to the upper leather and soles of the shoes, is said to have kept the feet of the philosopher himself and of others perfectly dry in all the dirt of a wet season.

We are also at one page frightened with an anathema against buttered toast and tea ; at a second gravely instructed that throwing up our sashes is apt to give us cold, and at a third disgusted with a filthy tale about *des lavemens d'eau*, which our author seems to think very amusing.

But we have not room for all the wise remarks and profound cautions to be met with in this collection. By the specimens we have given, our readers may judge of the remainder. We shall therefore conclude by observing, that our author seems thoroughly to understand the advantages of anonymous publication. It is an useful screen against the contempt and censure of the learned ; and assertions may in this form be hazarded, which no one who has the slightest regard for character would dare openly to maintain. For example, what writer of common decency would venture to set his name to the following sentence ?

‘ To me there appears little more difficulty in distinguishing this complaint (*dropsy of the brain*) than any other deep-seated local inflammation, and not at all more difficulty in subduing it. In this, as in all others, active measures are to be early employed. When left to itself, it destroys in about three weeks. At any time within the first week I believe it will generally yield to art : but within the first three days, *proper proceedings are followed by certain success.*’

This too is said of a disease, of which we know not that half a dozen genuine instances of recovery are to be found in the records of medicine ! As we cannot suppose this gross falsehood to arise from ignorance, to what are we to attribute it but to downright impudence and imposture ? But as the wanton spreads her gauze to heighten the charms she affects to conceal, so the veil of this coquettish writer is made designedly transparent. Thus all the gossips may be in doubt whether most to admire, the prodigious skill or the wonderful modesty of the author. Oeumpyricism, how Proteiform are thy disguises ! As often art thou found lurking under the full bottomed wig of a doctor, as in the harlequin jacket of a mountebank. We have observ-

ed through life that the most designing and often the most successful of empyrics are those who are perpetually railing against the frauds of quacks, the artifices of pretenders, and the credulity of mankind. The work before us has not served to alter our opinions.

ART. V.—*A Portraiture of Quakerism, as taken from a View of the Moral Education, Discipline, peculiar Customs, Religious Principles, political and civil Economy and Character of the Society of Friends. By Thomas Clarkson, M.A. Author of several Essays on the Subject of the Slave Trade. Three vols. 8vo. 1l. 7s. boards. Longman. 1806.*

MR. Clarkson, the author of these interesting volumes, is well known and highly celebrated, not only in this country but in every part of civilized Europe, where the sympathies of humanity are still alive, for his zealous, long and unceasing exertions in favour of the abolition of the slave trade. To this great and good cause Mr. Clarkson has devoted many of the most valuable years of his life; and in the prosecution of it he has sacrificed both his interest and his health. When we consider the spirit, unbroken by resistance and undismayed by obstacles, which Mr. Clarkson has exhibited in this 'labour of love,' we cannot help ranking him with the purest philanthropists of any age or country. We by no means wish to depreciate the merits of Mr. Wilberforce in this important question; but we must assert that the superiority of praise belongs to Mr. Clarkson. It was owing to Mr. Clarkson that the question was first agitated; it is his indefatigable zeal, by which such a mass of damning evidence was collected against this abominable traffic; it is Mr. Clarkson who has travelled from one extremity of the kingdom to another in search of proof; it is he, who has brought facts to light respecting this unchristian commerce, which would otherwise have for ever been concealed; it is Mr. Clarkson who has devoted his days and nights to a variety of exertions and of toil, beneath the pressure of which there is hardly any individual who would not have sunk in despair. The history of his travels, correspondence, &c. on this memorable business would of itself form several volumes of considerable interest. We trust that the name of Mr. Clarkson, whatever may be the opposition which he has experienced from the selfish and the intolerant of

any sect or party, or the detraction with which he may have been assailed by those who are enemies to the diffusion of liberty and knowledge, will long shine resplendent among those who deserve to be styled the benefactors of mankind. This is no extravagance of eulogy; it is only the fair meed of virtue, the just retribution of philanthropy.

We will now proceed to the consideration of the Portraiture of Quakerism. The quakers, greatly to their credit, have always signalized themselves by their opposition to the trade in slaves. While it was either approved or at least not openly censured by other sects, they bore testimony against it. They boldly condemned its cruelty and injustice; and their conduct on this occasion reflects the highest honour on their principles and their practice. It was the determined opposition of the quakers to this iniquitous commerce in human flesh, which principally contributed to produce Mr. Clarkson's intimacy with the sect, which carried him so often to their houses, and rendered him so well acquainted with their sentiments, their habits and their manners. In his numerous and repeated visits to the houses of the society of friends, Mr. Clarkson was enabled to acquire a knowledge of their discipline, and habits beyond what has ever been obtained by any other individual not immediately connected with the society; and this knowledge he has communicated in the present work.

The great object of quakerism, which in this respect is certainly more closely assimilated to the true genius of christianity than that of any other sect, appears to be the formation of moral character, that transcendant excellence of enlightened humanity, which more than any thing else exalts the nature and elevates the hopes of man. And the means which the quakers employ for this noble purpose seem admirably adapted to answer the end for which it is designed. The discipline to which they oblige their youth to submit, is better calculated than any with which we are acquainted to train them up in habits of virtue, and to promote the great end of moral education,—the subjection of the passions. Sensual pleasure is the rock on which youth most frequently split; but while we behold the youth of other sects so often wrecked on this alluring but fatal shore, how seldom do we hear of any quaker-youths, who become the victims of an intemperate or libidinous prodigality? The reason is, that the quakers lose no time and spare no pains in subjecting the immature mind to moral restraint; and by assiduous application they infuse into the manners and the sentiments a degree of mildness and moderation, combined with a sort of intellectual gravity, which most effec-

tually curbs the propensity to any excessive indulgence or any lawless dissipation. They sow the seeds of sobriety and temperance at a time when they are most likely to root themselves in the heart, and to communicate a salutary influence to the whole future life. They strictly prohibit the practice of, and effectually bar the access to, all pleasures and amusements, which are not compatible with virtue and with innocence. What christianity most imperiously commands is the habit of self-government, as it includes a reasonable controul over all the desires, the passions and affections; and this habit the quakers employ the most efficacious methods to produce.

Gaming is one of those vices, which seems prevalent in every state of society, and to which avarice is for ever furnishing incentives. The quakers observing this propensity, and beholding in it the most ruinous consequences to individuals and to society, very wisely proscribe the use of all games of chance; and no genuine quaker ever plays for a moneyed stake. While many reverend divines of other denominations are seen busily engaged in games of hazard and chance, a quaker constantly shuns them with virtuous horror and aversion. Cards, dice, horse-racing, cockfighting, and numberless other fashionable ways of wasting money and time, of marring and vitiating the heart, constitute no part of the amusements of the quakers. They seek more innocent and more salutary recreations. Even the minute and apparently inconsiderable species of gaming are utterly at variance with their maxims and their practice, though the world in general are so far from considering them as either vicious or mischievous, that they are regarded not only as matters of indifference but as means of innocent diversion. But can that be indifferent or innocent which has an invariable tendency to spoil the temper and to encourage the growth of a fraudulent or malevolent disposition? Can that be esteemed a harmless pastime, in which no pleasure can be purchased but by another's pain? The sensations of benevolence are more sweet than any other; they are the product of that virtue which is the most pure; but are not these sensations almost uniformly banished from the card table even when the stake is low and the betting not high? Do we not often observe people who at other times appear to possess a cheerful disposition and unruffled benignity, who no sooner sit down to the seductive game than the noxious power seems to render them sullen, peevish and irascible? Though no material interest be involved in the issue of the game, their sensations seem to vary with every turn of the cards, and the smallest mischance is sufficient to disturb their se-

renewal or to inflame their resentment. But can that be a rational or virtuous way of spending time or of seeking amusement, which is productive of such pernicious and immoral consequences? We believe that we by no means assert any thing contrary to truth, when we say that it is impossible for an individual to play at any game whatever for a moneyed stake, without his sensations being tinctured with a greater or a less degree of ill-will towards his successful adversary. He is besides for ever on the watch to take advantage of any little oversight which may occur; and where he cannot conquer by skill, it seldom happens that he will not endeavour to subvert by fraud. In short, in whatever light we view the moral consequences which are likely to accrue from those species of gaming which appear the most venial and insignificant, we cannot but regard them as highly injurious to the principles of integrity and benevolence. Thus far therefore we approve that part of the quaker discipline which lays the strictest prohibitions on every species of gaming, and infuses into the mind of youth an utter detestation of the practice. We regard their restrictions in this respect as most favourable to virtue and to happiness.

The quakers, who are a sober, judicious people, are very apt to try the value of those objects which are most highly valued by a thoughtless and sensual world, by the criterion of utility; and hence they banish from their education, those accomplishments which are either useless in themselves, or which cannot be learned without a greater expence of time than they are worth. Thus music is entirely excluded from their system of education. It must indeed be acknowledged that such a proficiency in music, as is requisite to please the fastidious taste of the present age, cannot be acquired without the sacrifice of more important objects. Physical health, intellectual improvement, and even the moral virtues, are liable to be lost in the pursuit of what is most delightful, while it is placed in the subordinate rank of accomplishments, and practised only as an occasional recreation; but which deserves to be reprobated with severity, when it is considered as an object of primary excellence and transcendent worth. A modern fine lady has perhaps had six or seven years in the most precious and improveable part of her life exclusively occupied with the study of music, and she has been made to sit from four to eight hours every day at her instrument, while the culture of the mind and heart has been suspended or forgotten. A debilitated frame and a diseased sensibility are thus produced, which unfit her for all

the duties of domestic life ; and though, when she marries, her fair fingers may elicit melting harmonies from the strings of the harp or the piano, yet these will be found but a poor compensation for the comfortless home, or the squalid want, which are but too apt to result from the neglect or the ignorance of household lore. Thus the very harmonies which she warbles become a source of misery and strife. There is no sphere which a woman becomes so well, or in which she shines with such an unspotted light, as the domestic ; and whatever tends to unfit her for this sphere, in which she delights the beholder like the mild aspect of the evening star, must be considered as pernicious. But, though we would prohibit an attention to music to the neglect of more important concerns, yet we are far from thinking so ill of the good sense of our countrymen, as to suppose that music may not be taught with proper restrictions, or used without being abused. Man must have amusements ; and both the mind and the heart are improved by a portion of innocent gaiety and recreation. Now music is one of those modes of recreation, which, if not carried to excess, is best adapted to give a pleasurable turn to the sensations, to revive the drooping spirits, and divert the lonely hour. And though music is a sensual gratification, yet what gratification is more refined from the grossness of sense ? The appetite for harmony is the least selfish of the appetites ; it is not a bliss which others cannot share. It not only tends to banish the solitary gloom, but to promote the social smile. While a lady is amusing herself on the piano, her whole family may partake of the feast ; and every inmate in the house may be cheered by the enlivening sound.

The quakers are enemies to all theatrical exhibitions ; but some of the reasons on which they ground their objections to the drama, appear to us very fallacious and unsound. One of their objections is, that in the representation of the drama, men personate characters which are not their own. If this objection possessed any validity, it must immediately put a stop to all the exertions of the tragic and the comic muse ; for it cannot be expected that kings and queens, heroes and heroines, &c. &c. should be brought to perform their own parts upon the stage. But the quakers should consider that there is a very essential difference between personating any fictitious character on the stage, in order to instruct or to amuse, and acting a feigned character in real life, in order to injure and deceive. To the first no moral blame can attach, but the last is justly chargeable with the guilt of hypocrisy and dissimulation. A man without any deviation from rectitude, may on the boards of the theatre, express

joy and grief which he does not feel, because it is previously understood between him and the spectator, that the joy or grief are only artificially delineated ; but he who, in the transactions of real life, affects to rejoice when he is sorrowful, or to grieve when he is glad, attempts to impose a lie upon mankind, and to be thought a different person from what he is. To us it appears that the theatre, much as it may incur the censure of the quakers, is often a better school of morals than the pulpit, inasmuch as lessons of virtue which are taught by example, are likely to be more forcible and permanent, than those which are inculcated only by the invisible abstractions of reason, and the lifeless formality of argument. We are no friends to the abuse of theatrical exhibitions, to inanity of show, or obscenity of dialogue ; but we think that the positive good of the drama greatly exceeds the contingent evil ; and where good and evil are so blended, as they are in all human things, this preponderance is sufficient to determine our preference, and to fix our choice. That the theatre, even in its present state, is favourable to moral impressions, is evident from the plaudits which always pass from one end of the house to the other, when any disinterested and virtuous action is represented, or any generous, patriotic, and noble sentiment is expressed. This shews that the sympathies of the audience are in a right tone, and that the exertions of the dramatic muse do not pervert or vitiate the best pulsations of the heart. Just and striking delineations of moral character, of sensitive modesty, generous magnanimity, and incorruptible worth have always been favourites with the public ; while unblushing profligacy, treacherous meanness, and insidious fraud never fail to be reprobated and despised. The impression which such exhibitions make upon the heart, is genial to virtue, and unfavourable to vice. Men can hardly be present at the spectacle without leaving the house better than they came. Bacon remarks that there is something very mysterious, but very powerfully operative in the sympathetic communication of sentiment and feeling, between a number of persons who are brought together in the same place ; and this secret agency of sensational influence is very visible in the representations of the theatre. This influence, as far as our observation extends, is uniformly favourable to virtuous impressions, which are frequently seen to pervade the audience with electrical rapidity. The same cannot be said of vicious conduct and vicious sentiments. They meet with something repulsive in the breast of man ; they have no secret attractions, no persuasive influences which elicit the vivid admiration, which pass with resistless cogency from heart to heart, and produce bursts of general applause.

This is the homage only of virtue, the tribute which is her due, and which is paid to her in the theatre, perhaps even more than in the sanctuary.

The quakers prohibit the use of dancing, and do not permit any of their members to be present at an assembly or a ball. In this respect perhaps, as in others, they may with the best intentions carry their prohibitions too far, and go beyond that happy medium which wisdom and which virtue will never desire to leave. Dancing appears to us very suitable to the sprightliness and gaiety of youth, but by no means compatible with the becoming seriousness and gravity of maturer years. There is something ridiculous and contemptible in seeing a man arrived at the maturity of reason and capable of finding amusement in a hundred more appropriate ways, performing the solemn farce of a minuet, or pursuing-like a puppet, the intricate thread of a country dance. The latter seems congenial enough with the frolic levity of a child, but beneath the dignity of rational man. We are no enemies to festivity and mirth; but it should be a festivity and mirth suited to the character, the age and circumstances. The gambol of the kitten may appear very awkward in the cat. The levities which may delight in the child, may be disgusting in the parent. There is a degree of gravity which is suited to the rationality of man; and of which man should not entirely lose sight, even in his pleasures and amusements. To see a number of persons of different ages and sexes, of blooming damsels and aged dames, of volatile youths and hoary sires, meeting together merely for the sake of frisking up and down a room at the sound of a fiddle, till their spirits are exhausted and their toes are sore, must appear to every rational observer at the best as an incongruous amusement, and a foolish waste of time. But, when we consider that such assemblies are usually less productive of pleasure than of pain, that they more often generate envy, peevishness and malevolence, than benevolence and harmless mirth, our sense of the unfitness of these amusements as they are generally practised, will be increased, and our primary dislike will turn into moral reprobation. For when any thing which is indifferent in itself, becomes morally pernicious in its consequences, the indifference ceases to be an argument against the practice. Though we may not wish like the quakers to extend the prohibition against dancing to the youth of either sex, yet we think that no married lady ought to dance. There is a certain gravity of demeanour which becomes every mistress or mother of a family, from which she cannot deviate without an incongruity of

conduct utterly incompatible with her character. To see a sober matron such as every married woman ought to be, weaving the maze of the fantastic dance with an entire stranger, who is continually paying her either unmeaning or unbecoming compliments, admiring her looks or squeezing her hand, appears to us a violation of modesty and decorum. The momentary pleasure which it may afford cannot compensate the inconstancy of principle or levity of conduct which it is likely to produce.

We entirely approve the prohibitions which the quakers lay on the use of novels. We deem them to be but too generally the poison both of the mind and the heart. They inspire sentiments and sensations incompatible with the plain realities of life; and as they are usually written without any great exertion of intellect, they are seldom read with any increase of knowledge or any improvement of the mind. They produce a sickly sensibility and a spurious and counterfeit morality.

The quakers prohibit all diversions of the field; but perhaps in this instance as in others their prohibitions are too general, unconditional and austere. Animals ought certainly to be put to death with the least possible pain; but then it should be remembered that the law of nature is, 'eat or be eaten,' and that there are many birds and beasts which are grateful to the palate and good for food, which it is hardly possible to put to death, with that degree of suffering which a sensitive benevolence would approve. The world is so constituted that the pleasure of one species of sentient beings cannot be purchased without the pain of another species; and hence perhaps enlarged notions of the divine benevolence may produce a reasonable conviction of the future lives of brutes, as a retribution for their present sufferings. This life may to them as well as to man be a probationary scene.—If the charge of cruelty be brought against the diversions of the field, that charge may be extenuated by this consideration, that these very diversions tend to cherish and to multiply the very animals which they destroy. If the sportsman ultimately take away their lives, he takes care to increase their means of subsistence, and often contributes to prolong the period of their existence. They enjoy on the whole a greater degree of pleasure, and suffer a less degree of pain, than they would do if the dog or the gun were never employed for their destruction. A lingering death by famine and disease can hardly be thought preferable to the sudden destruction of the fowling piece. In short, we do not see why the diversions of the field should be subject to any such moral prohibitions as the quakers impose;

they are conducive to the health and the happiness of man, and they by no means aggravate the natural misery of the brute. We are far from wishing to make morality a matter of calculation ; but there is hardly any good to be had in life without a mixture of evil, or any pleasure without some concomitant circumstances of pain. In these cases it will be often requisite to try the morality of the pleasure or the good, by the quantity of mingled evil or associated pain. Those who condemn the morality of the chase from the pain which it occasions to the animal which is pursued, should weigh in the other scale, the vivid, sympathetic pleasure of the horses and the dogs, as well as of the men who may be present in the field. In this case, according to that system of a balance of happiness on which nature seems to act, the individual pain is more than compensated by the accumulated pleasure. Those philanthropists who would go so far as to say that the pleasure of myriads ought not to be purchased by the pain of one sentient being, seem ignorant of the present constitution of the world. That may seem an imperfect system in which the pain of one being or of one class of beings, is made to contribute to the pleasure of another being, or of another class of beings ; but such is the system of the present world ; and to us who believe in the infinite benevolence of God, it furnishes the strongest evidence of a future state of retribution. It will be seen that there are some of the prohibitions of the quakers which we approve, that there are others which we condemn, and that there are some which we think just only within certain limitations. The prohibitions which we have mentioned constitute the basis of their moral education ; they are in some measure the decalogue of quakerism, in habits of obedience to which the young are educated and the old are required to walk.

We consider the discipline of the quakers to be admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. There is in it a mixture of justice and of charity, which we highly commend. According to the quaker-system, every individual is appointed to watch over another for his good. The vices of one thus become subject to the cognizance of all ; and every offender against the rules of the society is surrounded by a sort of human omnipresence, which operates as a powerful restraint on every act of immorality and disobedience. All offenders are first privately admonished before they are publicly censured ; and, after this, should no marks of contrition appear, they are publicly disowned. This is first done at the monthly meeting ; from which however the offender may appeal to the quarterly meeting and thence to the annual, so that the case may be considered and reconsi-

dered ; and no sentence is likely to be passed which is contrary to justice and to mercy. The notions of the quakers on criminal jurisprudence are in unison with the pure benevolence of the gospel. They are inimical to all capital punishments ; and when we consider that the only rational and moral end of all punishment is the reformation of the criminal, we must be convinced that capital punishments are opposite to the only proper end of punishment. Though the laws of England affix a capital punishment to two hundred different offences, yet the terror which they inspire, does not appear in any degree to diminish the habits of criminality, or to prevent the commission of crimes. They leave no room for trying the possibilities of moral reformation : in short, they are rather vindictive than just, and quite unworthy of a nation which is acquainted with the comprehensive benevolence of the gospel. On his arrival in America, William Penn established a system of jurisprudence, in which, except in cases of murder, no capital punishment was allowed. This system has since been practised in the state of Pennsylvania with the happiest effects. Mercy has not operated to the increase of injustice. Had we no other obligation to the quakers than the first establishment of this enlightened system, we ought to regard the society with sensations of gratitude and respect.

In considering the 'peculiar customs of the quakers,' Mr. Clarkson notices the distinguishing formality of their dress. We agree with him that the first object of dress is decency and comfort. We are far from thinking that any person professing the christian religion can, consistently with that profession, adopt any dress which excites the idea of immodesty in the spectator. But we do not admit that ornament is at all incompatible with comfort ; or that elegance may not be studied and decency preserved. In this respect the quakers appear to us to carry their restrictions to excess. Had indeed a quaker been suffered to modify the structure or to colour the surface of creation, a monotonous formality and a dusky unrelieved gloom would have superseded the variety of form, the richness of embellishment, and the blush of light which we now behold. The birds would have been stripped of their plumage, and the flowers of their hues. We should not, perhaps, have been delighted with the resplendent glories of the rising or the setting sun ; with the golden tints of the autumn, or the vivid odours of the spring. The works of nature appear to have been designed not only for our use, but our imitation ; not only to fill us with admiration, but to perfect us in art. In nature we behold an unceasing variety of colour and of form. There is no coldness in her aspect

no uniformity in her appearance. Her robes are of the most changeful make, and of the richest dyes. Here then we have a faultless pattern for imitation; but it is a pattern which furnishes no sanction for the formal and sombre garb of quakerism. The works of nature inspire a taste for the beautiful in colour and in form; but the practice of the quakers would chill that taste, or leave it without employ. Providence has furnished a richly decorated drapery for the exterior surface of the animate and inanimate creation; but man, who is endued with a superior degree of intellect, and a superior faculty of imitation; man, who can abstract and combine, is left to furnish himself with those exterior habiliments, which may not only preserve but decorate, not only comfort but adorn. For the purpose of dress, if we consider the matter rationally, and view man as a being formed for manufactures and for arts, is not merely to protect from the inclemencies of the air, but to add to the beauty of the appearance. It is not merely abstract utility, but elegance and grace; and whatever poets may feign of 'beauty unadorned', certain it is that beauty attired not with spurious, but with real taste, not with false but with genuine elegance, is increased in its loveliness and heightened in its charm. A beauty habited in the stiff formalities of the quaker garb, and a similar beauty apparelled in a stile of simple but flowing elegance, would excite very different sensations, and be very differently esteemed. The quakers not only prohibit any ornaments in their dress, but in the furniture of their houses. Their only object seems to be plain, unmixed utility, without any of that beauty of exterior appearance, or exuberance of ornament which are so visible in the works of creation. It must therefore be evident that the system of quakerism is very unfavourable to the culture of the arts, and that if this country had been peopled only by persons of this sect, our manufactures would never have attained their present bloom of beauty and perfection. Painting would not have touched her pencil, nor Poetry her lyre. We should probably have manufactured only coarse goods of the first necessity; and the numberless articles of convenience, of elegance, and ornament, which, while they employ the industry of thousands, constitute the comfort and the delight of social life, would never have been produced. It is clear then that quakerism is a system very adverse to the progress of civilization and refinement. At the word refinement perhaps the rigid advocates of quakerism will stand aghast, as if it were destructive to the morals of society; but if by refinement we mean that which purges off the grossness of the manners, which

heightens the sensations of delicacy, and infuses into the mixed intercourse of life a degree of civility and courtesy which gives a charm to existence, it must be allowed that refinement operates to the prevention of vice, and the encouragement of virtue. There are many things which are indifferent in themselves and harmless in their consequences, on the practice of which the quakers appear to insist with unreasonable pertinacity. Thus whether a person address another with a *thou* or a *you*, or whether a day or a month be called by this name or by that, is morally a point of inconsiderable moment; but the quakers seem to insist on the *thou*, &c. as if some essential interest depended on the use. In things indifferent, a conformity to general custom seems more genial to that spirit of general good will, which is the essence of christianity, than a ridiculous singularity. The deviation from general custom, in matters of trivial moment, shews littleness of mind, or greatness of vanity; and he, who will pugnaciously contend for the importance of such frivolous minutiae, seems to be but faintly tinctured with the comprehensive charity of the gospel.

The christianity of the quakers is not coupled with any ceremonial observances. They even omit the practice of baptism, and what is called the supper of the Lord. Neither are their marriages celebrated with any religious forms. The parties mutually pledge the affections of their hearts; and the vow is quite as sacred as if it were consecrated by the presence of the priest. True marriage is entirely an union of the heart; and we believe that christianity, when rightly understood, acknowledges no other.

They likewise avoid all pomp and pageantry in their funerals. They convey the body in a plain and simple manner to its kindred dust. The moral lesson indeed, which every funeral ought to inculcate respecting the brevity and uncertainty of life, is perhaps most forcibly impressed without any prodigality of expence, or any hypocritical mumery of woe. Mr. Clarkson has made some excellent remarks on this subject. The quakers erect no tomb-stones or monuments to their dead; and their grave-yards have no inscriptions which teach the rustic moralist to die. Perhaps in this respect; they carry their prohibitions to too great a length; for such memorials, though useless to the deceased, are dear to the survivors; and on such a subject, we think that we ought to pay some respect to the common feelings of mankind. Who does not love to visit the spot where some dear friend or relative is at rest, the tomb where genius or worth is laid? Hence we may derive very salutary impressions, and improve the sensibilities of our hearts.

Mr. Clarkson states, that in this country, the practice of agriculture is declining among the quakers; and this we were sorry to learn, as we consider the quakers by their manners and their habits to be peculiarly fitted for rural life. The imposition of tythes, to which they, in common with many other good and wise men, entertain such forcible objections, is supposed to be the principal reason which induces them to withdraw their capitals from agriculture to commerce, and to leave the country for the town.

The quakers never go to law with each other, but settle their disputes by arbitration. In this respect, their conduct is more accordant with the genius of christianity, than that of any other sect of christians. A quaker who becomes a bankrupt, is never considered as a member entitled to every privilege of the society, till he has paid the whole of his debts. For this regulation, as well as for the care which they take of their poor, the society deserve the highest praise. Among the quakers, we never see either haggard misery, or squalid want. They are a neat, a frugal, and a happy people; and as they never engage in any games of chance, or play for a monied stake, they do not often experience those sudden subversions of fortune, those dread and eventful vicissitudes which are so common in the world. In them we may see something to blame, but from them we have much to learn.

The religious tenets of the quakers appear to us very opposite to their good sense in other respects. This appears to us to be principally owing to their contempt of human learning, and their consequent ignorance of scriptural phraseology. Hence they become liable to the charge of superstition, with which their theology abounds. Their religious tenets as well as those of other sects, appear to us to be perplexed and confused from the indefinite use of terms. The use of terms, to which no definite idea is affixed, is the most fruitful source of absurdity and contention in theology and in morals. Where men attach clear and definite ideas to the terms which they use, no doubt can be engendered and no disputes arise; but where terms are used which have either an ambiguity of sense, or no sense at all, the minds of men must be bewildered in endless and fruitless disputation. The quakers assert that God 'in addition to the gift of intellect, gave to man a *spiritual faculty*,' by which, according to Mr. Clarkson's exposition, they appear to understand 'something superior to the rational part of his nature.' This is said (vol. ii. p. 115,) to have made him know things not intelligible solely by his reason; and to have made him spiritually

‘minded.’ Here we conceive that all distinctness of ideas is lost in a labyrinth of words. For in the first place, we have been always taught to believe that reason was the preeminent, the highest faculty in man; but the quakers affect to teach us that there is some faculty higher than this, to which they give the ambiguous name of spiritual. For if by spiritual they do not mean rational or intellectual, what is it that they mean? Have their words any meaning, or no meaning at all? To us they appear a mere theological sound, signifying nothing. Man has only one mind or soul, to which all the other faculties of the individual are, or ought to be subordinate. The scripture teaches us that the nature of man is compounded of the rational and animal, of the sensitive and the cogitative faculty. But the metaphysical lore of the quakers appoints a third and more imperial faculty to preside over these; but as this appears to be a mere gratuitous supposition, in the support of which not one single fact or argument can be adduced, we shall make no apology for denying its existence, and deeming it a mere airy creation of the brain. It is the rational, and no other faculty in the breast of man, which discerns good from evil, truth from error, virtue from depravity. In all, this faculty is the same in kind, though differing in degree. In some persons, as in Moses and others of the Jewish prophets, this faculty was illuminated by help from above; but that reason on which superior energies were breathed by the spirit of God, was reason still. Those persons who were thus enlightened by a celestial influence, possessed a reason which differed not in kind, but only in the degree of activity, and the power of exertion, from that of other mortals. The reason of Newton may have been very superior to that of his footman; but still it was the same faculty, only more highly cultured and improved. The quakers say that if a man have not a portion of the same spirit as Moses, &c. he cannot know spiritual things. Now if they mean that if a man have not a highly improved, or divinely illuminated reason, he cannot understand any thing highly rational, we may affix some clear idea to the words; but let us not be led into error by assertions without proof, or sounds without sense. By spirit and spiritual understanding, the quakers do not mean merely reason highly cultivated or divinely illuminated, but the supernatural infusion of something superior to the rational faculty, and which entirely supersedes its use. Against this doctrine, we enter our solemn protest; we consider it as senseless and absurd, the child of superstition and the parent of folly. With the quakers the spirit, as they call it, is said to be a more infallible guide than either reason or the scriptures; but what is this spirit, of which they boast,

but the mere phantasm of the brain, the pleasurable illusion of the nerves? With them every prayer which they utter and every sermon which they preach, is supposed to be the immediate effect of inspiration. And this inspiration they believe to be most frequent when the rational faculty is most inert. Hence we see into what errors and absurdities they are liable to rush; for when men wilfully suffer the light of reason to be obscured, or purposely deviate from its directions, their own bewildered sensations, their selfishness or their ignorance, will plunge them into the most outrageous excesses or make them harbour the most extravagant conceits. The quakers lay claim to what they call a supernatural gift; but a supernatural gift is to be known only by the possession of supernatural powers. But can the quakers work miracles, or did any of their sect to whom they have supposed the most extraordinary gifts to have been dispensed, ever possess this supernatural power? Why then should the quakers make a boast of pretensions which are so unfounded and so vain? Perhaps they will say that their own sensations are no uncertain evidence of the inspiration which they claim. But if sensation be considered as the proof of supernatural influence, there is no delusion which may not become a palpable reality. The sensations of any maniacal visionary, who fancies himself a king, may be a proof that he actually holds in his hand the very sceptre which exists only in his mind. The dagger which troubled the mental vision of Macbeth might thus, instead of being fashioned only of the thin and pliant air, be proved a solid fabric of iron or of steel. In respect to their spiritual pretensions, the quakers approach more nearly than we could wish to the extravagance of the methodist: and this is owing to both equally discarding the direction of the rational faculty in matters of religion, and placing their trust in sensational delusions, which are as unsubstantial as the last night's dream. The explanations which the quakers affix to several passages of scripture in order to accommodate them to the peculiar notions of their own sect, discover a total ignorance of scriptural criticism and of Jewish phraseology. It would lead us into too prolix and copious a detail to notice all these mistaken and fallacious interpretations; but they will readily strike every person who has made any considerable progress in theological erudition.

We must all know that all promises and affirmations are morally as binding on the conscience as if they were ratified by oaths; and if a quaker hold his word as sacred as a person of another sect holds his oath, it is plain that the quaker has the justest notions of the sanctity of truth. Where

truth is revered oaths are unnecessary; and to suppose that a promise or an affirmation made in one particular form of words is more obligatory than in another, seems to have a tendency to make that regard for truth which ought to be unceasingly habitual, felt only on particular occasions, or depend on the force of a formal rite.

We agree with the quakers in their detestation of offensive war—that pest of the earth and scourge of man; but in the present state of the world, it does not seem possible that any nation should long preserve its independence, which is not sufficiently acquainted with the use of arms to be able to defend itself against the aggression of every assailant. Were the people of this country all quakers, we should long ago have beheld the triumphal entry of Bonaparte into the metropolis of the British empire. We think however that the pacific spirit of the quakers, as far as it opposes all wars of aggression and of conquest, is agreeable to the genius of christianity; and we most devoutly breathe our wishes to heaven that that spirit may be rapidly diffused over the whole surface of the habitable globe.

The women who belong to the society of friends, appear to excel all those who belong to any other sect in the domestic virtues. This may be principally ascribed to that salutary discipline to which they are subjected in their youth, which inures them to the difficult art of *self-government* from their earliest years. The quaker ladies are not such extravagant votaries of pleasure as those who move in a more fashionable circle. The wife of a quaker seeks not for amusement or delight in the giddy round of dissipation; she is never seen at operas, balls, and masquerades. She seldom strays from her own fire-side; she makes her home her heaven; and hence the marriages of the quakers are not often a source of infelicity. A woman of the world, on the contrary, seeks for happiness any where but at home: thus instead of being a domestic good she is a domestic evil; and the man who hoped to find in her the qualities of a wife, perceives to his sorrow that she possesses only the habits of a libertine. Instead of having an *help meet for him*, the sanctuary of his confidence, and the solace of his woe, he experiences an unsuitable companion, a treacherous friend, and a perpetual source of inquietude and care. When a woman is for ever roaming abroad in quest of the pleasure which she ought to find at home, it is a certain proof of lax principles and a vitiated heart; alike unfit for all the duties of a mother or a wife. Let our fair countrywomen learn a lesson of wisdom and of virtue from the example of their own sex among the quakers; and we will venture to assure them that, by a more di-

ligent practice of the silent, the unostentatious, and the retired domestic virtues, they will increase their power of captivation and their stock of happiness, in a greater degree than they ever can by rushing into the ceaseless eddy of fashionable dissipation, by which the health is injured and the conscience is depraved.

On the whole we think the quakers are a highly moral people. Their errors are errors of the judgment rather than of the heart; and if their system be mingled with many absurdities, it still deserves our respect for the virtues which it appears to produce, and for the great mass of integrity and worth which the society of friends contains. Mr. Clarkson has rendered an important service to the community by the faithful delineation which he has exhibited of the education, sentiments, manners, customs, and discipline of the society. We have perused his volumes with pleasure; we have been instructed by many of the observations; and we discover in the whole a vigour of thought and a depth of reflection which belong to no ordinary man.

ART. VI.—*Poems, by the Reverend Richard Mant, M.A. and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. With an Appendix, containing the Slave, &c. Longman. 6s. 6d. boards. 1806.*

WE know of no greater misfortune that can befall a man of common sense and ordinary attainments, than an erroneous conviction of possessing poetical genius. From the moment this unlucky idea takes root in his mind, he neglects those duller pursuits in which nature may have formed him to excel, and makes all his studies subservient to the attainment of an object for ever placed beyond his farthest reach. Though himself a striking example of that mediocrity of talent which he pretends to undervalue, he looks with disdain on the humble reputation of sound judgment or well-directed industry, and boldly aims at a prize which fame has consecrated to genius. He thus spends his life in unavailing exertions, and if he escape the doom of oblivion, acquires a notoriety of dubious honour, of which more men would be ashamed than envious.

The present age is perhaps more prolific of such persons than any which has been cursed with the plague of poetry. We could enumerate some dozen of well-disposed gentlemen who have fallen into a strange habit of publishing execrable verse with their names at full length, so completely have they lost all feeling of shame. They thus prevent their

friends from considering them in that respectable light in which unbroken silence generally presents people of slender capacity; while they intimate their existence to the public by documents that also establish their mental imbecility. There is an amiable delicacy in private friendship, which prevents good judges of poetical composition from flatly informing poetasters that their effusions are not fit for the eye of the world, and the nurslings of the muse are in general too conceited to listen to the voice of public criticism. They delight in abusing to their acquaintance the weak and silly article that appeared in such a review, and pretend to treat it with magnanimous indifference, as the effusion of ill-natured ignorance or of secret malice. That any rational being can really dislike their verses seems a supposition too extravagant even for their poetical fancy; and with all the proud demeanour of assured inspiration, they claim from society applause which it cannot bestow, and appear unconscious of the derision which it cannot withhold.

We do not recollect any person into whose constitution this poetical fever has more deeply insinuated itself, than that of the Reverend Richard Mant, A.M. late fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. The first symptoms of it, as far as we know, that he openly exhibited, were indubitable and alarming: he got into his hands the harmless and ingenious Tom Warton, and in a fit of merciless phrenzy buried the hapless wight under a load of commentary that soon stifled his dying cries:

‘Awhile the living hill
Heav’d with convulsive throes,—and all was still!’

By those unacquainted with Mr. Mant’s case, this behaviour was beheld with indignation; but those who were in the secret, felt every harsher feeling give way to pity and compassion. They reflected with virtuous grief that the infirmities of nature, even when tending to cruelty, are entitled to commiseration, and much as they felt for the sufferings of poor Tom Warton, they forgot every thing in those emotions of more painful interest connected with Richard Mant. They anticipated the time when he was to throw aside the shovel of the sexton, and raise the voice of the parish-clerk; when he was to chaunt a funeral elegy over the very brother* of the man whom he had entombed, and invade with

* We here allude to an elegy on the death of Dr. Joseph Warton, which we intended to have quoted; but from respect to the memory of that learned and excellent man, we suppress verses which if alive he would read with contempt.

dismal howlings the repose of the dust. That time has come, and Mr. Richard Mant has actually published a volume and a half of poems. The demi-volume is entitled an appendix. It may probably be an appendix to poems that our author keeps at home for the private enjoyment of his own family, but it has no connection whatever with the first volume. Should he ever again be induced to publish verses, sincerely do we hope that they too may be contained in an appendix, that is, may they have no connection with or similarity to his former productions.

The first volume is divided into three parts, each of which is prefaced by a little inscription or motto, apparently intended to describe the character of the poetry over which it extends its tutelary power. From the first of these inscriptions, 'Avia Pieridum peragro loca,' we were led to expect some lofty strain of daring novelty, some radiant vision that in a happy hour delighted fancy had enjoyed, and whose fairy lines were now to be poured on the page of song for the admiration of mankind. We hoped that the muse had at last abandoned the common places, and indulged in an excursion into that world of enchantment where in higher days she loved to roam, and where she had fixed the throne of her empire. But the pleasing delusion was soon broken by the first of these poems, of whose novelty we had formed such lofty hopes. It is a long, dull uninteresting epistle to the Reverend Henry Phillpotts, A. M. and late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. It is indeed the first poem we have seen addressed to that reverend gentleman, and so far it must be allowed to have the recommendation of novelty; but the position advanced and illustrated in it, namely, that the great poets of antiquity did not celebrate the same themes with the children of Israel, seems almost self-evident, and required neither the authority of the Reverend Richard Mant, nor of the Reverend Henry Phillpotts. The important fact is brought before the reader's eye in the form of a lamentation.

'Alas! that weeds impure should mar,
O Arethuse! thy fountain fair!
And, clear Ilissus, thine!
Thine too, O Melas! nobler flood!
Whose bard could oft in holier mood
Touch the refulgent verse with fire *almost divine!*

'Not such the themes, that wont to swell
Thy hymns, triumphant Israel,
To virgin timbrels sung;
Or when thy tribes from Shinar's plain
To gladness tun'd their harps again,
Which many a silent year by Babel's waters hung!'

To hear the writer of such 'mournful melody' as this, declare that he would scorn to wear the bays of Dryden and Pope, must be amusing even to people subject to a violent depression of spirits.

' Though Dryden move with stateliest pace ;
In Pope's mellifluous song though grace
And polish'd softness smile ;
I envy not their tainted praise,
I'd scorn to wear the freshest bays
Which bind poetic brows, *if guilt the wreath defile.*' p. 10.

We know not to what notions of moral guilt peculiar to himself, Mr. Mant here mysteriously alludes, but we think it our duty to express in the strongest language, our pity and contempt of any endeavour, however feeble, to blacken the reputation of Pope, a poet whose works are so exclusively devoted to the cause of virtue. We can indeed conceive a shallow and prejudiced mind, considering the immortal poem of 'Eloisa to Alelard,' as favourable to licentiousness and enthusiasm ; but they who can comprehend the moral of that most affecting production, will acknowledge it to be as virtuous as the genius with which it is adorned is powerful and commanding. Yet, even allowing for a moment that this single poem has a bad tendency, what excuse can be offered for a man who passes a general sentence of guilt on a poet, because in one instance he has deviated from propriety ? Is this christian charity ? Is it even common justice ? Is it not rather the pitiful spite and envy of a little mind, that, with the vanity of imagined righteousness, seeks to detect any spot that may stain the brightest character, and by unmeaning allusions to ruin the fair fame of enlightened virtue ? With regard to Dryden, why allude to his long forgotten obscurity ? It surely savours little of exalted morality, or of that meek spirit which gently condemns human frailties, to forget a man's virtues in the recollection of his vices, or to brand as the infamous servant of iniquity, him who was in general the champion of the right cause. We hope that Mr. Mant will seriously reflect on what we have now said, and tear away with due contrition the libel he has hung on the tomb of departed genius.

The poem next in order is entitled ' Religious Comfort,' and certainly illustrates in a very happy manner the benefits which mortal man may derive during his state of probation here below, from the virtue of patience. He who reads it calmly to the end, may rest assured that he is fit for any task requiring unceasing perseverance, and a total disregard of his own feelings. It contains a curious rhapsody about

despair, and death, and suicide and poverty, and the muse, and Pope, and Chatterton. Indeed, it is a metrical sermon, having for text the 1, 2, 3 verses of Ecclesiasticus. As it is composed in verse, perhaps it might have suffered little from being likewise composed in grammar, an objection which cannot be urged against it at present, as the introductory paragraph will evince.

‘O! varied ills of man’s uncertain state,
A gloomy train, that round his dwelling wait,
Fear, Grief, Contempt, and Famine and Disease
In sleepless watch their trembling prey to seize,
Rack his weak frame, oppress his struggling breath,
And bend his spirit to despair and death.’ P. 12.

This invocation proceeds altogether on a new plan, and may either be considered in the light of an impassioned address, or a simple statement of facts, as suits the genius of the reader. As the poem abounds with excellent morality, we would willingly quote part of it, were not our attention captivated by the alluring title of ‘Nuptial Love.’ The poem so called commences with a violent philippic against Venus, the daughter of Jupiter, a lady who has not for many centuries ventured beyond the porch of the Pantheon, and who might therefore have been allowed to remain unmolested by a person of Mr. Mant’s gallantry. He declares that the system of heraldry, which deduces her origin from the Thunderer, is quite exploded, and maintains that

‘Some spirit fell
Bore her in the depths of hell.’ P. 22.

He then tells her to go about her business, and take with her all her base associates.

‘Hence! with thy distemper’d train,
Feverish youth, with madd’ning brain,
Thy zoneless nymphs, thy sightless boy,
Charm’d with ev’ry tinkling toy;
Debauch loud-roaring o’er th’ envenom’d bowl,’ &c. P. 22.

Had such verses as these been written by a great boy at school, nothing but a miracle could have rescued him from the penal rod of the incensed master, which would have fallen with heavier punishment had the perpetration of the following lines previously come to light.

‘But come thou angel pure and bright,
Parent of sincere delight,
Daughter of heaven! connubial Love,
Thee, th’ almighty Sire above,

Of old, in mercy to mankind,
Created from his perfect mind,' &c. P. 22—3.

He then tells us that he has been married for ten months, a piece of intelligence superfluous to his friends and unimportant to the rest of mankind.

' Ten moons have waned, since thee I sought
To visit my sequestered cot.
Thou camest ; thou gavest me ample store
Of bliss ; thou bid'st me hope for more ! ' &c, P. 24.

After this simple passage, he gives a catalogue of the blessings of the marriage state, in which many in our opinion of no small magnitude are omitted, and a few included that do not at first sight appear very extatic. We shall present our readers with what Mr. Mant conceives to be the component parts of nuptial felicity, omitting his illustrations for the sake of brevity, and that the system may assume a more compact form.

- ' 1.—Thou her willing steps shall bring
To the groves where linnets sing,
Where the clearest fountains flow
Where the sweetest violets blow !
- ' 2.—Seated by her tender side
Thou her docile hand shalt guide
With mimic pencil to pourtray
Nature's simple landscape gay !
- ' 3.—She meanwhile with thee shall share
The duties of thy past'ral care !
And oft her voice shall charm thine ear
To strings symphonious chaunting clear !'
- ' 4.—Nor will she shun with thee to trace
The triumphs of the chosen race,
When th' Egyptian's car-borne pride
O'er the Red sea welter'd wide !

If these be all the advantages which a married man enjoys over a bachelor, we shall learn to bear the prospect of a single life with a feeling somewhat short of downright despair.

The next poem is entitled the ' Country Gentleman,' of which the first part relates exclusively to Switzerland, and the last to the truth of the gospel, while the poor squire comes awkwardly in between the two, and after exposing himself for a few minutes to the delighted spectator, ' vanishes into the air.' This is the worst composition in verse we have yet seen, excepting only a very few smaller poems by

the same author. We are by no means surprised that the gentleman to whom it is addressed insisted upon being denominated by the very general appellation of * * esq. The only line worthy quotation is remarkable for a new application of the verb 'to shagg.'

'Where horror shaggs the unsum'd precipice.' P. 32.

This might perhaps be explained in a note; the rest of the performance is clearly above the power of commentary.

We are next presented with a description of 'rural happiness.' This poem ought to have been made shorter by 150 lines, in which case the remaining 50 might have been pardoned. It is said to be an imitation of the conclusion of Virgil's second Georgic, and as we have no reason to doubt Mr. Mant's veracity, we believe that he intended it as such. We shall be deeply indebted to him or any other person who can point out to us the passage in Virgil of which the following description of a country parson is an imitation:

'With temper'd zeal his Master's cause
He pleads, explains, confirms his laws;
Nor fails before the sight to lay
The terrors of the judgment day;
But more his tongue delights to dwell
On those pure joys, which prophets tell,
Nor ear has heard nor eye has seen,
Nor dwell they in the heart of men;
To fix the hopes on things above,
To warm the heart to deeds of love,' &c. P. 49.

The sum and substance of this very extensive epistle is that Mr. Mant loves to walk through the country on a Sunday and hear the little birds singing; that Milton is his favourite poet, as well he may be; and that he takes great delight in preaching to his parishioners. Sincerely do we hope that in the last case, the delight is mutual.

Having got into a religious mood, Mr. Mant is in no haste to quit it, and favours us with a description of a 'Sunday morning.' A more delightful subject, the soul of man cannot conceive, and to fail in treating a theme so congenial to every finer feeling of humanity, must demonstrate singular incapacity. Yet Mr. Mant has failed in describing the morning of the hallowed day, as completely as any ranting methodist could have done when murdering religion to a bevy of old women.

'How goodly 'tis to see
The rustic family

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Duely along the church-yard path repair ;
 The mother trim and plain
 Leading her ruddy train,
 The father pacing slow with modest air.

O ! sabbath bell, thy voice
 Makes hearts like these rejoice ;
 Not so the child of vanity and power ;
 He the blest pavement *treads*
 Perchance as custom *bids*,
 Perchance to gaze away a listless hour ;
 Then crowns the bowl, or scours along the road,
 Nor hides his shame from men, nor heeds the eye of God !

Oh ! would thy influence bless
 With faith and holiness,
 The laggart people of our favour'd isle !
 But if too deep and wide
 Have spread corruption's tide,
 O, might he deign on me and mine to smile !' &c. p. 57.

We do not much admire the sentiment contained in this last stanza. The wish to be saved amid the ruin which he fears is to fall on the rest of the inhabitants of Great Britain, discovers too great attention to personal comfort ; and though we wish Mr. Mant all the happiness he deserves both in this and the next world, we trust that a few others will be saved from perdition besides himself and Mrs. Mant, and their child, a little lady who has been introduced into the world by her fond and indulgent papa, before she has learned to articulate. The Sunday Morning is appropriately followed by the Prayer, a little composition as remarkable for the excess of piety as the deficiency in poetry. It contains a variety of injunctions, delivered in the form of argument, never to forget our duty to our Creator ; the effect of which we cannot help thinking would have been increased by the use of regular prose, instead of that kind which borrows the assistance of rhyme.

' Abroad, at home ; in weal or woe ;
 That service which to Heav'n you owe,
 That bounden service duely pay, .
 And God shall be your strength alway.
 He only to the heart can give
 Peace and true pleasure, while you live ;
 He only, when you yield your breath,
 Can guide you through the vale of death :
 He can, he will, from out the dust
 Raise the blest spirits of the just ;

Heal every wound; hush every fear;
 From every eye, wipe every tear;
 And place them where distress is o'er
 And pleasure dwells for evermore.' p. 63.

The 'Winter Scene written on Christmas-day,' contains the following stanza.

'When sighing to the gale, the wood
 His wither'd honours yields;
 And dark is now the mountain-flood
 With storms deform'd and foul with mud,
 And dimm'd the pleasant fields!'

The two first lines allude to a phenomenon that we never witnessed in any part of England, namely, the woods shedding their leaves on Christmas-day, an operation which Mr. Mant may have lately had occasion to observe is concluded before that inclement season. This inaccuracy (which in a lover of nature could only have proceeded from the blindness of love), and the dull account of the muddy floods, is scarcely redeemed by the innocent and tame familiarity of the ensuing interrogation:

'For who that has an eye to view,
 And who that has a breast
 To feel the charms that round him glow
 In summer splendour drest,
 O'er all the scene a glance can dart,
 And see without a sigh
 Not all the scene can now impart,
 A charm to glad his drooping heart
 And fix his roving eye?'

We come now to part second of this volume, decorated by the inscription, 'Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.' What motives directed Mr. Mant in the choice of this motto, it would be equally presumptuous and vain to conjecture, since this portion of his poetry chiefly relates to gentlemen of his acquaintance, at Oriel college or elsewhere, none of whose names seem naturally to suggest the idea of that lofty bard. After several ineffectual efforts to discover any similitude between Mr. Mant and the bee of Chamouny, (page 67,) we caught sight of the Rev. Edward Coppleston's name, a gentleman of acknowledged talents and learning. He has been so unfortunate as to have an epistle addressed to him by this universal and complete letter-writer, containing some fulsome compliments which his sense and feeling must despise, and expressed in quaint and sickly lan-

guage; which his taste and genius must condemn. He is informed that 'Oxford with eager voice pursues his bright career.' Mr. Coppleston himself and all his real friends know that this compliment has no meaning: a man cannot display his abilities in a few Latin lectures on ancient poetry, delivered to a few striplings, who do not understand one half of what he says, or in an oration delivered once in two years in the theatre. Yet this constitutes the whole of Mr. Coppleston's 'bright career,' since of his private virtues, and the character he bears among his friends, which we know to be deservedly high, the public are unable to form any judgment. We must remark however, that this gentleman should have been cautious how he injured the taste of the young men at Oxford, by lending the sanction of his name to such despicable trumpery as the poetry of Mr. Mant.

We intended to have exposed at full length, the numerous faults of style, sentiment, thought and description, that swarm over the surface of this second part of our author's labours, but such conduct could only exhibit misapplied industry and perseverance. We shall therefore speedily dismiss the first volume, but not without taking notice of what strikes us to be a very glaring impropriety in Mr. Mant's behaviour as a married clergyman. He never ceases for one moment to celebrate the mental and corporeal charms of his wife. On whatever subject he may happen to write, Mrs. Mant is the burden of the song, and not unfrequently, the husband, wife, and child join in full chorus. Now we have not the slightest objections to believe, that Mrs. Mant, like many thousand young ladies who figure in the newspapers, is adorned 'with every accomplishment calculated to render the nuptial state truly felicitous,' but what living being on the face of the habitable globe, can feel any interest in so very ordinary an occurrence? Love-songs addressed to young ladies before marriage, are sufficiently disgusting to the public; but what shall be said of the nauseous strain which an uxorious and doating husband pours forth to the mother of his children? The darts of Cupid should no longer be aimed at a worthy matron who has approached the altar of Hymen; and surely Venus is less concerned in the poetry of a married man, than Lucina. We have always been accustomed to believe that the finer feelings of the heart love to be indulged in the quiet retirement of domestic happiness, and that they shrink from publicity as contrary to their spirit, and destructive of their existence. But we have been mistaken: for Mr. Mant cannot be happy unless all the world know that he is so;

and the charms of his spouse can shed no soft lustre to gild the vale of Truriton, unless they sometimes pour their meridian effulgence over the towers of Oxford, and, transfused into verse through 120 pages of printed paper, delight the aimless loungers in Mr. Parker's very excellent library. We wish not to hurt the feelings of any man of true delicacy, but there can be no rudeness in thus publicly mentioning a lady's name, that has already been blazoned abroad by her own husband.

Before leaving the first volume, we direct the attention of our readers to several patriotic songs, written with less languor than newspaper-poetry in general, under which character we believe they first made their appearance. That on Lord Nelson is the best, and had it been confined to manuscript, would probably have gained its author great praise among his private friends. It is however ill calculated for public perusal; as the thoughts are very trite, and the language not vigorous. It is what ladies would call a *pretty thing*.

The appendix now solicits our attention. It contains rather a long poem on the horrors of the slave trade, a subject somewhat threadbare, as there is probably not one human being of the age of puberty in the united kingdoms, who has not taken occasion to deliver his sentiments upon it. In venturing to discuss the merits of this most unrighteous traffic, Mr. Mant has therefore displayed more courage than prudence, and trusted that his powerful imagination would exhibit in more glaring colours the enormous guilt of a system that has branded with infamy the European name, and at the bare mention of which the thinking heart shudders with horror. Sorry are we to say that in 'the Slave,' Mr. Mant is even more shy of ideas than usual, and that the only effect produced by his composition, is a transference of part of that pity to the poet which was formerly the undivided property of the fettered negro. His ejaculations, interrogations, exclamations, and interjections, are often calculated to awaken a smile on the cheek of sorrow, and we cease to reflect on the miseries of the wretched African, from a desire to conjecture at what school Mr. Mant received the rudiments of his education. We never heard even from the most sorry declaimer in the House of Commons a more frigid appeal to the feelings than the following paragraph; and really Mr. Mant, when he speaks so, ought to be *coughed down*.

'If there be aught on this terrestrial sphere
May claim from virtue's eye the generous tear,

With shame and grief the swelling heart inspire,
 With pity melt, with indignation fire ;
 'Tis man, created by his Maker free,
 Torn by his fellow man from liberty ;
 To endless, hopeless servitude consign'd,
 His body shackled and debased his mind,
 And his high soul, ordained to soar the sky,
 Sunk to a level with the beasts that die !!!

After an address to the spirit of Afric, and several just compliments to Mr. Wilberforce, we meet with the following string of questions, which is said in a note to be imitated from Pope, but which, in our opinion, resembles more closely a passage in the poetry of the Anti-jacobin.

' Ah ! what avail'd the spark of heavenly flame,
 The gentle spirit, and the manly frame ?
 What her rich gums from fragrant groves distill'd,
 With teeming herds her palmy mountains fill'd ?' &c.

The lines we allude to in the Anti-jacobin begin thus :

Ah ! hapless porker ! what can now avail
 Thy back's stiff bristles, or thy curly tail ?
 Ah ! what avail those eyes so small and round,
 Long pendant ears and snout that loves the ground ?

Mr. Mant entertains a very high opinion of the physical, moral, and intellectual powers of the inhabitants of Africa, which he expresses in this way : he is describing the negro.

' Fierce as th' Atlantic wave when tempests sweep,
 Or placid as the slumber of the deep :
 Or like the mighty elephant that reigns
 Mildest of beasts in wide Kaarta's plains !'

He then describes with a minute accuracy, which would have been laudable in a witness before the select committee of the House of Commons, the various arts which the slavemercchants employ to kidnap the poor negroes.

' Before them horror, and despair behind,
 Speed to their task the stealers of mankind !
 Their's is the honied tongue, and specious smile ;
 The open outrage and the covert wile ;
 It's their's to quench the intellectual light,
 And whelm the negro's soul in grosser night ;
 But most 'tis their's to spread the woes afar,
 The crimes and horrors of intestine war,' &c.

The uncomfortable situation of the slaves during the mid-

dle passage is next described in terms that excite disgust rather than horror, and images of filth, steam and bad air are accumulated to a degree that is offensive. For the remainder of the composition, Mr. Mant seems entirely to have forgotten the end of poetry, as well as the means by which it is effected, and spends a great deal of time in a foolish abuse of West Indian planters, a set of monsters too horrible to be mentioned by the lips of a christian.

Before bidding Mr. Mant farewell, we must do him the justice to say that he is the greatest plagiarist of the age in which he flourishes. In matters poetical he forgets a very important prohibition of the decalogue, and unceasingly appropriates to himself what belongs to his richer neighbours. To follow him through all the dark varieties of the art, would puzzle a professed officer from the Bow-street of Parnassus. He combines the rapid dexterity of the pick-pocket with the cool intrepidity of the footpad; and after he has got the article into his possession, he disguises it with all the secret skill of a resetter of stolen goods, so that very often the prosecutor cannot swear to his own property. The inspired writers, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Gray, Campbell, Smollet, and Heber, have chiefly suffered from his depredations. When he thinks he runs a strong chance of being detected, he boldly confesses his guilt, and that by way of proving his innocence. (See p. 1.) At other times he puts a bold face upon the matter, and offers for sale whole lines that have been previously purchased by the startled reader. We decline quoting half the poems which would be the most effectual method of establishing this charge; but if Mr. Mant does not plead guilty to it, we shall take the earliest opportunity of convicting him. If every person could recover from our author what has been stolen from him, the Rev. Richard Mant of Oriel college would be reduced to beggary.

In reading the volumes now reviewed, nothing appears more remarkable than the extensive acquaintance with literary characters that Mr. Mant professes. His poems are almost all addressed to masters of arts, and fellows of colleges, who of course must be honourable men. The Rev. Henry Phillpotts is, we are willing to believe, a man of transcendant genius. 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico.' He has, we recollect, published a sermon on the glorious revolution of 1688, of which the political reasoning is as flimsy as could have been expected from an Oxford divine preaching before the university; but he probably knows more about spiritual than temporal affairs. Then comes the Rev. William Bishop, A. M. fellow of Oriel college, a man most probably of good moral character, else he would not have been elected a mem-

ber of that respectable society, but we suppose this volume of poems gives the first intimation to the world of his existence. Next follows a Rev. Mr. Woolcombe, distinguished perhaps for those qualities that shun the notice of the world. Nor should Mr. Trollope be forgotten : he is a fellow of New College. Mr. Marriot is also celebrated for a singular partiality towards Mr. Mant's verses ; and to mention all the *** esquires, would be endless. It must indeed be a perilous blessing to enjoy our author's friendship, for a man so circumstanced could not feel himself safe from publication for one moment, and must live in continual apprehension of seeing his name printed at the university press, as a voucher to the truth of some woeful harangue against the iniquity of modern times, or in favour of the beauty of Mrs. Mant, to neither of which doctrines he may be willing to lend his sanction.

We have now delivered without reserve our unqualified disapprobation of Mr. Mant's poetry, and we feel perfect confidence in the justness of our strictures. As the reverend gentleman is evidently a well disposed and pious christian, he will peruse our friendly criticism with gratitude and thankfulness. We think he could write tolerable sermons, and recommend him to cultivate that kind of composition in preference to poetry. The latter requires considerable genius and imagination ; the former flourishes best in the hands of sober sense and sound judgment. We are not so bold as to assert that Mr. Mant is a person exactly of this description, but as few men of education are entirely deficient in all their faculties, it is possible that he may possess powers, of which, as he has yet discovered no symptoms, the world cannot with justice entertain any suspicions.

ART. VII. — *Tales in Verse, critical, satirical and humorous*, by Thomas Holcroft. 2 Vols. 12mo. 8s. boards. Symonds. 1806.

THE author commences with an attack upon critics, in which he introduces an anecdote, which we have read before, of Sartine and Freron. The anecdote itself exhibits a striking instance of the piquancy with which French repartee is frequently seasoned. It is inserted for the amusement of those who may not have heard it before, and for the purpose of shewing that our author, with the best intentions of being witty, has not always wherewithal.

‘ Sartine, *Lieutenant de Police*, sent for Freron, a writer and critic, and demanded why he had written what was libellous ? Freron

answered, *Monsieur il faut vivre*, "Sir, I must live:" to which Sartine replied, "*Je ne vois pas la nécessité, Monsieur*, "I see no necessity for that, Sir."

The spirit of this reply would easily evaporate from its extreme subtlety; and as Mr. Holcroft succeeds in doing things that are remarkable for their ease, such as writing nonsense, spoiling an idea by his mode of expressing it, &c. he has suffered it to evaporate entirely from his coarse version.

' When Freron told Sartine that *he must feed*,
Sartine replied, *Of that I see no need*.
Meaning to hint, laconic in harangue,
You will not die of hunger if you hang.
I freely grant, I don't like such a dance:
But that's the way they manage things in France.
Now Freron was, as we are told,
A writer in your French reviews, &c.

If Mr. Holcroft were asked why he converted the *il faut vivre* of Freron, on which the immediate acrimony of the reply depends, into '*he must feed*,' he would doubtless answer in imitation of the French satyrist, 'I must rhyme;' to this we should reply, like the Lieutenant de police, 'we see no necessity for that, Mr. Holcroft.' Nay, the author himself sees so little necessity for it, that he gives us '*police*,' as a rhyme to '*malice*,' '*counterscarps*' to '*corpse*,' &c.; although he is in one instance so convinced of that necessity, that he violates grammar for the purpose of serving rhyme by using the verb *lays* for *lies*; and by way of making a witticism of a fault, he writes, on this said deviation from grammar, the following note, which by its pithiness was intended to atone for it.

'Grammar and rhyme here disagree, as they have often done before, for grammar requires *lies*.'

A few samples more of the *elegantia sermonis* shall first be cited, before we proceed to the more retiring beauties of Mr. H.'s thoughts and style. Mark his ostentatious display of quantity:

' A tyrant, I forget his name
'Twas not Phalaris, tho' much like him,
To put in practice deem'd no shame
Whatever whims might chance to strike him.'

Again, p. 56. Vol. ii.

'Oh, woman, how varied, how strange are thy wiles,
In thee what contraries unite !'

If any thing could extort a smile from the weeping philosopher, our author's usage of his name might succeed ;

'Could he but read our daily papers,
'I would cure Heraclitus of vapours.'

These elegances and some few others, as '*suchlike*;' '*none so welcome was*;' '*the fighting blade*,' for man; '*m'officious arm*,' for my officious arm; '*after they had flown*,' '*bleeding spear*,' &c. would seem to evince that our author is either the disciple or the instructor of our friend the translator of Kotzebue's romances and anecdotes, of whom honourable mention was made last month.

The first tale is entitled '*Authors and Critics*.' To this particular attention is due, as the writer himself appears to bestow a more than ordinary degree of labour upon the subject, and of course displays a more than ordinary degree of silliness. That '*reviewers pick out all the faults from other people's works*,' is incorrect, and must remain so until they depart from the modest compression of a thin octavo pamphlet, and adopt the size of a monthly folio, equalling a volume of Chambers. This is on the supposition that '*other people*' have as many faults, as much of the *divitiæ misera*, as our author. To his *prolegomena* on his favourite and fearful subject, succeeds the story of Dr. Scoggins, who, it seems, is one of us, viz. a reviewer. The name of this doctor rhymes so conveniently with *floggings*, that he is of course armed with an instrument of execution, which, aided in its terrors by a wig placed '*over his head*,' and a fine burly physiognomy, forms altogether the portrait of a literary hero so terrible, that we ourselves absolutely could not recognize our own brother. And indeed it is extraordinary, that a family whose countenances are distinguished by a bewitching and interesting mildness of expression, the index to an amiable, though faulty, suavity of temper, should bear any relationship to that ferocious hussar in literary campaigns.

This tale relateth how an author who had felt the lash of this sanguinary reviewer, resolved to propitiate him with the offering of a goose, stuffed with guineas. For two reasons Mr. Holcroft should be the identical author. For first, he owns that he has felt the lash; and in the next place, his book (which is not inaptly signified under the type of a goose) is offered to us for dissection. But where are the guineas? This we suppose to be a fine drawn allegory, and to mean no

more, than that his book is stuffed with verses, which are, in his opinion, equal in value to sterling gold. This emblematic coin, however, is but a poor reward for those salutary flagellations from us, which induce Mr. Holcroft to say of them,

‘The oath he swore I shan’t repeat :
Whipping has rendered me discreet.’

On this subject we recommend the author to read the ‘History of the Flagellants;’ and since he will not pay us for the trouble of inflicting the *discipline*,* to use it himself. But first let him settle in his own mind, whether he prefers the upper or lower discipline, which are there both discussed, with their different effects. Not that we have any objection to lend a hand ; and to make the castigation as effectual as possible, we will undertake to administer the upper discipline, and leave to himself the private luxury of inflicting the under.

The book above mentioned is the work of the Abbé Boileau, brother to the poet. We will epitomize a story from it, (for the amusement of Mr. Holcroft, who delights in stories) which will account for the preference given by Doctor Scoggins to the instrument which struck such panic into our author.

Justin relates, that the Scythians, on returning to their own country after a distant warfare, found the slaves in open rebellion against their masters, and aspiring to their dignities. This servile multitude were numerous, and tenacious of their usurped power. The Scythians were undetermined for a long time on the choice of their arms, but on reflecting that they had not to fight against noble opponents, but with their inferiors, they resolved on laying aside iron, and the weapons used in honourable warfare, and bringing into the field rods, scourges, and other instruments of slavish fear. Having come up with their enemy, they exhibited their new weapons, which struck such panic into the hearts of their menials, that unable to withstand the first charge, they fled on every side, and relinquished the field to their masters.

It is from hence clear, that Dr. Scoggins having detected Mr. Holcroft in the act of usurping the place of his betters, and in open rebellion against sense and taste, imitated the Scythians in the use of that formidable weapon of vengeance, the rod.

* The *discipline* is a scourge used by the religious for the purpose of mortifying the flesh.

To conclude this subject, we must caution our author against reading promiscuously every treatise on the discipline, as it is termed; and must warn him more particularly from Bartholinus *de flagellis*, which treatise would undo every thing.

We have been thus diffuse, because our author honours the fraternity of which we are members, with so large a portion of his attention. So completely convinced is he of his condemnation, that he devotes a whole tale to the subject, and we find him in tale the eighth relapsing into his panic, and accounting for it most rationally.

‘ But why repine ?

Begot and born we know not how ;
The strong, the weak, the fool, the wit,
Must to his destiny submit,
And I to mine.

I might have been ape, tiger, bear ;
Happily, now,
I'm only doom'd to scribble stupid rhymes,
That Patience may supinely doze,
That Common Sense may stare,
And sage reviewers scribble stupid prose.’

To this delicious morceau is prefixed a long note in rhyme, and metre that is completely out of breath, all about ourselves. In short the *Eidolon* of a reviewer appears to have stood at Mr. H.'s elbow, to have chattered, mopped, and moed at him, and to have haunted him through all his vagaries. What, but the horror occasioned by such a phantom, could have disarranged the ideas of any man to such a degree, as to have caused the following broken, though violent emotions of nonsense? It is an elegant extract from the speech of a lover, and is intended to make all the world die with laughter. Reader, laugh, if you can, at any thing but its author.

‘ Her state, I own,
I—Hem—!—I—must make known
Her state—my state of mind—
Her state a state was—is—Hem!—of dependence—
Because—the cause—you see—
The cause of Mistress Dorothy—
I mean the cause which now affords—affords—
I hope there's none
Who will consider me as—
As one—as one
Who strict propriety offends,
Though Mistress Dorothy—

I say, I lose—I mean, I find—
 I find that she—
 That I—that I have words,
 And that I only want ideas'—

This is the very lunacy of bad writing. The fit continues through pages. But we will try once more.

This know
 I'll try
 To tell
 A few ;
 And so
 Good bye,
 Farewell,
 Adieu !

Our rhymist has made frequent attempts at imitating the Broad Grins of Colman. But the frisking and curvetting natural to that gentleman, and therefore pleasing, become offensive to the greatest degree in a bungling imitator. His vagaries do not so much resemble the serpentine motion of a drunken man, as the constrained stagger and stammering of a man pretending to be drunk.

The tales, as they are called, amount to thirteen. That on taste approaches the nearest to meaning; and we cannot deny to our author the merit of having combated the popular opinion in favour of a child actor, when at its highest. Some lines on this little boy are not amiss.

‘ Roscius bestrides a mastiff when he rants
 “ Saddle white Surrey for the field !”
 Lo ! he alights !

With base Glenalvon fights—
 “ Yield ! coward, yield !”

Poison he drinks—

He trembles, totters, sinks,
 He reels, he falls, he pants—

“ Fathers have flinty hearts !

Paris, loose your hold ! Oh !—They crack—they break,”

‘ Then suddenly behold him stop

To play at top,

Eat sugar-plums and tarts,

Or currant-jelly with plum cake ;

Or troll his hoop,

And having done his race,

Squirt dirty water in his tutor's face.”

Miss Mudie is here mentioned with equal honour, although with some injustice ; as that poor little ill-advised infant

was taught a lesson of obedience to the ordinary course of Nature (which, however capricious, does certainly by no means bring either the talents or stature of beings from seven to fourteen years old, to a maturity requisite to give feeling and effect to theatrical delineations of character) by the general disgust of a whole house. She might therefore have been permitted to grow up unmolested, and settle into the good housewife and frugal spinster. But the principal character in Mr. Holcroft's principal poem, is Mr. Hope, from whose letter addressed to Mr. Annesly the notes are selected. The pretensions of Mr. Hope to architecture are founded on much travel, much reading, and an immense fortune, which enabled him to procure designs, sections, and elevations of buildings the most admired for symmetry. Galleries of pictures or statues may evince the taste of a nation ; but they are sometimes known to be the monuments of its successful rapacity alone. Architecture appeals at once to the understanding of every foreigner, and demands honourable mention from him of the city which he has visited. To supply a physical defect, the want of a stone quarry in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, which of itself must for ever crush all attempts at magnificence, builders have had recourse to imitative stone ; and their extravagance has gone so far, that they have even stained this fragile and paltry compound, to make it resemble, for a poor year or two, the genuine materials. In some instances they have painted fissures, which soon come of themselves, and other marks of decay, which no more resemble the teeth of time, than the first infancy resembles the infancy of age. Our limits are narrow ; or we should dilate more fully on this subject, which involves so much of national grandeur and importance. How far Mr. Hope is entitled to become a censor in architecture, and how far he is justified in his strictures on the professional gentleman whom he attacks, it would be tedious to determine in this place. Suffice it to say, that our author, with an excellent subject in his hands, and with every disposition to be unsparing in his sarcasm, has only exposed his miserable lack of wit, and his vast fund of impudence.

The tale entitled the Owl and the Howl was written to discourage the improper usage of the article *an* before words beginning with an aspirated *h*. That our readers may be enabled to appreciate the materials of which the poet spins his verses, they will do well to attend to his mode of treating this subject.

' A Vandal was heard to brag
He'ad kill'd a *nun* and kiss'd a *nag*,

And in a month, for warmth and prog,
 Had thatch'd a *nut*, and eat a *nog*.
 Don't write, Hungarian was hungered;
 But a *Nungurian* was a *nungered*;
 And how, he being a *nussur*,
 He cut off many a *ned* in war.
 In India there has lately been
 A *nurricane*. 'Sir, what d'ye mean?'
 Mean! can my meaning be more plain?
 A *nurricane's* a *nurricane*!
 A *nuffish* sir won't take affronts, man!
 My father's rich, and keeps a *nuntsman*!
 And, Sir, a *nospitable* person
 A *nurt* in sentiments thinks worse on
 'Than'——'I'm sorry, Sir, that I have flurried——'
 I'm peevish, Sir, when I'm a *nurried*!
 A *naunted* house, mine aunt doth say,
 Will drive a *nabitant* away.
 Here! fellow! cobbler! how d'ye do?
 Pray put a *neel* piece to my shoe.
 A *nolly* bring me, Dick, for see
 A *nound* has jump't on the settee!
 He in a *nop-ground* just has been
 A *nunting* of a *nostile* *qucan*:
 I mean a *norse*, that is, a mare.'

We suspect from the indignation with which the author treats the omission of the aspirate, that Mr. Kemble has "filled his bones with *hh's*," as he does those of Caliban.

We now bid adieu to Mr. Holcroft; and have only to suppose it is by the *lucus a non lucendo*, that he is enabled to defend the titles of 'Tales, critical, satirical and humorous,' prefixed to pieces destitute of narrative, criticism, satire and humour.

ART. VIII. *An Essay on the Character of Ulysses as delineated by Homer. By the late Rev. Richard Hole. Originally read at the Literary Society at Exeter. Crown 8vo. pp. 144. 3s. 6d. boards. Johnson, &c. 1807.*

DURING the course of four and twenty centuries, the works of Homer have been regarded as an inexhaustible store house, from which the literary armouries of the world have been supplied with ammunition for commentary, controversy, historical and political research, and all the various modes and operations of critical warfare. They have afforded materials for a thousand epics, and for a million of

serious inventions and sportive fables; whole theories of taste have been built on single verses, and of morals on individual characters; insomuch that, if applied to the mass of volumes which the Iliad and Odyssey have given birth to, and are still producing daily, one might be tempted to join in the fretful complaint of Solomon, 'that there is nothing new under the sun.' Yet, possibly, a more reflecting, or a less querulous, disposition may be capable of deriving some impressions of novelty even from a source so, apparently, drained of information and instruction. Such has been the opinion of many learned and wise men of our own days, who still persist in working the same mine which has been explored during so vast a succession of ages; and such, it appears, was the opinion of the author (among many others) of the work before us.

In the grave, all local and personal considerations are buried for ever. The performance of our duties, as just and impartial censors, imposes on us the necessity of secrecy and reserve in our dealings with living authors; but in speaking of the dead, that rule need operate no longer, nor exclude us from the sad privilege of paying a just tribute of affection to one who, in life, was beloved and respected by us.

Πατροκλον κλαιοιμι, το γαρ γερας εσι θανοντων.

With the private virtues, the social qualities, the kind and friendly disposition, the simple and easy manners of a retired country clergyman, the public has little to do, and his spirit, if it may yet take an interest in what passes on the earth, will be more delighted with the silent testimony of a few friends still mourning his loss, than by that vain and fruitless notoriety, which it is the absurd fashion of the present day to consider as a necessary compliment to be bestowed on the manes of the departed. The voice of nature requires nothing beyond the simple wish of Solon,

Μηδε μοι ακλαιστος θανατος μολοι* αλλα ΦΙΛΟΙΣΙ

Καλλειποιμι θανων αλγηα και ζοναχας.

And, if ever this wish was accomplished in the last moments of a dying man, it was, most signally, in those of our friend. But there is another ground on which we may more lawfully indulge our private feelings without intruding on those of the public. And many of our readers will not be so fastidious as to condemn the slight sketch which we propose to give of the literary works and character of the late Mr. Hole, before we present them with a more particular account

of the little posthumous publication which is the immediate subject of our article.

In prose he was an easy, natural, and lively writer, without any affectation either of pompous diction, or extraordinary refinement, or brilliant wit; yet the original humour with which he was amply gifted by nature, often circulates through his pen, unpremeditated and almost unknown to himself. In poetry, the same facility and inartificial flow of language, form, perhaps, the leading or characteristic feature of his style. Always harmonious, correct, and natural, he seldom rises to any sublime height, never aims at singularity, nor degenerates into *mannerism*. He is often extremely pleasing, and displays an active and lively fancy rather than a very vigorous or lofty imagination. His habits of study and his literary inclination were of a peculiar nature, and have often exposed him to the censure of critics, who are unable to estimate duly the impressions under which he wrote, or the intentions which guided him in writing. He was a good and sound scholar, but not, in the common acceptance of the term, a critical one; a curious and ingenious, but not a deep or rigid antiquary.

A short recapitulation of his works will illustrate this general outline of his literary character. The first, of any importance, that appeared under his name, was a versification of *Fingal*, which exposed him equally to the censure of the admirers, and of the revilers, of the supposed *Ossian*. The former, regarding the visionary bard with a sacred enthusiasm, which extended itself to the labours of his *soi-disant* restorer, compared the absurdity of cramping the sublime energies of Macpherson's elevated prose, by the confinement of a regular ten foot verse, with the vain and exploded system of converting into metre, the strong original language of the prophets and apostles; the latter, treating the whole fabrication as an imposture of the grossest nature, and the manner of its execution as puerile, spiritless and utterly contemptible, arraigned of folly little short of idiotism all those who could employ their time and talents in criticising or illustrating what appeared to them so infinitely below criticism or serious consideration. On this long agitated question the world is now nearly at rest; and we can estimate, more dispassionately than at the time we allude to it might have been possible for us to do, the merits and success of Mr. Hole's undertaking. When the poems of *Ossian* first appeared, we must suppose him to have been among the number of those literary characters who were inclined to depend on their genuineness, and who were captivated by the show of extraordinary refinement and sensibility, of cultivated

fancy, and poetical diction, so contrary to the notions which our reason bids us entertain of our remote ancestors, but yet so agreeable and soothing to those phantoms of the imagination, which our natural veneration for antiquity is too apt to invoke and embody. At the same time, he was not so indiscriminating an enthusiast as to extend to Macpherson the warmth of admiration which he felt for Ossian; and the disgusting affectation, the fustian, the confusion, the heavy monotonous cadences, of the translator, probably suggested to him the idea of presenting the original, as nearly as he could be guessed at from his existing copy, in the dress which he conceived justly was best suited to him, that of a poet. No adequate idea of the simplicity of a Celtic bard could, perhaps, be given in modern heroic verse; but he recollected that, notwithstanding this objection, the only copy of Homer, which this country ought not to blush at acknowledging, was framed on that model: and, had the subject of Fingal been intrinsically so interesting as the enthusiasm of its admirers originally seduced them to imagine it, Mr. Hole's poem might have stood the test of a comparison with the captivating and noble epic of Pope, which it certainly rivals in harmony of numbers and felicity of expression. Mr. H.'s early and lasting attachment, both to Homer and his translator, led him to enter the lists more openly with the latter, by publishing a version of that hymn to Ceres, which has alternately been ascribed, and denied to belong, to the former. After noticing this work, we need add nothing to the general observations we have made, which apply equally to all the poetical productions of our author. 'Arthur, or the Northern Enchantment' is the most important, and the most highly finished of his poems. Its fable is interesting, many of its characters forcibly conceived and well supported, its machinery original and perfectly appropriate. One of its greatest misfortunes, perhaps, is that it was produced at a period most fatally prolific of *epics*; and that unfortunate, and much-abused title, has contributed to rank it, in the esteem of many, among the Alfreds, Joans of Arc, and Richards-Corr-de-Lion of the day, above all which, its intrinsic merit, in our judgment, claims a considerable exaltation.

Many smaller poems of Mr. H.'s have appeared, from time to time, in various temporary and local publications, some of which are well known to the world, and are highly esteemed by the most judicious part of it. In the latter years of his life, he seldom indulged his fancy in its former poetical excursions, but devoted his talents to works of general taste, criticism, and belles lettres. During this period

he became one of the original members, and most active supports, of a literary society at Exeter, in the neighbourhood of which city he had constantly resided; and a collection of essays, which was, in due time, published in the name of this society, contains three or four very ingenious and agreeable contributions from his hand. On two of these, entitled 'Remarks on the Character of Shylock' and 'on the Character of Iago,' much ill-natured criticism has been bestowed, and much over-weening morality thrown away. When Swift produced his most grave and serious project for benefiting the condition of the poor in Ireland, by converting sucking-infants into useful and delicate articles of *nourishment* for their hard-working parents, and for the community at large, he was assailed by the clamorous abuse of all the draymen and porters of Dublin, who probably imagined that the cannibal Dean of St. Patrick's had already furnished his pantry with a store of these *human porkers*; and when Mr. H. in a vein of dry humour, with which he was peculiarly gifted, argued the *humanity* of the Jew, and the *honour* of the ancient, many honest christians lifted up their hands and eyes with a degree of horror, which could hardly be justified on any other supposition, than that he had actually taken a bond for a pound of man's flesh, and stolen an embroidered handkerchief from the General of the district, with a view of instigating him to smother his wife.

The last of Mr. H.'s publications was entitled 'Remarks on the Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' in which he endeavours to shew that many of the stories in that most delightful collection of romances, are not to be considered merely in the light of wild and improbable fictions, but as valuable illustrations of real manners and characters, of the general habit of sentiment and belief that obtained among nations and individuals. More particularly, with respect to the '*speciosa miracula*' that so plentifully bestrew the narratives, they are often, as he argues, nothing more than the overcharged descriptions given by travellers of real objects and circumstances, and often the results of general and popular superstitions, of which the origin is to be traced, or the resemblance to be discovered, in the more familiar religious systems of Greece or Rome, or of our own Scandinavian and German ancestors. In the investigation of this most curious and interesting train of speculation, Mr. H. confined himself principally to the well known voyages of Sindbad, which every child knows to be the most marvellous story in the whole collection, and therefore very fit to be taken as a specimen of the rest. Mr. H. follows the Ara-

lian sailor, from his setting out through the whole series of his adventures, accompanied by Sir John Mandeville, Rubruquis, Marcus Paulus the Venetian, Benjamin of Tudela, Purchas's Host of Pilgrims, and a whole cloud of other witnesses, who prove Sindbad to be, if not an oracle of truth, at least hardly deserving his character of the prince of liars, considering the company in which Mr. H. has placed him : and, whenever we are at fault, and neither of these right honest worthies can keep pace with the eastern fabulist, we are generally helped to recover the scent by the unexpected and strange intervention, perhaps, of Ulysses and Calypso, of Jason and his Argonauts, or, possibly, of Oechthe the Dane, or some Scandinavian hero, whose exploits are detailed by Olaus Magnus.

To a mind so fond of curious speculation and fanciful theory as Mr. Hole's, the pursuit of this most singular subject must have produced a fund of original and never-failing amusement ; and it was, probably, in the course of his wanderings in quest of Sindbad, that he fell in company with Ulysses, from whom he soon fancied he might be able to fish out the real truth of his much-disputed history. Soon after the appearance of his last-mentioned publication, he began to apply his thoughts to this new subject of investigation, the design of which, was to bring together all the instances of resemblance to be met with between the wonders which Ulysses records to his Phæacian host, the prevailing superstitions of the nations with whom Homer may be supposed to have had any intercourse, or with whom Greece, in Homer's time, could have any connection or communication, and the narratives, either authentic, or doubtful, or fabulous, of travellers of all ages and countries, as far as they could be brought to bear, in the remotest degree, upon the Odyssey. From the whole mass of these curious and intricate speculations, the author designed to have inferred the extreme *probability* that Homer, in relating the wanderings of Ulysses after the destruction of Troy, gave the history of a voyage which was actually accomplished, and of adventures which were really experienced, adorned only by the allowable graces of poetical imagery and diction, and diversified by the natural disposition to romance of a traveller conscious of having gone through unusual difficulties and dangers, and wishing to make the worst of them to an audience composed of credulous landsmen, who could never have an opportunity of contradicting whatever statements he might chuse to impose upon their belief.

We have here spoken from our own recollection of the general outline and contents of an unfinished manuscript,

with the perusal of which we were gratified, even at a period not long previous to the death of its much-valued author. We are not able positively to speak as to the degree of perfection to which it was advanced by him; but it should seem that no part of it had been brought to a regular completion, except a small portion which was originally intended only for a prefatory discourse, or introductory chapter to the main work. Such, at least, is what we always considered to have been his meaning with regard to the 'Essay on the Character of Ulysses,' which is now, after an interval of three years since his death, presented to the public. We are happy in having this opportunity of representing what we believe to be an accurate statement of the facts attending the composition of this little work, being surprised to observe that, in the advertisement prefixed to it, though it is professed to have been published by some of the most intimate of the author's friends, no notice whatever is taken of that more extensive undertaking to which it ought to be considered only in the light of an appendage: the obvious consequence is, that it will be very wrongly appreciated by all those who are not acquainted, as we happen to be, with the attending circumstances.

In one passage, indeed, of the little work before us (p.120.), the author distinctly refers to an intended publication of the nature we have mentioned; and this passage, at least, ought to have drawn an explanation at full length from his editors, if they are in possession of the posthumous papers from which they offer this as a selection.

But we have too long delayed what we had to say on the particular subject before us, of which we must now content ourselves with giving a summary review. We cannot elucidate the general plan of the author more clearly or concisely than by stating in his own words the conception on which he proceeded in forming it.

'A perusal of the *Odyssey*, however, with some attention has inclined me to consider the character of its hero, not only as Homer's chef d'œuvre, but as an excellent representation, not exceeded by the most skilful copyists of nature in any succeeding age.

'To examine this extraordinary personage, depicted by an author, who, according to the best of our knowledge, first attempted to unfold the passions of the human mind, to develope its secret springs and latent motions, it is hoped, will prove an investigation neither destitute of interest nor curiosity. His pages, *καλον καλεσπον*, 'hold the mirror up to nature,' and reflect our own similitudes in a race of beings, whose real forms, long since blended with their primitive dust, have faded from existence for nearly three thousand years. He brings them alive before our eyes, and shews

us, in an infinite variety of situations, man, as he was, as he is now is, and in the example of Ulysses, to the best of his conception possibly, *man as he ought to be.*'

And a little further,

'The Odyssey, according to my apprehension, is as truly a moral romance, founded on real facts, as the *Cyropædia* of Zenophon: and its hero is exhibited as a model of piety and patience, of exemplary affection to his family, his friends and country, of consummate valour, conduct, fortitude and wisdom. The latter, which is the most striking feature in his character, accompanies him, allegorically personified, thro'out the Odyssey, separates him from Calypso at first, and finally concludes a treaty of peace for him with his rebellious Ithacans. From this quality, like ramifications from a vigorous trunk shoot, various others of a kindred nature—*circumspection, penetration, cunning, invention, versatility, address, and oratorical persuasion.* Talents most undoubtedly not equally estimable, and some of no estimation in our eyes: yet it will perhaps hereafter appear that in those of Homer none of them tended to his hero's discredit. His virtues however, those which we allow to be such, are never carried to an unnatural height. His fortitude gives way to tears when he reflects on his long absence from his native country; and, when detained in the enchanted powers of a beautiful goddess, he for a while forgets it. He is not a faultless monster, but an elevated human character, exhibited for admiration and imitation.

—"quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulysses." L. i. Ep. 2.'

To those who are acquainted with the general character of Mr. Hole's works and of his mind, this exposition of his design will forcibly recall the image of the author. It contains the striking picture of an imagination, strong and active, which, having once fixed itself on some visionary object that it has met with during its excursions in the fields of conjecture, drags it into existence before the light of day, gives it a name and a body, and actually builds on its own visionary foundations a superstructure of intrinsic strength and solidity. Few men would have thought of discovering, in Homer's Ulysses, the model of a perfect character; yet, in some happy moment when the reins were given up to fancy, the idea casually suggested itself, which he afterwards pursued and consolidated with all the powers of his reason, till he has actually produced, in support of it, such a chain of argument as (taken within the bounds with which he himself has circumscribed its generality) will not be very easily confuted.

The arrangement of this little book is not quite so accu-

rate or well connected as the nature of an argumentative work requires ; but it is hardly fair to dwell upon this as a fault, since it is uncertain how far Mr. H. considered it as complete. At any rate, as long as he lived, it was liable to his own revision and correction, and it would probably have undergone considerable alterations in his hands before it was committed to the press. The editors, however, deserve praise for having abstained from interfering in so delicate a business as amending papers that might have appeared to them imperfect, a privilege which ought perhaps in no case to be admitted, but where the author has left particular directions for the purpose.

He, apparently, begins to argue on the different virtues which he has ascribed to his hero, singly, and in order ; but soon relinquishes that course, and takes every action or enterprise in which he is concerned, according to the chronological succession in which it occurs, through the *Iliad* first, and afterwards through the *Odyssey*. The principle on which he proceeds is, however, strictly adhered to ; that, in order to estimate rightly the characters which Homer has delineated, we must place ourselves, by relation, in those times and among those people whose manners and actions he describes ; we must divest ourselves of the opinions which the morality of the gospel, and of the most enlightened heathen philosophers has cultivated in our minds, and confine ourselves to that system which we may collect from Homer's writings that he himself acknowledged. Thus, when we speak of a hero, pious, humane, prudent, chaste, and honourable, according to the doctrines of the poet, we must represent to ourselves the character of a man, punctual to all the rites and ceremonies of religion, merciful and affectionate to those over whom Jove has invested him with the divine rights of a sovereign, artful, versatile, circumspect, and (according to modern acceptation) cunning, too wise and temperate to be lost in the pursuit of pleasure, careful and religious in respecting the property of friends, allies, and subjects. But we are not to suppose that these attributes include the christian duties of love to God and our neighbour, of forgiveness of injuries, of mildness and compassion towards an humbled enemy, or that any contradiction is implied when we behold the man of honour exercising the functions of a robber or pirate, or the temperate and abstemious man occasionally lulled asleep in the arms of a mistress. A short extract will exemplify more particularly the general style of argument pursued in this essay.

‘ In respect, however, to Ulysses’ connexion with Calypso, the

most substantial defence is, that concubinage in his days had no degree of criminality annexed to it, nor did any disgrace attend the fruit of such an union. Agamemnon, in his rapturous praise of Teucer, recalls that circumstance,* as if it tended to enhance his merit, according to Eustathius' opinion, but unquestionably not by way of disparagement. Ulysses, likewise, when in disguise, and willing to conciliate the favour of Eumæus, professes himself the son of a concubine.† He adds, at the same time, that in his youth he associated with pirates; a declaration according to modern ideas even less calculated to strengthen his interest with the honest swine-herd, and which will be considered hereafter.

The whole subject of the essay is again concisely summed up at the conclusion of the book, with which we, also, will conclude our remarks.

‘The subject would admit of further amplification, but it is hoped that enough has been said to establish the point which is contended; that no mental excellence nor moral virtue can easily be discovered, that is not exemplified, so far as Homer's ideas extended, in the character of Ulysses; and yet, as I conceive, those talents and virtues are so happily modified and blended, that they never appear forced, unnatural, or extraneous: they harmonise together, and constitute a character no less singular than splendid, as the prismatic colours melt into each other, and form one luminous spot. That a man, existing in an unpolished and barbarous age, who it may be fairly conjectured, had no model (but of the rudest kind,) should be endowed with energy of mind to conceive, and possessed of talents to display a character so complicated and complete in such a variety of difficult and interesting situations, cannot but command our wonder and admiration. The more minutely it is examined, the more evidently we find that the design, however bold, is exceeded by the happiness of the execution.’

ART. IX.—*Letters and Papers on Agriculture, Planting, &c. selected from the Correspondence of the Bath and West of England Society, for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. Vol. X. pp. 424. 8vo. 8s. boards. Robinson.*

IT cannot be doubted that the beneficial influence of the Bath Agricultural Society, which has now been established

* II. viii. 283. Honest Sancho, in more modern days, adopted the sentiment of “the king of men;” and agreed with the squire of the wood, that calling any person the son of a ———, when meant in a friendly manner, was a decided compliment.

† *Odys.* xiv. 202.

nearly thirty years, has been very considerable, not only in its immediate vicinity, but throughout the whole united kingdom. Its meetings and publications have taught men to observe, reflect, and reason, on subjects formerly deemed inscrutable, and its premiums and honours have elicited a laudable spirit of emulation amongst that class of men, who, from the nature of their employment and their habits of life, are the most rivetted to their ancient usages. Facts, however, are the most efficient arguments; the Bath Society has been the means of inclosing and cultivating twenty thousand acres of the Mendip hills; above thirty thousand acres of marsh land have been drained, and more than ten thousand inclosed and cultivated by its influence in Somersetshire alone, constituting altogether an advance in the rental of the county, of at least sixty thousand pounds per annum. If we consider the additional number of persons necessary to cultivate sixty thousand acres every year, we shall be at no loss to account for the rapid increase of our population during the last twenty years.

The tenth volume, which is now before us, contains thirty-two papers, with a preface, and an *éloge* on the late Duke of Bedford, by the editor, Mr. Matthews. On this merited, but over-laboured panegyric, we are not called upon to dwell, but shall proceed to examine the papers, since no arrangement has been made in the disposition of them under the heads of their respective authors. The first paper, by the Rev. Mr. Townsend, on 'the food of plants,' informs us of nothing new. He says that the soil in the vicinity of Barcelona, 'is principally quartz, from decomposed granite;' we apprehend the author must have mistaken primitive lime-stone and breccias for granite, as we know of nothing like it near Barcelona, nor even at Montserrat. Mr. Wagstaffe furnishes some interesting remarks 'on reclaiming Waste Lands,' and recommends the planting of oaks, and poplars, and willows in the ditches and hedge-rows of newly cultivated districts. Mr. L. Tugwell has two papers, one on 'newly constructed Drags and Harrows,' and the other, on a new method of 'slating;' the former is a very evident and a very necessary improvement, which has been copied into most of our periodical publications on agricultural affairs. It consists principally in constructing the wood of the harrow so that no two of its teeth can form a line, and that the teeth shall cut horizontally, and not vertically, as they have hitherto done. We agree with the author in thinking it extraordinary that no improvement should have been sooner made on this necessary but awkward instrument. We are sorry we cannot as fully approve

of the author's mode of slating. Something of a similar plan has been in use many years, in which screw nails were used, and which completely resisted the action of the wind, but was never perfectly impervious to the rain or moisture. Putty was also used, as recommended by Mr. Tugwell, but the birds pecked it so as to render it useless. Another evil in this plan is sufficiently obvious, that should a small stone or other hard body fall on the slates, they would either be shattered, or broken in such a manner as it would be very difficult to remedy. Upon the whole, we have still to lament that a more durable and light method of slating, and more impervious to wind and water, is yet a desideratum in the construction of buildings.

Mr. Davis favours us with several ingenious 'Answers to the Queries on the State of Crops,' &c. in 1800; 'on Planting,' 'Leasing on Lives,' and 'entering Lands,' and 'on the Management of Marsh Lands, Irrigation,' &c. In accounting for the failure in the crops of 1800 by the 'blight,' 'rust, or mildew,' (the former is properly applied to the disease in the ear, the latter to that in the stalk,) the author adopts the opinion that it is a fungus, called by Lambert, *uredo frumenti*, and anticipates* the opinion of Sir Joseph Banks, that 'its seeds are floating in the air, and lodge on the stalks of wheat when newly wetted, take root, grow rapidly, and from that moment the grain in the ear loses all its nourishment from the root, and shrivels away.' It is also observed, 'that as weak animals are more subject to disease than strong ones, so are weak crops. Wheat on lands exhausted by continual crops, though highly manured,† is most subject to blight, for want of that necessary *fast foot-hold* which wheat particularly requires. In a highly-manured garden wheat is generally blighted; on a dunghill it is always so.' Why these 'floating seeds' should particularly adhere to wheat in such situations and not in others, we leave to their advocates to determine. The question however is more serious than they seem to apprehend; and if men will continue to receive the mere effusions of a heated imagination, occasioned by a rage for system and the *foppery* of science, as experimental truths, we can have little hope that this evil will be speedily eradicated. Whilst

* This paper is dated Nov. 1800, that of the Baronet Jan. 1805.

† There is nothing more certain, than that manuring may be carried to excess in warm climates. Where irrigation is practised, it often happens that by this process the farmers are much more successful at increasing the quantity than the quality of their grain, and although they may have more bushels of wheat, they have fewer pounds of flour. The same occurs frequently in this country.

'seeds floating in the air,' which were never seen by any person, and which in fact exist only in the fancy of some of the more visionary botanists, are ascribed as the efficient cause of mildew or blight, few persons will be so hardy as to attempt to find a remedy : but if a more sound philosophy were disseminated, if experiments were instituted, and the real cause developed, if all practical men were convinced of the fact, that the excrescences on the stalks of wheat are nothing but the obstructed juices of the plant, and that this obstruction is facilitated by frequent transitions from heat to cold (the latter being generated by the evaporation of the moisture, which is admitted to be an active agent in this disease) and by a kind of sthenic diathesis (if we may be allowed the expression), the consequence of *forcing* the vegetable beyond its natural powers of growth ; if these truths, instead of fanciful theories, were more attentively considered, we might then hope to discover a remedy for the evil complained of. The following circumstance should have been long since established on a more certain basis :

'Blighted wheat, though so much reduced in quantity and quantity as to its productiveness in *flour*, is *very little, if any, the worse for seed*. It is certainly a paradox : but the oldest and best farmers hold it as a maxim, *that blighted wheat will grow as well as the most perfect grain ; and that the crop produced by the former is not more subject to blight than that produced from the latter*. I do not defend the practice, but I have known it repeatedly successful ; and I have seen the farmers more anxious to get blighted wheat for sowing this year than ever. One reason may be that they get it cheaper ; another, that they have more grains in a bushel ; but admitting the fact, a better reason strikes me, viz. that the seed lies longer in the ground than that of plump grain, and is not apt to burst (or melt, as it is sometimes provincially called) before it vegetates.'

We regret that our limits prescribe us the power of detailing the contents of the other papers by this very able agriculturist. His essay on 'Planting,' evinces both a practical and scientific knowledge of the subject, and deserves the attention of all those interested in that department. The two papers on 'leasing Estates for Lives,' and 'entering on Lands,' are no less interesting.

Lord Somerville presents the Society with a correct estimate of the quantity of labour performed by oxen in one year, whence his lordship infers that their great superiority over horses for agricultural purposes is sufficiently manifest. The question is too controversial for us to interfere in. His lordship also communicates an account of the produce of

Merino Wool made into Broad Cloth,' but it would not be intelligible to those who have not seen the specimens.

Mr. Billingsley claimed the Society's premium for ploughing 385 acres, and harrowing 291 on the Mendip hills, with eight oxen in eleven months, the whole expence of which, including wear and tear, amounted only to 4s. 10½d. per acre for ploughing, and 2s. 6d. for harrowing. Had the same been let by hire, it would have cost 8s. per acre for ploughing, and 4s. for harrowing; so that a saving is obtained of nearly a half by the use of oxen instead of horses. The same author, in conjunction with the editor and others, gives an interesting 'Survey of Mr. Parsons's Farm,' which obtained the Society's premium as being the most complete in the county of Somerset. It may not be improper here to enumerate some of the agricultural labours of Mr. Billingsley: it appears that he has 'procured the inclosure of 40,000 acres; that he has himself inclosed and cultivated 4000; that he has made 100 miles of fencing; that he has planted 1,500,000 thorn plants, besides other trees; that he has burned and spread 500,000 bushels of lime, ploughed 15,000 acres, and invented a plough which occasions a saving of 2s. an acre, and which has been to himself a means of saving him 3,000l., and to his neighbours on the Mendip hills, about 500l. per annum.'

We pass over a very lame report of a committee on Lord Somerville's claim to a premium for 'the greatest number and most profitable sort of sheep' in proportion to the extent of the pasturage, to notice Dr. Parry's more accurate statement, from which we learn, that on land not worth more than 30s. per acre, his lordship pastured 1085 sheep, which gave a net profit of 1,504l. 8s. 6d., or 9l. 1s. 3d. per acre. Dr. Parry also laid before the society at its annual meeting, the results of his own meritorious labours during thirteen years in the breeding of sheep and improving of wool. These results are contained in the following propositions, and clearly demonstrate that, under the management of this enlightened breeder, we can now boast of possessing animals superior to any others in Europe; namely, sheep which bear the finest pile on the largest carcase:

'I. The first position which I shall endeavour to establish, is, that the wool of the fourth crop of this breed (Ryeland ewes with Merino rams) is fully equal in fineness to that of the male parent stock in England.

'II. By breeding from select Merino-Ryeland rams and ewes of this stock, sheep may be obtained, the fleeces of which are superior both to those of the cross-bred parents, and of course to those of the original progenitors of the pure Merino blood in England.

‘ III. From mixed rams of this bred, sheep may be obtained having wool at least equal in fineness to the best which can be procured from Spain.

‘ IV. Wool from sheep of a proper modification of Merino and Ryeland, will make cloth equal to that from the Spanish wool imported into this country.

‘ V. The proportion of fine wool in the fleeces of this cross breed is equal, if not superior, to that of the best Spanish piles.

‘ VI. This wool is more profitable in the manufacture than the best Spanish.*

‘ VII. The lambs’ wool of the Merino-Ryeland breed will make finer cloth than the best of that of the pure Merino breed.

‘ VIII. Should long wool of this degree of fineness be wanted for shawls, or any manufacture which cannot be perfected with our common coarse long wools, the ram’s fleece of the cross breed will prove that this can be effected by allowing the fleece to remain on the animal unshorn for two years.

‘ IXth, and last proposition ; that although I have never selected a breeding ram or ewe on account of any other quality than the fineness of the fleece, this stock is already much improved as to the form of its carcase, comparatively with the Merinos originally imported.’

All these propositions were illustrated by specimens submitted to the inspection of the whole society : to which it is added, that wethers of this breed, ‘ may easily be made to weigh 16 or 18 lb. per quarter.’ In this interesting memoir, which is in every respect worthy of the talents and reputation of its author, we have found only one expression against which we must enter our decided protest ; it is in the concluding sentence, in which Dr. P. intimates his intention of not troubling the society in future on this subject. We hope the doctor has not resolved to decline all farther experiments in sheep-breeding ; and although it is evident that his flocks have attained a degree of perfection which a few years ago would have been deemed impossible in this country, yet it is fair to conclude that he who has already done so much, may still do more. And from the philosopher whose experiments have been so eminently successful, and so important to his country, the public, without any ingratitude for the past, never expect the termination of his labours, but at the end of his valuable life.

Mr. A. Young has compiled a pretty copious Essay on Manures, which gained the first ‘ Bedfordian gold medal,’

* ‘ Forty-eight pounds of scoured Spanish wool make about 27½ yards of broad cloth ; whereas the same quantity of the Doctor’s wool made 30½ yards, which in 1802 sold for 23s. a yard.’ This is a most important advantage of nearly 1-10th more cloth.

value 20 guineas. It may not be improper to remark here, that the excellent 'design of this medallion is the production of a lady, the ingenious Miss Fanshawe.'—Mr. Hallet informs the society of his success in destroying insects on fruit trees by tobacco water. Mr. Pryce suggests some useful hints on the best means of employing the poor in workhouses. Mr. Matthews writes two sensible dissertations, one on the 'high price of provisions,' and another on the 'utility of making family wines.' The latter, we think, is a subject highly worthy of attention, and does honour both to the head and heart of the author. He proposes the cultivation of black currants, as likely to furnish a salutary juice, of which a pleasant wine might be made for the use of the sick poor. Loudon has recommended the cultivation of the mulberry-tree for this laudable purpose; we think both practicable, and deserving every possible encouragement. Mr. Gordon Grey submits some observations, as axioms, 'on the most profitable size of farming cattle,' all of which are decidedly in favour of small or middling sized animals. This paper is well calculated to check the injurious practice of propagating useless over-grown cattle, which are neither fit for food nor labour. The last paper we shall mention contains the most original proposition, on the 'cultivation of the poppy,' for the purpose of extracting an oil from its seeds, to be substituted for olive oil. Dr. Cogan takes the statements from the Dutch; and when we reflect that almost all our salad oil comes from the enemy, it is surely patriotic to introduce a wholesome substitute that would obviate the necessity of importing such an article. The oil is prepared from the seed of the poppy, and perhaps those now cultivated for opium, might also furnish an agreeable and nutritious oil.

From the preceding view our readers will perceive, that if this tenth volume has been retarded in the publication, it is not inferior in importance to the former; and the public are highly indebted to the enlightened editor, who has, as far as possible, divested it of all idle or visionary speculations in order to give a more explicit statement of facts and practical results. In this he has evinced much sound judgment and good sense, and his remarks are not the least valuable part of the work.—It appears that the finances of the society are not quite so prosperous as might be wished; did they change their higher *pecuniary* premiums into *honorary* ones, they might perhaps in some degree relieve these embarrassments.

ART. X.—*Comicorum Græcorum Fragmenta Quædam, curavit, et Notas addidit Robertus Walpole, A.B. Trin. Coll. Cant. 8vo. pp. 115. 5s. Boards. Mawman. 1805.*

WE had occasion to devote considerable attention to a publication of this gentleman's two years ago. The work before us is trifling in size, but by no means destitute of interest to scholars. It probably owed its origin to a hint thrown out by the great Bentley, which encouraged the learned of his time to expect a perfect collection of the fragments of Greek poetry, which lie scattered through Plutarch, Athenæus, Stobæus, the fathers, &c., under the sanction of his name.

The little volume, which is here offered to our notice, comes recommended by the well-known talents and assiduity of the collector, supported by the assistance, and in many parts of its execution, though we fear not in all, countenanced by the approbation of professor Porson. We are by no means inclined to think the editor, even unassisted, to be inadequate to the performance of what he attempted; and that, when fighting under the wing of the first scholar in the age, he should fail in the main object, that of restoring to mutilated sentences their purity, or a reading more nearly approaching to purity, and ensured by parallel instances, is impossible. He is mindful of the debt, and returns his acknowledgments in terms that are elegant and appropriate.

The errors that principally suggested themselves to us, consisted in the inaccuracy of some references, and the omission of all reference or clue to many pieces in this collection. To be correct in this point is of the first importance, and it is as easy as it is important.

Eupolis and Cratinus, the rivals in the old comedy, hold the first place; from the former of these Mr. Walpole has enriched his collection with five fragments. The first fragment is from his play called 'The People':—of this the editor gives the following account. p. 1, n. 84. 'Fragmentum hoc, forsan e fabulâ cui titulus *Δῆμος* desumptum, imitatus est Aristoph. in *Ran.* 733.' We see no reason for this conjecture, and many against it. The rivalry and even animosity, which subsisted between Eupolis and Aristophanes, would have prevented either from committing a plagiarism on the other. The latter was not an Athenian by birth, and such was their known antipathy, that the fifth fragment of an anonymous play inserted by our editor, and attributed to Eupolis, is supposed to be a satire against Aristophanes, and against the Athenians, who deserted their own countrymen, and conferred such distinction on a stranger.

Their dislike to each other was probably the more violent from succeeding to a degree of intimacy so close, that, like Beaumont and Fletcher, they were in some instances the joint authors of the same play. Thus we find in a scholium to the Ἰππῆις of Aristophanes, v. 552, ὅτι Ἐυπολῖς συνεποίησεν Ἀριστοφάνει τὰς Ἰππῆϊς. This proof is strengthened by a fragment of Eupolis himself, who not only confesses the fact, but shews his antipathy for his fellow-labourer more clearly by the opprobrious appellation of ‘ Bald head.’—τὰς Ἰππῆϊας συνέποιησα τῷ φαλακρῷ.

We select a few instances of happy corrections and illustrations in the text, in which the *Phidiaca manus* of professor Porson will be discerned, and in some of which the editor will take his station as a critic.

P. 5. 85. v. 15. Editum legebatur σκῶμμα γὰρ εἶπας ἔλεγες. Egregia est Porsoni emendatio. The professor has here cleared away the mist, and in a manner which shews him to have been attentive to the mandate of Roscommon—

Consult your author with himself compared.

For in a scholium to the Vespæ, v. 57. the same epithet attached to the same substantive guarantees the safety of this reading. τὸ σκῶμμι’ ἀσελγὲς καὶ Μεγαρικὸν σφόδρα.

P. 5. 85. v. 1. τὰμα δὴ ξυνίετε ῥήματ’. Ita P. pro πολλὰ καὶ ξυνίετε χρηματ’.

P. 27. 101. v. 1. Mnesimachus.

‘ Ita P. legebatur ἄρ’ οἶσθ’ ὅτι πρὸς ἄνδρας ἐστὶ σοι μαχητέον. Grotius, ἄρ’ οἶσθ’ ὅτι σοι πρὸς ἄνδρας ἐστὶ μαχητέον. Ex hoc autem Mnesimachi fragmento colorem duxerunt versus Gallici quidam, quorum indicium Porsono debemus,

‘ Ne demande autre dragiés
Que pointes d’espées brisiés,
Et fers de glaive à la moustarde,
C’est un mes qui forment li tarde;
Et haubers desmailliés au poivre,
Et veut la grant poudriere boire
Aveç l’aleine des chevaus.

Fabliaux par Le Grand.

Mr. Walpole’s suggestion to p. 28, Xenarchus, v. 16, is a good supplement to the sense, and is well supported—‘ An legendum ἔχειν τιν’ pro ἐκάστην? Quis Chrysidem habuit? Ter. Andr.’

Menander 33. 107. Δυσκολῶ. ἃ δὲ μὴ σεαυτῷ, P. pro ἐι δ’ ἐδὲν αὐτῷ, quod Bentleius dedit. ἐι δὲ μὴδ’ ἐαυτῷ apud Stobæum. This reading of the professor seems to have been partly suggested by a note on this passage in le Clerc, p. 50. ἐι μὴδ’ ἐαυτῷ.

Ita nos sensum verbis reddidimus, nam vulgo ἐἰ δὲ μὴ δ' ἐαυτῶν, sed MS. ἐαυτῶ, et interpunctionem sustulimus post κύριος. Grotius. Hic ἐαυτῶ in secundâ personâ intelligendum quasi esset σιαυτῶ, quod apud Atticos scriptores sæpe occurrit. The emendation of this passage, with so small a deviation from the *ductus literarum*, is an instance of acumen almost unparalleled.

Μισογύνη. Many fragments have been assigned to plays in an arbitrary manner, and merely from a slight coincidence. The entire passage given by our editor, p. 35. occurs in Stobæus Tit. 69, without the name of the play from which it is supposed to have been rent. Four of the verses were referred to a play of this name. Mr. Walpole has neglected to mention the great changes which this fragment has undergone, from the omission or insertion of the fifth and sixth lines, which make a separate fragment in Le Clerc, and the substitution of προσδοκωμένων for πρόσδεχομενων.

It were to be wished that the editor had inserted some little introductory matter to those pieces, which were involved in any ambiguity. This might have been frequently introduced in the very words of the author who had preserved the fragment, and would have saved his readers the trouble of distant references: thus, p. 6. v. 1. note 86. Homicida. the editor contents himself with touching on the word κατὰκτασθαι. He should have referred his readers to Athen. Lib. 7. p. 279. Cas: and the following short introduction to the lines in question would have reconciled the abruptness of the fragment: καὶ ἐν τῷ ἀνδροφονῶν δὲ ἐπιγραφόμενῳ ὁ αὐτὸς Πλάται διχαπαῖα; τινὰ τῶν ἐπισκευῶν φιλοσόφων ἐπιφέρει, ἔξιν γυναικὶ ἔχοντα. κτλ.

The duty imposed on an editor of mutilated fragments, is to purge off the dross, to purify the corruptions of the text, and to elicit from dark and difficult passages as much consistency with the general context, as can be done, with the smallest deviations from the arrangement of the letters. Were this the only labour, the present editor has, according to our judgment, and a judgment most probably far exceeding ours, succeeded in his design. But to the faults before mentioned we are obliged to add another of some magnitude, in the selection of certain fragments which neither required nor received any, or at most a trifling emendation.

Had the editor indulged us with a larger collection, this remark had been nugatory. But as he has confined his labours to but few specimens, he would have made a more valuable present to his friends (and among these he may number
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more consistently, by admitting nothing but what stood in need of amendment. The lines from Timocles might have been omitted, not from deficiency in interest, but because it was submitted pure and un mutilated to his hands; and his text is verbatim, with the exception of μέλλω for δοκῶ, the same as that of Wakefield.

The many exquisite fragments which lie scattered through Stobæus, Athenæus, &c. and the vast collection arranged under the names of Menander and Philemon, open a field to the enterprising, so spacious, that we are dissatisfied with the insertion of a single piece, which is not eminently beautiful or interesting, from the light which it might be made to throw on the manners and institutions of the most polished nation of antiquity.

We cannot conclude without expressing a hope, from the following hint in the preface to this work, that the editor considers his present publication rather as a trial of his strength, than an end of his toils:

‘Cum adeo periculosæ aleæ argum entum plenum sit, ne quis miretur quod paucas tantummodo Comicorum Græcorum reliquias jam ipse selegerim in quibus periculum facerem, quibusque operam meam qualemcunque navarem. Minime vero dubitandum est, quin doctis omnibus, emunctæque naris hominibus se satis probare possint, ob ipsarum venustatem, urbanitatem, “ illasque solis Atticis concessas veneres.”’

During the suspension of professor Porson’s labours, the learned must rejoice in the intimacy subsisting between him and a gentleman so capable of appreciating, and so zealous in giving publicity to his communications, which had otherwise been locked up from the world. We shall hail the time when Mr. Walpole shall enter the field again, and, defended as he is at present ὑπ’ Αἰαντος σάκει Τελαμονιάδαο, shall bring to conclusion, what he has begun, under auspices so highly promising.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Grantham, at the Visitation of the Reverend the Archdeacon of Lincoln, &c. &c. By George Gordon, B. D. Precentor of Exeter, &c. 4to. Rivingtons. 1805.*

TO those who are acquainted with the precentor of Exeter, it will not be a matter of surprize, that when called upon to preach
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before the clergy, he should fulfil his task in a manner very creditable to himself. From Coloss. ii. 8. he points out the various sorts of false philosophy, and offers many excellent remarks on the present state of the christian world. The following extract, much longer than we are accustomed to make, could not be abridged without destroying some of its effect; we must therefore give it to our readers as it is.

‘In these suggestions, however, intended merely as the counsels of prudence against ‘philosophy and vain deceit,’ let it never for an instant be conceived, that there is the smallest design to favour intolerance and persecution, or in any degree to interfere with the sacred right of private judgment. I feel sincerely for the honest scruples of a doubting mind, and would not wantonly wound the conscience of the weakest brother. I would not judge uncharitably of any man’s motives, nor, with rash and indiscriminating haste, at once construe dissent into disaffection. In many instances I can allow for the zeal which I cannot approve, and respect the principle, whilst I regret its ‘lack of knowledge.’ I think it both unreasonable and unjust in the highest degree, that, because a man is more devout than others in his religious exercises, or more grave and serious in his general deportment, he is therefore to be held up as a fanatic, or a hypocrite: but on the other hand, I think it equally unreasonable and unjust, that the consolation and joy which some men find in believing, or the ease and innocent cheerfulness which are natural to some men’s tempers, should immediately be represented as thoughtless levity, or carnal security. I would readily allow that in many who are no enthusiasts, there may be an inward experience of divine grace, which other good and pious men, if they feel it at all, certainly do not feel to the same extent: but, where I see the humble, unassuming christian steadily persevering in the paths of duty, evidencing the sincerity of his faith, by the surest of all tests, the holiness of his life, under circumstances such as these, I can on no account whatsoever concur in the idea, that the want of this inward experience is a mark of reprobation. I am fully aware, that some teachers are better qualified than others for the work of the ministry, and for the edification of their hearers; but for this superiority I look to the sober ornaments of education and learning, of knowledge in the sacred writings, and of an exemplary conduct, and not to those extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost, which in this advanced period of the gospel dispensation, there is no ground at all for expecting. I give the credit of good intentions to many, whose enthusiasm I lament; but I ‘believe not every spirit,’ nor can I yield a ready assent to the reality of that inspiration, of which I have no other proof, than the assertion of him who claims it. I would willingly live in peace and harmony with men of all sects and persuasions: but I cannot, out of deference to those of any, forego my allegiance to the establishment of which I am a member; nor do I feel myself called upon, at once to give the right hand of fellowship to each self-appointed teacher, each rash intruder into the sacred minis-

try of Christ : these seem to be the distinctions of moderation and sober sense, equally removed from those opposite extremes, so disgraceful to christians, and so injurious to the cause of christianity.' P. 23.

We cannot take our leave of the author, without informing him that we have noticed passages, which, though not incorrect, yet certainly discover a little neglect of composition, as a habit. We should not have taken the trouble to offer this hint to Mr. Gordon, but from a desire that we may again have an opportunity of paying our respects to him.

ART. 12.—*An Essay towards a connected Elucidation of the prophetical Part of the Apocalypse, compiled with the Help of some original Communications, by Stephen Morell, Little Baddow, Essex. 8vo. pp. 113. Price 3s. Conder. 1805.*

THIS work is introduced by a sensible preface, and is in itself of a respectable character ; but having lately entered much at length into the consideration of the authenticity and genuineness of the ' Apocalypse,' we shall now only refer our readers to what has been said in our review of Woodhouse's translation of it. See Crit. Rev. for January last, p. 31.

ART. 13.—*A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Durham, at the ordinary Visitation of that Diocese in the Year 1806. By Shute, Bishop of Durham. 4to. 1s. Bulmer and Co. 1806.*

IN this charge are exhibited the opposite errors of the romanists and dissenters ; the grounds of our separation from the Romish church are reviewed, and, as occasions and local necessities may require, the duty of impressing them powerfully and frequently on the minds of the people, enforced.

ART. 14.—*The English Liturgy, a Form of sound Words. A Sermon, delivered in the Parish Churches of St. Benet, Gracechurch, St. Mary, Stoke Newington, and St. Mary, Islington, by George Gaskin, D.D. Rector of St. Benet, Gracechurch, and of Stoke Newington, and Lecturer of Islington. 8vo. Rivingtons. 1806.*

DR. Gaskin here gives a brief, but comprehensive View of the Liturgy of the established Church, and has made it his aim to prove that it is a form of sound words, ' in virtue of its being constructed according to the best models of christian antiquity, and as it includes all things requisite to the orderly administration of the sacraments, and the reverent and edifying public performance of other divine services ; in virtue of its implying, that the church, whose liturgy it is, is of an apostolical constitution ; and in consideration that it asserts and inculcates the pure, genuine, fundamental doctrines of christianity.'

ART. 15.—*The Spirituality of the Divine Essence, a Sermon preached before the associated Ministers and Churches of Hampshire, September the 24th, 1806, and published at the united Request of the Ministers and Congregation of Fareham, where it was delivered. By John Styles. 8vo. 1s. Williams and Smith. 1806.*

ON a subject so frequently investigated as the present, it is impossible for the preacher to add any new remarks; Mr. Styles, however, has compensated for the want of novelty, by a perspicuous arrangement, a judicious selection of argument, and impressive language.

ART. 16.—*The beneficial Effects of the Christian Temper on Domestic Happiness. 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.*

THE public benefits of christianity on the temporal concerns of mankind, have been ably stated by the present bishop of London: it is the object of the treatise before us, to shew the beneficial tendency of christianity in domestic life, and to point out the means by which it may be made the source of private comfort and enjoyment. If the anonymous author has not equalled the pious and learned prelate in the execution of his undertaking, yet he has succeeded in placing certain christian duties in a clear, novel, and interesting point of view.

ART. 17.—*The Utility of academical Institutions to the Church of Christ. A Sermon preached at Hoxton Chapel, June 26, 1806, before the Supporters of the Hoxton College, at their Anniversary; by Benjamin Cracknell, A. M. Minister of Weymouth Chapel. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Longman. 1806.*

AMONG the protestant dissenters, have been produced men equally distinguished by erudition and piety, who have been the ornaments of the age in which they have flourished, and an honour to the nation which gave them birth. The names of Lardner, Leland, Jones, Doddridge, &c. will never be pronounced without veneration. The academies of the dissenters also produced Secker and Butler, who afterwards became the highest members of the established church. But we are very doubtful whether the Hoxton academy will ever produce any distinguished character. Too much of the Huntingdon *slang* is adopted in this seminary to be productive of any good effects. Piety is supposed to consist in extempore prayers, and learning, in a string of quotations from the scriptures; of this the sermon before us affords ample illustration.

POLITICS.

ART. 18.—*A Letter to Mr. Whitbread on the Duty of rescinding the Resolutions which preceded the Impeachment of Lord Viscount Melville. 8vo. Hatchard. 1806.*

THAT Mr. Whitbread, in the case of Lord Melville, acted as the tool

of his party, is obvious to every reflecting person. It would be uncandid so far to question the rectitude of his mind, as to suppose that this impeachment did more than proceed under his auspices. Why his chief associates withdrew themselves, why those, who in the order of things should have led, were ever reluctant and ashamed to follow, is a circumstance for which it might not be difficult to account.* The treasurer of the navy scarcely appeared in his place during the trial, until the close of the day; and the same might, with truth be asserted of several of the other managers. Mr. W. had certainly just grounds of complaint on this head. At a former impeachment they were every hour on the stage. In the present case they never came before the curtain: they were contented to prompt now and then from the side scene; but no further: if the performance was condemned, the heaviest portion of disgrace would fall on Mr. W.: if it succeeded, they would no doubt have stepped in front, and shared their full dividend of honours and rewards.

Every unprejudiced person must agree with the writer of this letter, that to serve a party, however faithfully, is no praise. Faithfully to serve the public is to earn genuine and just applause. If Mr. W. be actuated by patriotic, not party motives, it is his duty as an honest man, since Lord Melville has been acquitted of the charges laid to him, to move that the resolutions which were the ground of an impeachment, be expunged from the journals of the House of Commons.

NOVELS.

ART. 19.—*The Post Captain, or the wooden Walls well manned: comprehending a View of Naval Society and Manners.* 8vo. pp. 300. 7s. Tegg. 1806.

THIS is an attempt to convey ideas of naval society and manners, in the form of dialogues between Captain Brilliant, and Messrs. Hurricane, Factor, Cæsar, Echo, and Shank; but they are surely dialogues of the dead rather than of the living, for we can almost venture to assert, that such a vulgar set of gentlemen cannot be assembled on the quarter deck of any British man of war. The race is now extinct. Vulgar and blasphemy are not the characteristics of British naval officers in the present day, who are not more distinguished for their skill and courage, than for their polished manners and regulated conduct. British naval captains hold a proud rank in the estimation of the world, and they feel it. They are studious of adorning their reputation by mental improvement, by fashionable embellishments, by the proprieties of domestic life, and by the superior graces of religion. There may be exceptions, but we certainly have not overdrawn the general character. Perhaps ther

* Vide John Bull's Soliloquies, Crit. Rev. Aug. 1806.

is an error of the press in the title page; and for post captain, we should read boatswain.

MEDICINE.

ART. 20.—*Cases and Cures of the Hydrophobia, selected from the Gentleman's Magazine: containing many curious and interesting Accounts relative to that most alarming Malady.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. 1807.

‘BOOKS on medicine,’ says Montesquieu, ‘those monuments of nature’s frailty and art’s resources, when the treat of diseases, even the most trivial, would convince us that death was really at our doors: but when they speak of the virtues of remedies, they place us again in marvellous security, as if we were immortal.’ He might have added that the less a disease is under the power of art, the greater are the number of wonder-working medicines or infallible preservatives. The pamphlet before us affords a good specimen of what we have advanced. It would seem that this hydrophobic terror is apt to invade the community periodically, when immediately a *bellum ad internecionem* is declared against the whole canine species. Hydrophobia is so rare a disease, that many physicians in good practice have never seen it, and to very few indeed have occurred more than a single case or two. We have some grounds for thinking there have not been more than two or three examples of it in St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, these last ten years. Whence then arise these periodical panics? Perhaps one of Mr. Urban’s correspondents may have given us the clue to unravel the mystery. ‘There is great reason to believe,’ he says, ‘that the dreadful cases, so frequently related in the public papers, originate from persons interested in patent medicines for this complaint.’ We know not whether the publication before us is intended to feed or to allay the late alarm about mad dogs. Out of a mass of frivolous and idle speculation, we find one very important direction, (we cannot lay our hand on the precise paragraph) which we wish to be universally diffused. It is that a dog suspected of madness should never be killed, till the fact is thoroughly ascertained. If the suspicion should prove false, persons who may have been bitten will be saved by this delay from an inexpressible load of terror and misery. If true, they will of course be induced to neglect no precaution, which their situation requires.

ART. 21.—*An Address to the Professors of Physic and Surgery, in the Cities of London and Westminster, proposing the Institution of a Society for investigating the Cause, Symptoms, and Cure of the Hydrophobia.* 8vo. 6d. Creighton. 1807.

THIS address seems more well-intentioned than judicious. The substance of it was delivered to the London Medical Society nearly eight years ago. That society did not think it needful even to form

a committee from their own body for prosecuting the proposed investigation. The society, in our opinion, judged right, in determining that the appointment of such a committee would have answered no good purpose. The reasons on which this opinion are founded, operate with tenfold force against any more extensive establishment. They are so obvious, that we think it needless to descend to particulars.

ART. 22.—*A Treatise on Hernia Humoralis, or swelled Testicle: to which are added, Remarks on the Opacity of the Cornea, elucidated by Cases. By Thomas Luxmoore, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 96. Highley. 1806.*

TO these two dissertations we have nothing to object, but that their author leaves his subjects very nearly where he found them. In the cure of the disease, absurdly called *hernia humoralis*, the use of the common antiphlogistic medicines and regimen is insisted upon. The opacity of the cornea is treated by scarifications upon the inside of the eye-lids, and the application of astringent and stimulant lotions. The cases adduced, to prove the utility of this practice, are not all of them very happily selected. Successful cases too, in these circumstances, prove little, if not contrasted with those of an opposite description. The merit of any practice can be determined only by the result of such a comparison.

POETRY.

ART. 23.—*The Battle of Trafalgar, an heroic Poem. By the Rev. William Hamilton Drummond, Member of the Literary Society of Belfast, &c. 12mo. 5s. 5d. Belfast. 1806.*

AFTER the numerous effusions which twelve months ago were poured forth by the rhyming race to celebrate the valour and mourn the fall of the hero of Trafalgar, we had not expected to be again called upon at this distance of time to notice a new tribute to his memory. But not content with the ephemeral renown which his unambitious brethren could have alone hoped to obtain from their respective shillings worths of verses, the present author aims at a place among those poetical worthies of our country, whom the general consent of the world has decorated with the ivy garland, and adopts the battle of Trafalgar for the subject of an heroic poem.

He has accordingly produced a work which might have been considered as a highly creditable exercise to a schoolboy not exceeding the age of fourteen. But in a gentleman, who, from the title of Reverend prefixed to his name, is evidently arrived at years of discretion, it evinces an entire deficiency of those qualities which constitute a poet. The greatest fault, and one which might perhaps supersede the necessity of adverting to any others, is a striking poverty of ideas. The few which are scattered through the present

poem, and which are really deserving the name of ideas, are such as form the basis of every exercise of every fifth-form boy. Who does not recollect, in a moment of more than usual dullness, when his Pegasus absolutely refused to obey either whip or spur, to have commenced his verses, as a *dernier ressort*, in the following manner :

Consedit celsa formosa Britannia rupe

Fortibus et natis talia dicta dedit:

' O mihi dilecti, gens fortunata, Britanni, ' &c.

These may be found translated, or nearly so, in the fourth page of the present heroic poem.

The manner in which Mr. D.'s thoughts are expressed, is alike destitute of novelty, with the thoughts themselves; and if the style and language can occasionally boast the merit of variety, it is only where the heaviness of naked prose is relieved by a profusion of tinsel finery, and an imitation of the 'filmy, gauzy, gossamery lines' of Darwin. To conceal the real dearth of the author's conceptions, he has not failed to introduce at every page the personifications which were so favourite a trick with the latter author. To say nothing of Caledonia, Erin and Britannia, who open the ball in a *pas de trois* in the second page, several other important personages, as Victory, Fate, Havoc, Fury, Discord, Terror, Rage, Affright, Bellona, Dis, Ruin, Nature, Hell, Murder, Despair, Fame, Superstition, the Prince of Hell, Death, Carnage, Friendship, Joy, Fear, and some other personages with sounding titles, form the principal characters of the masquerade. Some of these, particularly Carnage, Death, Fate, Havoc, Murder, and Victory, retire several times to change their dresses, and re-appear attired in a different, but never in a novel, a characteristic or a distinguishable garb. Each of the ships is likewise personified; and as in a description of things from their very nature so exactly alike, it would hardly be possible to avoid a monotonous similarity, it were perhaps more fair to accuse the author of deficiency of judgment in attempting the task at all, than of deficiency of power to do it well, did not the same want of versatility manifest itself in every subject that he touches.

Not long ago, on seeing in an obscure work the name of the present author coupled with that of Mr. Hayley, with considerable commendations of their poetical merits, we happened to observe that the former had never been heard of as a poet, and the latter had never deserved to be heard of. Mr. Drummond, piqued at finding his name so little known in this country (it will be seen from the title-page that this is an Irish production), immediately forwarded us a copy of his poem, together with a very polite letter requesting an early notice, and delicately pointing out such parts of his work as he should most wish to be laid before the public. That public will do justice to our candour for offering to their notice those very passages on which the author is desirous to stake his pretensions to their favour. 'If you would not think it an unwarrantable liberty,' says Mr. D. in his letter, 'I would suggest as favourable spe-

cimens the description of the morning when the fleet left England—feelings of the sailors at the approaching battle—some of the ships, particularly the Neptune, Africa and Thunderer, the beginning of the second book, and the battle.’ To extract all these passages from a work so unimportant, would far exceed the plan of our Review; but the reader who shall think it worth his while, will easily turn to the description of the battle, which we shall omit, and take the others in order.

‘ Fair from her ruby throne, with roseate smiles,
The morn in glory clothed the sparkling isles ;
Light o’er the billow’s glassy concaves rolled
The playful radiance of her fluid gold ;
The silvery surges drank the purple day;
And rainbow colours tinged the dashing spray ;
The milk-white foam along the pebbly strand
Danced on the surf, or fringed the rustling sand ;
While round and round the sportive sea-fowl flew,
Or dipt their plumage in the briny dew.
The silken pendants from the tow’ring mast,
Stream’d o’er the waves and wantoned in the blast ;
The furrowing keels the sounding ocean plowed,
With sailors’ cries the cliffs re-echoed loud.’

‘ With eagle eye, rejoiced the Britons spied,
The mast’s tall forest rising o’er the tide :
With hearts elate they stretched the swelling sail,
Crowded each yard, invoked the favouring gale.
Swift o’er the deep with winged speed they flew,
And nearer now the frowning squadrons drew.
“ Quick, clear the decks,” the shrill voiced boatswain cries
“ Quick, clear the decks,” each hollow ship replies.
The dread command comes tingling on the ear,
Pale grows each cheek, with strange unwonted fear :
All stand a moment, lost in fixed amaze,
In awful silence, and unconscious gaze :
Their homes, their wives, their children force a sigh
Choak’d in the breath—and then—they dare to die.
The love of glory triumphs in the heart,
And each resolves to play the hero’s part.’

‘ The Neptune followed, and the watery god,
Proud on her bow, terrific seemed to nod ;
Awed the high billow with his angry look,
At boastful France th’ indignant trident shook,
And roar’d in thunder to the pride of Spain,
“ Britannia rules with me—the empress of the main.”’

‘ Last of the column, o’er the billows rolled,
The well armed force of Africa the bold :
The jetty goddess of the burning sands,
With sharp-edged sabre flashing in her hands

Frown'd at the head, and panting to engage,
 Rolled her keen eye, and kindled all her rage :
 Beneath her feet the scutcheoned trophies lay,
 Borne by the British from Aboukir's bay :
 With that fam'd standard, Gallia's highest boast,
 Pride of her arms, and glory of her host,
 That storm'd the dreadful pass at Lodi's bridge,
 And waved in fire o'er many an Alpine ridge,
 And still had triumphed in the bloody toil,
 'Till met by Britain, on th' Egyptian soil,
 Its glories fell—with all its guardian train,
 Ne'er deemed, 'till then, Invincible, in vain.'

' With sounding keel, and wide distended sail,
 Th' imperious Thunderer scuds before the gale :
 In all his terrors blazed her sculptured Jove,
 As when on Titan's impious host he drove
 The vengeful storm of mingled sleet, and fire,
 Winged with resistless speed, and barbed with ire.
 Again he shoots the lightning of his glance,
 With withering vengeance, at the sons of France :
 Circled in flame, and spreading wide alarms,
 Red gleams the thunder of th' almighty arms :
 Retiring Ocean trembles as he nods,
 And owns th' immortal sire of men and gods.'

' Thus through the deep, the marshalled navies steer,
 Fate leads the van, and Havoc joins the rear ;
 The flags of France in martial splendour glow,
 In circuit vast, like Heaven's refulgent bow,
 When bending o'er the boundless fields of space,
 The world hangs glistening in its wide embrace ;
 But Britain's squadrons o'er the surges past,
 Like two black clouds before the driving blast,
 When low, and dense, o'er-shadowing earth, they sail,
 Charged with dark thunder, tempest, fire and hail :
 In gorgeous pomp their floating banners stream,
 And like th' impetuous comet's ruddy gleam,
 The ardent fires of contest seem to shed,
 Pouring new glories on each warrior's head.'

These extracts which we have given on the author's recommendation, and which appear to us nearly on a par with all the rest of the book, will evince the truth of what we have said, that the images are of the most common place nature, and the descriptions unmarked by novelty or vigour. The wearisome uniformity however of both can only be felt by those who like us have perused similar descriptions of similar imagery, extended through ninety pages.—A few episodes are introduced, equally trite, uninteresting, and improbable ; as of an English officer who had gone to sea to console himself with glory, because he had been disappointed in love ; and the invit-

ing names of Gonzalvo and Alonzo are borrowed from romance, to excite an unreal interest by recalling the mind to the days of Spanish and Moorish gallantry.

On the whole, we cannot congratulate Mr. Drummond on his heroic poem.—The Irish muse has of late been very prolific; but her productions have in general dropt dead from the press. Master* Robinson's poems can only be considered as an embryo; but it must be confessed they give us reason to augur well of that boy's future exertions. As to Mr. Stott, he is perfectly incorrigible. To that writer, who has with much modesty given himself the title of *Hariz*, we shall only recommend an attention to his respectable trade of a linen-draper, which we understand him to exercise at Dromore with considerable credit and success.

Mr. Stewart's† 'Pleasures of Love' were remarkable only for being a caricature on Darwin, in which all the inflation, the gaudiness, and other absurdities of that writer were carried to a high pitch of exaggeration, but possessing no scintillation of his exuberant fancy or truly poetic genius. Darwin's false glitter is a meteor which has led astray many an unwary witling of the present times. Mr. Drummond among others has followed it too zealously. He seems indeed to have rather a better notion of poetry and a less depraved taste than his last mentioned countryman; but, unless we are much mistaken, he is deficient in those grand essentials, which neither length of time nor continued application can ever hope to supply.

MISCELLANIES.

ART. 24.—*Elements of useful Knowledge in Geography, History, and other Sciences. Drawn up for the Use of Children, in Questions and Answers. By J. Allbut, Master of Bromsgrove Lickey School. The eighth Edition. 12mo. 3s. 4d. Button. 1806.*

WE do not recollect to have ever seen a work better calculated to answer the end proposed. To attract the curiosity of children, and make the acquisition of knowledge an object of desire, is a great point, and for this purpose the author has judiciously divided his little work into ten parts, covered with various coloured paper, in a style of prettiness, which cannot fail to catch the attention of childhood. Each part is on a different subject, which ensures a freedom from disgust, by gratifying that fondness for novelty, so characteristic of the juvenile mind; while by divesting science of its technical phrases, the author has done away one of its most formidable obstacles, and rendered it more suited to their capacity both for acquiring and retaining knowledge. The subjects treated of, are geography, history, chronology, grammar, and arithmetic, together with the more popular parts of astronomy and natural philosophy. Those who have the care of youth, will find their interest in purchasing this publication. It has already gone through seven editions, but never before came into our hands.

* Crit. Rev. Dec. 1806.

† Crit. Rev. Feb. 1806.

ART. 25.—*The Manual of Youth, containing sixty Fables, French and English, ornamented with one hundred and twenty Cuts representing the Subjects of the Fables in the French Part, a Series of Elementary Lessons in the several Styles of Drawing, Remarks on Rhetoric, with various Examples on the different Styles, Figures and Tropes; a large Collection of Extracts in Prose and Verse, selected from the most approved Authors English and French.* By J. Ouseau, A.M. 12mo. 8s. Symonds. 1807.

THE title page of the *Manual of Youth* resembles the advertisement of a quack medicine, professing every thing, and fulfilling nothing. It is without exception the most unmeaning, and the dearest publication, which has for some time come under our inspection.

ART. 26.—*A New System of domestic Cookery, formed upon Principles of Economy, and adapted to the Use of private Families.* By a Lady. 2nd Edition, considerably enlarged and improved, to which are now added ten illustrative Plates. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Murray. 1807.

EVERY lady who is about to enter into the holy and happy estate of matrimony, ought to possess herself of this book. It is filled with receipts of the very best order, uniting taste with economy, and a sufficient degree of luxury with a due regard to health. It will be an acceptable offering at once to the mistress of a family, the professional cook or housekeeper, the sensualist, and even the valetudinarian. For the authoress has not confined herself merely to the table, but has subjoined numerous recipes for the use of the sick room, and for the preparation of such simple medicines as must at times be required in every family.

The ‘miscellaneous observations for the use of the mistress of a family,’ which form a sort of preface to the work, are in the highest degree judicious and useful. They are followed by instructions for carving, to illustrate which, a number of plates are given of the principal joints of meat, poultry, fish, &c. marked with dotted lines, to shew the direction in which the knife should be put to come at the different joints or parts. The Romans had appropriate schools for the purpose of teaching the art of carving, where the different animals were made of wood, properly dissected, and joined with thread, so as to be easy of separation. In the City Institution, lately established, for the encouragement of science, and patronized by so many aldermen, it may be presumed that the good old Roman custom will be renewed; and we cannot help thinking that if some doctor Trypherus* were to flourish his carving knife in Albermarle Street, it might be full as beneficial as the lectures now delivered to young ladies on metaphysics, chemistry, *belles lettres*, or the system of Linnaeus, where their heads are so filled with ideas of sexual difference, that they of course think of nothing else for the remainder of the day and night.

* Discipulus Trypheri doctoris, apud quem
 Summe cum magno lepus, atque aper, et pygargus,
 Et Scythicae volucres, et Phoenicopterus ingens,
 Et Gætulus oryx, hebeti lautissima ferro
 Cæditur, & tota sonat ulmea cœna Suburrâ.

But to return to our authoress, who, besides the above mentioned, gives us directions for choosing all kinds of fish, poultry, butchers' meat, and vegetables, together with numerous bills of fare for every part of the year, shewing at one glance, what is in season, and enabling the housekeeper to furnish an elegant dinner without the trouble of consideration. Much other equally useful information is added on the management of a dairy, poultry-yard, &c.; and directions to servants for taking care of furniture. On the whole, we recommend this lady's work in the most unqualified manner; and, what our readers might otherwise be apt to suspect, we assure them that we never dined at her table.

ART. 27.—*Thoughts on the Marriages of the Labouring Poor; containing Instructions for their Conduct before and after entering into that Important State, with four authentic and moral Stories, illustrating the Subject.* By Thomas Kelly. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Kearsley. 1806.

THE marriages of the labouring poor are too frequently very inconsiderate. The author has here presented them with a very cheap and useful little work, which we strenuously recommend to the wealthy to bestow on their dependant labourers.

ART. 28.—*History of Mary Westley, or the Warning.* 12mo. Hatchard. 1806.

MARY Westley at an early age became the servant of Mrs. Hook, a very devout and rich widow. In the absence of her mistress, Mary Westley contracts an intimacy with one Charles Baker, which terminates in a *faux-pas*. The poor girl, who is represented as being sincerely penitent, almost immediately discovers the circumstance of her guilt to her religious mistress. This lady, whose piety consisted in mere advice, exhorts her to sin no more, recommends her to the mercy of God, and orders her to leave the house. No pecuniary relief to save her from the horrors of almost unavoidable prostitution—she leaves her unprotected to resist as she can, the seductive arts of profligate libertines, and the ill-nature of unforgiving females. Mary's lover however makes her all the recompence in his power by matrimony; and they reside at a neighbouring village. The neatness of their house attracts the notice of some kind ladies, who called to see them, and observing how near Mary was to her confinement, asked her how long she had been married, and how soon she expected to lie in, with a promise to furnish her with child-bed linen. Mary's answer however annulled their charitable intentions, and 'it was a long time before they entered this cottage again, for they were afraid it might make others think lightly of the crime if they assisted her.'—The anonymous author of this paltry history, we are convinced, is a female methodist; and, to confess the truth, we have no better opinion of her virtue than of her charity.

ART. 29.—*A Letter addressed to the Freemen of the Town and Port of Sandwich respecting the Proceedings and Resolutions of the Ramsgate Committee, dated at their Town Hall, Oct. 28th, 1806, relative to an intended Application to Parliament for the Purport of reducing the Tolls of Sandwich Bridge. By William Pettman, 2d Edition with considerable Additions. 8vo. Law. 1807.*

A SPIRITED and creditable composition.

ART. 30.—*A Letter to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P. containing Observations on the Distresses peculiar to the Poor of Spital-fields, arising from their local Situations. By W. Hale. 8vo. Williams and Smith. 1806.*

THE system of the poor laws teems with abuses. No department cries more loudly for redress. The money which appears to be annually expended on the removal of paupers from parish to parish, on law suits, &c. amounts to an almost incredible sum. The miseries of the poor of Spital-fields have been long excessive; parliament has at different times interfered, and saved numbers of indigent wretches from perishing. The peculiar *locality* of that parish, seems to be the principal cause of this distress. The accumulation of poverty which is there found, arises from the gradual removal of the more affluent people into other parishes, while their former dwellings become divided and subdivided into small lodgings, which are immediately occupied by an *accession* of casual poor; and these, by residence, apprenticeships, and other causes, very soon gain permanent settlements in the parish.

In proportion as commerce has increased, the city has become the centre of business. It formerly contained many alleys and courts of small houses, which were inhabited by various descriptions of their own paupers: these however have been taken down, and superior habitations erected in their places, many of which have been actually taken by the more wealthy tradesmen and manufacturers of Spitalfields, while the poor have been driven from their former residence into *this* neighbourhood, till at last almost the whole poor of the city of London are here congregated, and have by degrees obtained legal settlement. The chief resource is to *assess* the poor, and squeeze out of their scanty pittance, a trifling sum, which will but partly satisfy the cravings of the hungry, while the rich inhabitants in the city, who derive a great part of their opulence from these poor (which are virtually their own), contribute nothing to their relief. Mr. Hale has ably advocated the cause of the poor of this district, and we are confident the *patriotic* mover of the 'Bill for ameliorating the Condition of the Poor,' will not fail to take advantage of this exhortation to ensure his popularity.

ART. 31.—*Hours of Leisure; or Essays of Characteristics. By George Brewer. Dedicated by Permission to Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq. 8vo. Hatchard. 1806.*

DEDICATED to Lumley St. George Skeffington! And from the approbation which attends him as a *dramatic* writer! What ma

not be said in a dedication ! We should much sooner have expected Mr. Skeffington to have acquired fame from his whiskers than from his 'Sleeping Beauty;' and indeed we understand that the lobby-lounging ladies do constantly point him out by the former dignostic. But nobody ever hears that gentleman mentioned as an author, except with the adjective contemptible prefixed. 'His brother author,' as Mr. Brewer calls himself, is equally entitled to the same characteristic appellation; and our readers will be of the same opinion, when we inform them that their companions through this volume of essays are, 'Jack Easy, Miss Artimesia Pullet, Lord Gobblegruel, Dick Cambrick, Miss Parmesan, Matt. Merry-thought, Barnaby Bashful, Frank Funny, Colonel Glum, &c. &c.' When Mr. Skeffington produces another theatrical piece, we shall expect to see the compliment to Mr. Brewer returned, and to read 'from the flattering approbation, which your little volume of essays has acquired, a brother author has presumed to dedicate to you, Sir, the following performance, which has been received by the public with unbounded applause.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE gentleman who noticed Mr. Neill's 'Tour to the Orkneys' in the last Number of the Critical Review, is sorry to find that the author has allowed his temper to be ruffled by the friendly advice he there received. As he seems to expect an answer to his expostulatory letter on that subject there can be no strong reason against indulging him.—The first part of that epistle merely contains a request that the publisher of the Critical Review would read the preface, the contents, and the notes, of Mr. Neill's pamphlet. If Mr. Mawman chuse to comply with this unreasonable request, he will exhibit a remarkable example of good-nature; for Mr. Neill's pamphlet is very difficult in the perusal. The tourist then remarks as follows: 'The review itself, you will observe, bears *in gremio*, conclusive evidence that the reviewer never read a paragraph of it. (Does he mean that the reviewer never read his own review?) For instance, he says Mr. Neill frequently borrows Dr. Barry's words without their meaning. No instance however is given, nor could have been given; for the truth is, that the whole of my remarks were published some months before Dr. Barry's work appeared. Had the reviewer *glanced my pages* in the slightest manner, he must have perceived this; especially had he looked at the appendix, which refers to Dr. Barry's work as since published.' Mr. Neill entertains very strange notions concerning 'conclusive evidence.' The reviewer knew as well as Mr. Neill did, that Dr. Barry's work was not published till after the unfortunate 'Tour to the Orkneys.' It was in Mr. Neill's very long and unmeaning appendix that the passages apparently taken from Dr. Barry occurred, as he will find by looking over that part of it which relates to natural history. Mr. Neill was before told that his 'Tour' had found its way to a snuffshop, so that it is now impossible for the gentleman who addresses

him to transcribe the passages alluded to. 'You will farther judge,' proceeds Mr. N. 'of the candour and consistency of the reviewer, when you find him declaring that I have avoided every thing "in the shape of an idea;" but if I stumbled on one, I run away, and sit down beneath some immense paragraph, and make reflections: It were passing strange if I could make reflections without ideas.' Now to make reflections without ideas is so very common an occurrence that we are really astonished to see Mr. Neill puzzled to conceive it. It is an occurrence too which must have been familiar to him from his earliest infancy, and of which his *Tour* exhibits '*conclusive evidence in gremio.*' We trust that we are under no obligation to account for the various phenomena of Mr. Neill's intellectual system, but we refer him to Professor Dugald Stewart, who with that kindness which characterizes him, will endeavour to explain the reasons of that dearth of ideas under which the secretary to the Natural History Society of Edinburgh unfortunately labours, and likewise the process by which he is enabled to reflect without ideas. Rather than hurt Mr. Neill's feelings, however, we are willing to confess ourselves mistaken in supposing that he ever did make a reflection.—'A bitter review of my *Tour* had, it seems been sent to the *European Magazine*, for I observe that in their notes to correspondents, they reject it with disdain, saying they will not give a place to the effusions of private malignity. Perhaps the same MS. has been sent to the *Critical Review*, and inadvertently admitted.' Mr. Neill ought to have ascertained this point from the editor of the *European Magazine*. This would have prevented him alike from being troublesome to the present writer, and from exposing himself. We are next informed that Mr. Nicholson thinks highly of the '*Tour to the Orkneys*,' and went so far as to reprint eight pages of it in his excellent *Journal*. This ought to console our enraged correspondent, under the sufferings he endures from 'private malignity' and public justice. In the present unsettled state of society it is dangerous to indulge in prophecy, yet we may venture to predict, that if Mr. Nicholson often prints such trash as Mr. Neill's *Tour* in his *Journal*, it will no longer retain its appellation of the '*most philosophical in Europe*,' which the secretary bestows on it.—'The writer of the obnoxious article is finally requested to deliver up his name. This would be highly absurd, and the request shews that Mr. Neill is altogether ignorant of the nature of a Review. Time, the soother of every violent emotion, will, we trust, restore Mr. Neill's mind to a state of quiet—in which case he will not fail to repent of his present conduct.

'A constant Reader's' communication will meet with attention.

That of A. Z. is left in the Poultry, to be returned when called for.

We have to apologize to Mr. Seymour for not replying to him in our last number. The greatest part of the mistakes or misrepresentations he complains of, are, as is obvious to the most superficial reader, mere typographical errors. As to the remark respecting Dr. Johnson, if it was meant generally, Mr. S. expressed himself strangely in particularizing that great man.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. X.

APRIL, 1807.

No. IV.

ART. I.—*On Vaccine Inoculation.* By Robert Willan, M.D.
F.A.S. Physician Extraordinary to the Fever Institution,
and to the Public Dispensary in London. 4to. 15s.
Boards. Phillips. 1806.

THE benefactors of mankind seem condemned to wage a perpetual war against the prejudices, ignorance and perverseness of those, whom they wish to serve, and they are often opposed with an obstinacy and a virulence proportioned to their own zeal in the cause of humanity. The history of medicine sufficiently illustrates the truth of this remark, and proves too plainly how incompetent are the body of people to trace correctly the connection, causes and effects, which are merely physical; and in consequence how grievously they must often err in matters, which concern their most immediate personal welfare. When the Peruvian bark was introduced, it had to encounter a host of enemies; its utility was decried, and the supporters of a medicine, which has proved one of the main pillars of modern pharmacy, were vilified as wanton innovators, and prophane despisers of the sacred dogmas of antiquity. When its utility became too obvious to be denied, the mode of attack was changed; the apparent advantage was said to be counterbalanced by the mischiefs which it caused, and every symptom which is apt to be the consequence of dangerous and chronic diseases, was attributed indiscriminately to the remedy. Dropsies, asthmas, scurvy, and rheumatism, were all promiscuously fathered upon the hapless drug; and so deeply was the public mind tainted with this prejudice, that the most candid of observers, even the great Sydenham himself, could not wholly escape the taint. After describing a rheumatism which he denominates scorbutic, “such likewise (he adds) as have gone through a long course of the Peruvian bark,

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are subject to this disease, which, by the way, is the only ill effect I have ever observed from the use of this medicine.¹⁷ But who doubts, at the present day, that this remark is founded in error; and that the vague and erratic pains he describes, were truly the effect, not of the remedy, but of the previous disease? Who doubts that our modern Hippocrates was wholly deceived? What a check should this be upon rashness! what a warning against presumption!

With such facts upon our minds, we cannot be surprised at the vehemence with which the practice of vaccination has been opposed, and that the opinions of those who are not competent judges on medical questions, should be much unsettled on the subject: happily for the cause of humanity, among those who are, there is little diversity of sentiment, so that in ranking ourselves among the warmest advocates for the new practice, we do no more than avoid the affectation of singularity.

When Lady Mary W. Montagu expressed her resolution to attempt the introduction of inoculation into the British islands, she declared her conviction that not a doctor would be found to support it, or to prefer the good of mankind to his professional emoluments. Either her opinion was unconscionably harsh, or the morals of the faculty have wonderfully improved in the course of a century; for true it is, that all that is respectable in the profession either for character or science, is on the same side of the question. Not one—no, we repeat it, not one, who has formed his opinion from an honest and unbiassed attention to facts, is an enemy to the vaccine practice. Among its supporters, there may be degrees of approbation; there may be some differences as to contingent consequences; one or two may qualify their approbation with restrictions and precautions and modifications, which to the rest may appear needless and nugatory; but undoubtedly as to the main question, there is so perfect an agreement, that it can be attributed only to the irresistible influence of truth.

It was not to be expected then that the respectable author of this tract should add much to those proofs, which have already produced such perfect conviction on the minds of observers equally cautious, impartial and intelligent. But the public have with good reason looked up to his authority, both as of great moment on the whole question, and of peculiar weight in certain parts of the controversy, on which his peculiar studies have particularly qualified him to decide. Without entering the lists as a partisan, Dr. Willan has in this treatise taken a survey of all the most important points belonging to the subject; and he has noticed, more especially the errors committed at the introduction of the

practice, the impediments which in particular instances arise to the production of the perfect vaccine disease, the cases of variolous eruption subsequent to vaccination, and the mischiefs, particularly the cutaneous and glandular affections, imputed to it. These are the points on which we shall take the opportunity of stating the sentiments of the learned writer. The minute discriminations essential to a scientific and successful practice of the art, can be only learnt from an attentive perusal of the work itself.

The mistakes which were made in the beginning of the vaccine practice, even by a very attentive physician, (Dr. Woodville) at the Small-pox Hospital, are well known. By exposing the patients to a variolated atmosphere, he produced an eruptive disease, instead of the genuine vaccine, and some patients, we believe even died from this inoculation. Still more disastrous events have happened. In two parishes of Scotland many children were vaccinated by unprofessional and ignorant persons. The result was, as we are informed by Mr. Bryce, that the small pox came among them soon afterwards, and every one thus inoculated was affected with that dreadful disease. Another example we will give in the words of Dr. Willan.

‘ Dr. Odier began to vaccinate at Geneva, with virus taken on threads from the arm of a nobleman, who had previously had the small pox. Twenty children were inoculated successively with this matter, and similarly affected. Their arms inflamed within eight hours, and afterwards suppurated abundantly, but with an exudation from beneath a thick crust. Fever supervened, with vomitings, and other symptoms, which, however, ceased in forty-eight hours. Seventeen of these children, being afterwards inoculated with variolous matter, had the small pox with different degrees of virulence, and three of them died, having taken the disorder by casual infection.’

With such striking examples before us, of the errors committed in the infancy of the practice, errors to which the ignorant and the inattentive are still liable, the mere allegation of failure, it is obvious, may prove nothing but the incompetency of the practitioner. Evidence must be given that the vaccination was regular; and it will be required that the fact should rest upon the testimony of competent witnesses; which those only are, who are completely and thoroughly acquainted with the disease in all its stages, and with its occasional deviations likewise. Nor is this requiring much. It is only requisite, that the process should be conducted under the eye of a person duly qualified to perform what he undertakes. What authority then are we to attach to hearsay tales, vague rumours, and unauthenticated reports? But the right inference to be drawn from

these mistakes and failures is, that a rigid scrutiny should be made of the persons inoculated during the three first years of the vaccine practice. This is the measure which Dr. Willan recommends; and he impresses the necessity of it, particularly on the practitioners resident in small towns and districts, remote from the original sources of vaccine inoculation.

An examination of the supposed failures to secure the system from subsequent small-pox, occupies a particular section; and it deserves most seriously to be considered, how much these events, which certainly were wholly unexpected at the onset of the new practice, really detract from its utility. The first example which occurred to Dr. Willan of the appearance of variolous eruptions, subsequent to vaccination, was in July 1800; and he met with a second about a twelvemonth afterwards. So singular at that time appeared those events, that it was concluded that the vaccination had wholly failed. But it has been proved by subsequent experience, that this notion was groundless. Mr. Goldson's cases, the Fullwood's Rents cases, and a number of others have convinced medical men that this phenomenon must be expected to happen in a small proportion of subjects, perhaps once in 800 or 1000 cases, where there has been every proof, which the senses can afford, that the vaccination has been performed with every attention, and the disease has gone through its stages with perfect regularity. Dr. Willan has given us a number of examples of this fact, which he has himself seen, and has collected others from various quarters; we can, therefore, have no doubt that in future likewise, this occurrence must be expected to take place. Parents then should be duly apprised of its possibility, and, within the limits we have mentioned, even of the probability of its taking place.

When we acknowledge thus much, we must protest against these events being called even by the name of failures. It can only be truly a failure, where the subject inoculated is liable to the small-pox in the same degree of virulence, as if he had undergone no such operation. But it appears unquestionably, that this eruption is of so mild a nature as to be deficient in many of the characteristics of small-pox. The eruptions are imperfect, they arrive at their acmè in the course of five or six days, they do not mature, but exsiccate, and the whole disease vanishes at the time when the genuine and perfect small-pox is at the height, and the patient often in the greatest danger. Let us take an instance or two of this fact from the work before

‘ A boy was vaccinated at the age of three months, by a respectable practitioner, who did not observe any thing particular in the case. Two years afterwards, (4th March) this child was affected with sickness at the stomach, heat of the skin, headach and restlessness. The fever continued through the night, and the following day. March 5, in the evening there was an extensive efflorescence, and his parents observed an eruption of red pimples, chiefly on the neck. On the 6th, the rash had disappeared, but the pimples were numerous on the face and other parts of the body. On the fifth day of the fever, (8th March) some of the eruption became pustular, and was thought to resemble that of the small-pox, the pustules being indented, having a red base, and containing a whitish fluid. Only a few of them matured; and a considerable part of the eruption remained hard and papulous throughout the disease. The face and eyelids were much swollen from the fifth morning to the seventh night, (10th March). On the eighth day of the fever, and sixth of eruption (11th March), the swelling had subsided, the inflammation had disappeared, the pustules were brown, hard, and dry, and the patient had no further uneasiness.’

We will subjoin the following instance, likewise, of a similar event :

‘ Sarah Smith, of Wilderness-lane, near Fleet Street, was vaccinated in 1800, at the age of ten months. October 22d, 1804, she became feverish; an eruption of distinct pustules appeared on the 25th. By inoculation from it, the disease was proved to be the small pox. The pustules were acuminated, and did not mature. This child had been punctured in both arms, but the inoculation took effect only on the right arm, where an irregular and very superficial cicatrix is yet discernible.’

Such then are what have been called the failures of vaccination, which have alarmed and agitated the public mind, and occasioned so much triumph and exultation to the adversaries of the practice : for were we to cite every one that has occurred and been accurately related, it will be found that they have been all of the same description : those we have quoted ; consisting of a form of disease, which, for want of another name, we are obliged to denominate small-pox ; but so much changed and disguised as scarcely to be recognised, and attended with less hazard than the same disease, when communicated by the common inoculation. We think the uniformity of this disease, proves it not to be owing to any imperfection of the vaccination.

Dr. Willan (without speaking decisively on this point) inclines to the opposite opinion. But he does not inform us of the grounds on which he rests his judgment ; and

very fairly confesses the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of obtaining the necessary data, from the previous history of individual cases.

Of real and complete failures, by which we understand the system being left as susceptible of the small-pox as before, the examples are so rare, as to baffle all attempts at calculation. Of apparent failures, where the system is left susceptible of an eruptive disease, milder than even the inoculated small-pox commonly proves, instances have doubtless occurred, and we believe will continue to occur. But it being impossible to overthrow the immense mass of evidence, favourable to the practice, recourse has been had to other artifices: new and uncouth diseases, under strange and unheard-of names, have been ascribed to it; if a child has had any disorder whatever, in the subsequent twelvemonth, or often later, the credulous parent has been taught to attribute it all to the horrid mischiefs of the new practice. The record of past follies should guard posterity against being made the victims of similar delusions in analogous circumstances. The very same arguments which are now employed against vaccination were, near a hundred years ago, used against the common inoculation; and we do not doubt that those who are now such zealous advocates for this practice, would have been the most active and virulent in opposing its introduction. Dr. Willan has given us a summary of the principal objections advanced against it.

• Its opponents urged,

• 1. That it did not prevent the small-pox in future.

• 2. That if patients escaped the danger arising from the fever and eruptions, it still produced a variety of chronic distempers, which either deformed the skin, or undermined the constitution, such as boils, pimples, the itch, tumours, ulcers, imposthumes, caries of the bones, hectic fever, consumptions, &c.

• 3. That it might communicate other distempers, besides the small-pox.

• 4. That it did not always produce the same disease.

• 5. That it communicated the small-pox to those who had previously taken the disease by casual infection.

• 6. That it often produced an unfavourable confluent sort of small-pox, however carefully the matter might have been selected.

• 7. That the inoculated disease proved as fatal as the natural small-pox.

What say you now, ye champions of small-pox inoculation? what sentiments do you feel for its opposers and detractors, but those of contempt or indignation! But

——Quid rides? *mutato nomine, de te*

Fabula nariatur.

The Wagstaffes, the Masseys, and the Howgraves of the past century, are but the prototypes of the Rowleys, the Moseleys, and the Birch's of this. There is however a marked difference between them. In the former contest, there was doubtless much reason even on the weaker side of the question; whereas we can find in the present race of anti-vaccinists, little more than downright prejudice, obstinacy, and often a wilful violation of truth.

If any one of the whole medical profession is competent to decide on the subject of the most doleful croakings of the cow-pox ravens, Dr. Willan, by common consent, is allowed to be the man. The charge we allude to is, that it excites cutaneous eruptions, and those hitherto undescribed and unknown. Let us hear then both his own opinion on this point, and attend to a document of indisputable authority, with which he has supported this opinion.

'I have carefully examined, with different physicians and surgeons, various cases of cutaneous eruptions attributed to vaccination. Instead of the mange, or any eruption communicable from quadrupeds to the human skin, we constantly found diseases, which were known and have been fully described by medical writers, more than a thousand years ago; viz. The Lepra, the dry and the humid Tetter, the Prurigo, the chronic Nettle-rash, and the Strophulus candidus; but more especially the Dandriff, the Favus, the Crusta lactea, the Scald-head, and the Ring-worm. Some persons maintain, that if the inoculation of vaccine virus does not excite new eruptions on the skin, it at least, increases the number of the cutaneous complaints, with which we were before acquainted, and renders them more inveterate. My own experience would authorise me to contradict this assertion; but I shall perhaps refute it more satisfactorily by exhibiting the annexed lists, which Dr. Bateman, at my request, extracted from the register of patients at the Public Dispensary in London..

	Total number of Diseases.	Number of Chronic Cutaneous Eruptions.
' In the year 1797	- 1730	- 85
1798	- 1664	- 82
1804	- 1915	- 89
1805	- 1974	- 94

'This table shews that the proportion of cutaneous eruptions to all other diseases, was the same before the publication of Dr. Jenner's Inquiry, as in the 6th and 7th year of vaccination.'

Nearly the same proportion may be deduced on comparing Dr. Murray's, Dr. Reid's, Dr. Walker's, and Dr. Willan's own reports on diseases in London for the last ten years. Mr. Trye's evidence is still more convincing and satisfactory, as it is not confined to cutaneous diseases, but ex-

tends to the other charges which have been made with equal ignorance and boldness against the vaccine inoculation.

‘The Gloucester infirmary, (says Mr. Trye, senior surgeon to that institution), one of the largest provincial hospitals, is situated in a county, in which accidental cow-pox has been prevalent from time immemorial : many hundreds among the labouring poor have had that cow-pox, since the establishment of this institution, and that more severely than is generally the case in artificial vaccination ; and yet not a single patient, in half a century, has applied to the infirmary for relief of any disease, local or constitutional, which he or she imputed or pretended to trace to the cow-pox. And be it repeated and remembered, that the artificial in no respect differs from the accidental cow-pox, except in being generally less virulent.’

Such are the principal facts with which we are presented in the present publication. It will be seen that to talk of the vaccine contest is to use a perfect misnomer. Contest, in fact, there is none. Of prejudice on the subject, there is much among the uninformed part of the community : and some half dozen persons, the leader of whom has unfortunately somewhere procured the title of M. D., do all they possibly can to confirm and diffuse these prejudices.

Under these circumstances what is to be done ? The laws of some countries have forbidden variolous inoculation, as a practice on the whole detrimental to the community. Can it be deemed an encroachment on natural liberty, to do the same thing, now that we possess a mild and an approved succedaneum to this practice ? Liberty we understand to mean the power of doing whatever is not injurious to another. Can the dissemination of the most malignant poison be comprehended in this definition ? The object of laws is to coerce the selfish passions when they counteract the common good. We suspect that there are two causes perpetually counteracting the vaccine practice, each of which is the just object of legislative coercion. The first of these is the influence of the low and ignorant apothecaries, which is most powerful on the inferior classes of the community, and numbers of whom are so unprincipled as to be utterly disregardless of the havoc they commit in order to secure a trifling emolument to themselves. These men, we doubt not, are they who received the libels which have been published against vaccination, with so much avidity, and circulated them with such mischievous activity. Had it not been for this concurrent support, we think it inconceivable that such contemptible trash as the pamphlets of Rowley and Moseley, could have

produced much effect on the community. The second, great cause we believe to be founded in the overweening and selfish fondness of parents, who think only of the safety of their offspring, and not in the least of the hazard to others by which this safety is obtained. The small pox by inoculation is not fatal above once perhaps in five or six hundred times. This risk they think to be absolutely nothing, every one calculating on his own good fortune, even in circumstances where the chances of success are adverse. No wonder then that they hesitate about adopting a new practice, against which so many tales have been spread with incredible industry; and that, solicitous only about one object, the care of the public health never enters into their calculations. Thus are the very instincts of our nature, principles in themselves equally useful and amiable, by the errors of our information and weakness of our judgment, converted into a source of public calamity. Surely then it behoves those entrusted with the public welfare to act the parent to the community. It is time surely that this shameful contest should be brought to an end; that truth should no longer be insulted; that the weak be rescued from idle terrors; that the low, venal and sordid hireling be prohibited from depriving the community of its sweetest ornaments and its fondest hopes. We trust that those who sanctioned this great discovery by decreeing a reward to its illustrious inventor, will at length crown their work by the adoption and the enforcement of such measures as will diffuse the blessing through the whole community, and exterminate from the catalogue of human evils a pestilence of all others the most destructive and the most frightful. The work is far from difficult, and it will more redound to the honour of Britain, than the fame of her arms, her naval triumphs, or provinces added to her empire.

ART. II.—*Letters from France, written in the Years 1803 and 1804; including a particular Account of Verdun and the Situation of the British Captives in that City. By James Forbes, F.R.S. Large 8vo. 2 Vols. 11. 1s. White. 1806.*

MR. Forbes and his family were among the unfortunate captives who were detained by the extraordinary and unexampled resolution of Buonaparte: his captivity was short, but his residence at Verdun was of sufficient duration, to enable him to give an interesting account of the place, and of the circumstances connected with it. He informs us

in the preface, that, 'when it was first suggested to him to publish an account of his residence at Verdun, several of his friends expressed a wish that he should give the whole of his tour. The following letters therefore contain his entire journey through Holland, Flanders, and France.' We cannot commend the advice of these friends. To relatives and intimates the most trivial occurrences may be interesting, and to them the civility of the driver on the road, or the skill of the cook at the inn, may be subjects of anxious inquiry; but the attention of the cool reader cannot be kept awake by such tender solicitude: he begins his journey through a large volume, in the hope that the author will be an amusing fellow-traveller, whose pleasantness of manner, sagacity of remark, and depth of information may beguile him on his way: if the first introduction disappoint him, he is generally eager to get rid of an irksome companion, and takes no pains to cultivate an acquaintance, which upon longer intimacy might have proved not only agreeable, but instructive.

As reviewers, we feel it our duty to resist these sudden impulses of the temper, to bear with circumstances which are apparently forbidding, and to examine those, who are introduced to us, with patience and minuteness. We must confess that we felt no little need of this due forbearance in perusing the first volume of Mr. Forbes's work. The intercourse with France has been so completely excluded; every avenue to information has been, for more than three years, so *hermetically sealed*, that the person who should profess to give us an account of her interior, would be listened to with as much eagerness, as if he had brought intelligence from the island of Formosa. Our vexatious disappointment, therefore, may be readily conceived, when upon opening these Letters from France we found ourselves stopped at Mistley near Manningtree, in the road from Colchester to Harwich, to admire 'the seat of the late Mr. Rigby, remarkable for its delightful situation;' and when we found ourselves detained in Holland to be informed, that the harbours and roads for shipping in this department are 'Amsterdam, Briel, Dort, Enkuisen, Goree, Helvoetsluys, Hoorn, Medenbilk, and Rotterdam;' and that the rivers are the Amstel, Donge, Gouwe, Yssel, Leck, Linge, Maes, &c. &c. In the capital of every department we have an accurate statement of the number of horses, horned cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, and POULTRY! We will not trespass upon the patience of our readers by a full quotation of these statistical researches, but it may amuse them to learn, that in the Batavian republic there is an extent of 1425 square leagues, that

the population (i.e. the bipeds without feathers) are 1,881,881, and the poultry (i.e. the bipeds with feathers) are, if Mr. F.'s calculations be right, 2,475,000. Are frogs articles of food in the Batavian republic? If so, the precise number of those nightingales of the dykes is a desideratum, which, we trust, the accurate inquiries of some future traveller will supply.—After a tedious Dutch journey the reader quits Antwerp, in the middle of the first volume, and arrives heartily tired at Paris, where disappointment apparently thwarts him at the very first step. We shall give the account in Mr. F.'s own words :

‘ We reached the barrier at five o’clock (May 23d, 1803), and without being asked for a passport, proceeded to the hotel de la Rochefoucault. We entered the court, and on alighting from the carriage were received by Monsieur Gabé, the master of the mansion, with a very grave countenance, and a less cordial welcome than I had expected. He informed us hostilities had commenced between France and England, and that without any previous information all the English gentlemen resident in Paris had on the preceding day been made prisoners of war. I was told that I must appear before the general on the following morning, and surrender myself to his disposal. We were for some time lost in amazement : at Brussels, from whence we could easily have proceeded into Germany, we were informed that all was peace ; and the Paris papers which I read there, seemed to lament the distrust of the English on quitting Paris upon the rumour of a war, as if the reign of terror was returned ; and fully stating that whatever might be the public consequences of our ambassador leaving Paris, they, as individuals, would be in perfect safety. Behold the difference ! now are all my schemes frustrated, and every pleasing anticipation vanished in a moment.’

From this moment of disappointment, where we should least expect it, our traveller becomes a more entertaining companion. He luckily had a passport from M. Semouville, who appears to have been the friend of general Junot, and therefore the general politely registered Mr. F. as sixty years of age, informing him at the same time, that he might go where he pleased in the capital and its environs, and might spend the day at St. Germain’s or Versailles, provided he returned every night to sleep in Paris.—The remainder of the first volume is occupied with a description of visits to the Louvre, the Boulevards, the Temple, the Palais Royal, &c. &c. where Mr. F.’s remarks will be interesting to those, and to those only, who are not already satiated with accounts of those places. We were much affected by the history of the asylum for the deaf and dumb, under the direction and management of the famous Abbe Sicard.

Our traveller obtained a passport from the minister of war to proceed to Tours, through Fontainebleau and Orleans. His description of the palace at Fontainebleau, may serve as a specimen of Mr. Forbes's manner, which certainly improves as his matter becomes more interesting.

' I shall not enter into a detail of all we saw in this palace : nor shall I attempt to describe my sensations when I visit these royal structures, and behold such vast remains of fallen greatness ; which are no where more conspicuous than at Fontainebleau, as Jacobin fury and savage vandalism seem to have been exercised with more than common violence on this devoted palace. The statues, pictures, and furniture were destroyed and burned ; the chapel is despoiled of every decoration, and the whole constitutes an affecting scene of ruin and desolation.

' The palace is divided into four courts or gardens of great extent, surrounded by the apartments. One of them is called the Court of Fountains, from the number of its jets d'eau : the windows of the principal rooms look into the gardens, park, and adjacent forest, and bounded by dark woods and rocky hills. The large galleries under various denominations were formerly furnished with becoming magnificence and adorned with paintings ; those in fresco on the walls and cieling still remain, though in a state of decay, as is the theatre with all its costly ornaments. The largest gallery, appropriated to the distribution of prizes in the central school, and other public uses, is in decent repair, and the upper end is graced by a bust of Buonaparte immediately under the royal arms of France, which are still preserved. The king's apartment was extremely magnificent as the cielings and some of the ornamented walls, not quite destroyed, plainly indicate : but that of the queen was still more sumptuous, and finished in a very grand style ; the furniture is gone, but the cieling and many other decorations remain ; as does the whole of the boudoir ; which is, without exception, the most elegant room I ever saw : every part of it is exquisitely finished ; and the cieling representing allegorical figures reclining on soft clouds floating over a cerulean expanse, is particularly striking ; the sides and pannels are copied from the beautiful Arabesques of Raffaele in the Vatican, and the cornices and mouldings are of gold mosaic, entwined with roses : the whole forms a happy union of richness and simplicity ; while the mirrors on every side reflect these various objects and views of the gardens. All yet remains untouched : not an ornament is defaced, but every thing seems as fresh, as when Louis the sixteenth first led the beautiful Marie Antoinette into this elegant room, and surprized her by a bijou constructed without her knowledge.

' Never can I forget my feelings in this cabinet ; an interesting Swiss who had lived thirty-two years with the royal family, was our ciccone ; he shewed us a small closet lined with green silk, where the queen kept her papers and jewels, and related many amiable traits in her character, (why does not Mr. F. describe them ?)

and the king's peculiar kindness to him. Without knowing of the queen's condemnation, he arrived at Paris on the day of her execution; and passing near the Thuilleries, met his royal mistress in mean attire, her hands tied behind her, and seated in a cart by the side of the executioner!

At the THREE EMPERORS (there is a fashion even in signs) which is esteemed the best hotel in Orleans, Mr. F. found all the principal apartments engaged for Monsieur Talleyrand and his family, who arrived a few hours afterwards from Baréges. He was travelling in grand style with numerous carriages and servants in sumptuous liveries. Nothing in the time of royalty could have exceeded the parade of Talleyrand Perigord. 'Quantum mutatus ab illo,' whom we recollect in his lodgings in Woodstock Street, Oxford Road, to whom a tavern-dinner would have been a banquet, and the conveyance of a hackney-coach a luxurious relaxation!

We walk with our traveller through the vineyards on the banks of the Loire with pleasure, and arrested attention. The following slight sketch presents a feature in the changed face of things, which will attract particular notice.

'The revolution, as may be naturally imagined, has caused a very great change in landed property; the large estates of the nobility and gentry, which have not fallen into the hands of generals and bankers, are divided into small lots from the fourth part of an acre upwards; and many an humble villager living in these rocky cells, looks down upon his little domain below, comprising vineyard, orchard, garden and cornfield within the compass of half an acre; and a continuation of these small estates for many miles together, on the banks of the Loire, gives a singular effect to the landscape.'

After his visit to his brother at Tours, Mr. F. returned to Paris, and took an opportunity of re-visiting Marli, St. Cloud and Malmaison. The latter is the favourite retirement of the Emperor. Before the revolution it belonged to a rich financier, and was purchased by Madame Buonaparte during her husband's absence in Egypt. Lady Wortley Montagu's singular felicity in getting a peep into the penetralia of the seraglio has given an interest to her letters, which has perhaps attracted more readers than the charms of her wit or the graces of her style. Mr. F.'s admission into Malmaison was a particularly fortunate circumstance: here no *warm* descriptions are to be looked for, but Curiosity ever stands on tip-toe, and when she is not accompanied by impertinence, or sensuality, she has especial claim to be gratified. We shall expect thanks therefore instead of murmurs for the length of the following extract, which will introduce our readers to the domestic residence of that wonderful man,

whom the crimes and follies of mankind have raised to such an unexampled pitch of greatness.

' We passed several hours in the house and gardens, which in extent and outward appearance are exceeded by the villas of many private gentlemen in England; but within I never saw a house finished with a more elegant simplicity; a style which is by no means common in France. The taste displayed in the furniture and ornaments may originate with its owners, but for its extreme neatness it is indebted to an *English* house-keeper, who has the entire care of it, and shewed us every apartment we had the least curiosity to visit. The approach to the house from the public road is between Paris and St. Germain, by an iron gate, with two neat lodges; and, passing on through young plantations, we reached the second gate at a considerable distance. We walked from thence to the house between rows of very large orange trees, whose tubs, or rather boxes, were each of them inscribed with the name of a muse, an ancient hero, or a deity in the heathen mythology. Among them were interspersed monkeys, macaws, cockatoos, parrots, and other birds, the favorites of Madame Buonaparte.'

' The front of the house is plain and simple, consisting of a centre of nine windows under a tiled roof, with two small wings: the walls are stuccoed and painted yellow; and on eight pillars between the lower windows are as many marble statues of the Apollo Belvidere, Venus di Medici, and other copies from the antique. The entrance is a vestibule in the style of a Turkish pavilion, surmounted by spears, and the Ottoman crescent on each side: within are different kinds of armour. Large folding doors of looking-glass reflect the orange-walk, and open into the saloon, paved with marble, where the aides de-camp dine. The door to the left, leads into the family dining room, which has also a marble floor, and contains some good pictures and plain furniture: its principal ornaments are eight compartments of ancient armour, painted in bas-relief, and copied from the military trophies of the Phrygians, Parthians, Greeks, Romans, Dacians, Gauls, and other warlike nations. The council chamber, adorned with a few pictures, and a portrait of Frederic the Great of Prussia, separates the dining parlour from the library, which terminates that side of the house. The latter is an interesting room, fitted up without ostentation, and stored with books, globes, maps, and philosophical instruments: busts of all the best authors, ancient and modern, are painted in medallions over the arcades and recesses: Tacitus and the Abbé Raynal answer to each other. The books appeared to form a judicious selection in various languages. Spirited drawings of the battles of the Pyramids and Marengo were on the tables, with several port-folios of maps, drawings and manuscripts.'

' As it is a single house, we re-passed these rooms, and crossing the saloon, entered the opposite apartments, in size and number corres-

ponding with those we had left, but furnished in a most elegant style with satins, velvets, and Lyons silks, enriched with gold, all under white covers; the ornamental porcelain, Etruscan vases, bronze statues, with tables of inlaid Florentine marble, and modern mosaic, are all in the first taste. The pictures in the gallery are chiefly from the Italian and Flemish schools: those in the drawing room are portraits of the favorite beys and mamelukes in Egypt, painted by a French artist, who accompanied Buonaparte on his expedition into that country. Among the smaller decorations in these rooms are many curiosities from China, and the East Indies, especially the beautiful baskets and balls, with the model of a Chinese junk, all in ivory; and under a glass case was a miniature of every kind of vessel in the French navy, from a first rate to the smallest sloop; near them on a much larger scale was the complete model of a flat bottomed boat with all its apparatus, the guns, oars, and ladders, and even the men and-horses with their different receptacles were proportionally modelled and properly disposed: nor must I omit among the pictures, a sea piece, representing a frigate returning from a foreign voyage, with the coast of France and its opening harbour in the distance: a luminous body in the heavens darts its effulgent beam upon the vessel steering safely into port; indicating the star of Buonaparte's good fortune conducting him from the shores of Egypt to the haven of Frejus, where he landed on the 8th of October 1799. I recollect but one portrait of the First Consul, a chalk drawing exquisitely finished, and a striking likeness, from which there is a good engraving: he is in a plain dress, walking in the garden of Malmaison: near it is another portrait of Frederick the Great."

'We were also conducted up stairs, to the apartments of Madame Buonaparte; consisting of a bed chamber, boudoir, dressing room, and closets, which form a complete and elegant little suite: the bed was of white muslin, under a gauze canopy, with fringes and tassels, either to be gathered up in festoons, or to fall in transparent covering over the whole: the rich chairs, stools and covers were under white covers. The decorations displayed superior taste, united with every comfort; a large mirror between the windows reflected a double blossomed pomegranate tree of the natural size, and one of the best deceptions I ever saw. The cabinets, drawers and porcelain of the interior rooms displayed equal elegance, and simplicity; and, in defiance of the French fashion of different apartments and separate beds, the First Consul and his lady repose under the same canopy. They are kind to their servants, and attend to domestic comfort in their own family circle.

It will not suit our plan to follow Mr. F. to Versailles, nor to St. Denis, which he visited on his road to Verdun, whither he was ordered to depart on the 7th of December, at three days notice. For a description of these places, and of other intermediate objects, we must refer the reader to the volumes themselves, which may afford him a rational, agreeable, and we wish we could say a

cheap amusement during an evening's leisure. Where books of travels are accompanied with elaborate descriptive plans of buildings, canals, or other works of art, with maps on an extensive scale; or with numerous and accurate delineations of remarkable persons or things, the paper and decorations of the press may with propriety assume an uniform degree of splendour; but where a work is presented to the public in the familiar form of an epistolary correspondence, and where the subject being matter of mere idle curiosity, ought not to assume a higher tone, it is provoking that we must pay for eight hundred pages of hot-pressed paper in two volumes, which, without any diminution of their contents, might have been compressed with great facility into one. Intelligence from an absent friend is at all times a source of rational pleasure, but it is diminished (unless he has the privilege of franking) if his communications arrive in the shape of double letters, when a single sheet would afford

‘ Ample room and verge enough
(His written) characters to trace.’

It is reported of the celebrated Dr. Long, the astronomer, that he hit upon a pleasant device for deciding whether there was a greater proportion of land or water in this terraqueous globe. He cut a map of the world, with a pair of scissors, into parts, and weighed the pieces which represented land, and those which represented water, in different scales. We cannot afford to make the experiment, but, if Mr. Forbes's Letters from France in two volumes were dissected in a similar manner, and if the text were put into one scale, and the spaces and margins into another, we will venture to say that the text would kick the beam, though the title-pages and frontispieces were thrown in as make-weights.

ART. III.—*Philosophical Transactions for 1806. Part II.*
(Continued from page 262).

THE mathematical papers in this number of the *Philosophical Transactions* were noticed at considerable length in the Review for last month. We shall now proceed to the remainder.

XI.—*Account of a Discovery of native Minium, in a Letter from James Smithson, F. R. S. to the Right Honourable Sir Joseph Banks, K. B. F. R. S.* The native minium discovered by Mr. Smithson, was found disseminated in small quantity in the substance of a compact carbonate of zinc. It is generally pulverulent, but occasionally exhibits a flaky and crystalline texture, mixed with charcoal, it is easily reduced to lead by the application of heat.

This native minium is, according to Mr. Smithson, produced by the decay of a galena, though it seems somewhat strange, if this be so, that no sulphuric acid is found in the product. Galena itself however is suspected by this gentleman to be a secondary production from the metallization of white carbonate of lead by hepatic gas. These inferences are drawn from the observations of a specimen of ore in Mr. Smithson's possession. It is not very clear what ore is meant, but we imagine the ore of native minium is alluded to. In one part of this ore is a cluster of crystals of sulphuret of lead, as we conjecture, or as it is styled by the mineralogists, galena. One of these being broken, proved to be converted into minium to a considerable thickness, while its centre was still galena. Now the inference from this is surely very violent. Native minium, confessedly a rare mineral, is asserted to arise from the spontaneous decomposition of sulphuret of lead, though the latter body existing in vast abundance, and exposed to every cause of destruction, had never before been observed to exhibit a similar phenomenon. We cannot subscribe to such an opinion. When sulphuret of iron is exposed to the influence of the weather, it passes into sulphat of iron; and in like manner the sulphurets of copper and zinc are changed into their respective sulphats. Why then should galena be transmuted into a simple oxyde, contrary to all analogy? We may be excused from believing in the reality of so singular a change, without demonstrative proof: and in general we discredit all theories of the passages of one mineral into another, where no other evidence is brought than the contiguous existence of the two substances in the strata of the earth. Some evidence at least ought to be given of the possibility of such phenomena actually occurring. What may be submitted to the senses, should never be proved by mere general reasoning.

XII.—Description of a rare Species of Worm Shells, discovered at an Island lying off the North-West Coast of the Island of Sumatra in the East Indies. By J. Griffiths, Esq. Communicated by the Right Honourable Sir Joseph Banks, &c.

In the year 1797 an earthquake occurred at the island of Sumatra, and by its effects, some shells of an unusual kind were thrown upon the shore of a small island, at the distance of twenty leagues from the former. Mr. Griffiths was induced, by the singularity of their appearance, to collect some of them; and the present communication consists of a description of these shells, accompanied with some

drawings. The length of the longest of them was five feet four inches, and the circumference at the base nine inches, tapering upwards to two and a half. These enormous shells, when first found, contained the remains of an animal, and were of a tubular form, when broke across, considerably resembling stalactites.

XIII.—*Observations upon the Shell of the Sea Worm, found on the Coast of Sumatra, proving it to belong to a Species of Teredo: with an Account of the Anatomy of the Teredo Navalis. By Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.*

Mr. Home in this paper enters further into the consideration of the subject treated in the one immediately preceding. Sir Joseph Banks affirmed the shell to be really an animal production, and Mr. Hatchett confounded the scepticism of certain disbelievers, by a chemical analysis, demonstrating it to contain an animal gelatinous substance. The president further decided that it had belonged to a teredo, an opinion, as Mr. Home remarks, which rendered the subject still more interesting, since this animal does not, like other teredines, live in wood.

The internal structure and economy of this kind of shell fish not being sufficiently understood to enable Mr. Home to form an adequate idea of the new species, he proceeded to examine the teredo navalis, which is easily procured on our own shores. The consequence of this investigation is to prove very satisfactorily, the various circumstances regarding the specimens from Sumatra. We cannot here follow the minuteness of a detail of comparative anatomy; and for particulars, we must refer to the paper itself. It is rendered probable that the teredines do not, as has been supposed, live upon the fragments of wood, which they swallow, but derive their nourishment from the animalcula contained in sea water. The species of teredo found at Sumatra, is called by Mr. Home the teredo gigantea, and is conjectured to imbed itself in mud at the bottom of the ocean. This paper is also accompanied with explanatory plates.

XIV.—*On the inverted Action of the alburnous Vessels of Trees. By Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. F. R. S. In a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, &c.*

Mr. Knight continues indefatigably ingenious in the prosecution of his experiments upon the economy of plants. He is here occupied with proving that the action of the alburnous vessels may be inverted, and that they may thus convey nourishment to the inferior parts of the vegetable. In this attempt he appears to have had some success, though,

in our opinion, he lays too much stress on the transmission of fluids to the different organs of the plant, and disregards too much the action of the living principle. Nobody can possibly doubt that vegetables are alive, and may possess the principle of life in various degrees of intensity; and it appears to us that this gentleman has neglected to pay sufficient attention to the possibility of the accumulation of this principle in one place by its diminution in another. It can hardly be doubted that many of his facts would admit of a luminous explanation, in conformity with such a view, and that, at least, it would be more satisfactory and philosophical to turn our attention to consider the cause, the nature, and phenomena of the action of vessels, than to be satisfied with ascertaining, if it deserves that name, the direction in which their fluids occasionally may move.

Mr. Knight has in his former communications to the Royal Society advanced a theory, 'that the fluid by which the various parts (that are annually added to trees and herbaceous plants whose organization is similar to that of trees) are generated, has previously circulated through their leaves either in the same or preceding season, and subsequently descended through their bark.' Hales and Duhamel however have mentioned, that when a circular portion of bark is taken away, the parts below continue to live, though weakly, and that a small elevated ridge is formed round the lower lip of the wound: a much greater protrusion takes place from the superior edge. Mr. Knight supposes that when the communication by the bark is thus intercepted the vessels in the alburnum assume an inverted action, and carry down the true sap; he found that the wood of a young oak plant of which the bark had been hastily stripped off as soon as the leaves were fully formed, was above the point of incision not so much increased in specific gravity as by his former experiments might have been expected. But he was reasonably dissatisfied with this method of determining the question, and had recourse to other means. In the tuberous-rooted plants, as the potatoe, the roots and stems which collect and convey the sap in one season, and those in which it is deposited and reserved for the succeeding season, are perfectly distinct organs, according to this gentleman. And this is so far true, that the potatoe consists of buds, which are nourished for a short time by the farinaceous and mucilaginous contents of that root: whereas the buds of trees, which are also formed the preceding year to that in which they are developed, trust chiefly to the exertions of the roots to supply them with the means of increase. As the fat of animals is absorbed to afford subsistence to

their bodies when emptiness or disease deprives them of the use of the powers of the stomach, so the substance of tuberous roots, and the accumulation of sap in other cases, if it occurs, are only intended to support the existence of the plant till it acquires strength to assimilate for itself.

Mr. Knight's principal object is to prove that a fluid descends from the leaves of the potatoe to form the tuberous roots; and that the fluid will escape in part down the alburnous substance of the stem when the continuity of the vertical vessels is interrupted. The common early potatoe is well known not to blossom, which is attributed by Mr. Knight to the tubes being formed preternaturally early, and drawing off that portion of sap which ought to have been employed in the formation and nutrition of blossoms and seeds. Mr. Knight is the Boerhaave of botanical physiology, and is so full of his humoral systems, that provided the fluids are moved, he cares little about the cause of their motions. Now, we ask, what attracts in this instance the sap to the tubers? Plainly nothing but the superior activity of the vessels of those parts, which further decreases the energy of the vessels appropriated to evolve the parts of fructification, by depriving them of the stimulus of the circulating and nourishing fluid.

Some cuttings of one of these potatoes, which had never been known to blossom, were fixed in a pot, having the mould heaped as high as possible. When the plants had grown a few inches high, they were fixed to strong sticks, and the mould washed away from the base of their stems. Each plant had now no communication with the soil, excepting by its fibrous roots, which are perfectly distinct from the runners upon which the tubers are formed. All these runners were destroyed, and when new ones were pushed forth, they met with a similar fate. The plants however grew, prospered, and blossomed, and made various efforts to push forth runners at every point. But this being prevented by the interference of Mr. Knight, at any other place but the extremities of the lateral branches, the tubers were actually formed in that situation. In another variety of the potatoe, this gentleman, at the period when the tubers were about to be formed, nearly detached many lateral branches from the principal stem, allowing only as much connection to remain as was sufficient to preserve life, and had the satisfaction to find that the sap, not being able to find a way downwards, formed tubers on the branches themselves.

These experiments are extremely ingenious and convincing, and certainly throw considerable light on this department of vegetable physiology. The existence of the invert-

ed action of the alburnous vessels may serve to explain many important facts, which have hitherto seemed to require farther elucidation. Philosophers, however, are very far from understanding completely the nature of the circulation in plants; and it is only by a sedulous and successful investigation of the anatomy of the vegetable world, that they can expect to arrive at a comprehensive and satisfactory theory of these phenomena. The experiments and observations of Mr. Knight will have their just value, and we cannot but applaud the diligence and congratulate the success with which he has devoted his time and abilities to these most interesting subjects.

Mr. Knight explains the growth of the bark on the upper side of the circular incision already mentioned, by the descent of the sap from the leaves: and he accounts for the smaller protrusion below by the influence of capillary attraction, conducting a small portion of the sap which had come down by the alburnous vessels to the inferior edge of the wound. He also mentions some experiments made upon fir trees by stripping off a circular portion of bark, and he found that the wood became more compact, according to his theory of stagnated sap. He proposes to apply the fact to economical purposes, and to improve the quality of the fir-wood of this country by performing the operations just described a year or two before the tree is felled for use.

XVII. Description of the Mineral Bason in the Counties of Monmouth, Glamorgan, Brecon, Carmarthen and Pembroke. By Mr. Edward Martin. Communicated by Sir Joseph Banks, &c.

This paper is accompanied with a map, upon which the range of the secondary strata is marked out. All the coal and iron ore in South Wales are said to be contained in this bason. By taking the average length and breadth of various strata of coal lying in this place, Mr. Martin computes that the amount is about 1000 square miles, containing 95 feet of coal in 23 distinct strata, which will produce in the common way of working 100,000 tons per acre, or 64,000,000 tons per square mile. There are few attempts at theory in this communication, which is valuable only as the vehicle of some facts not very unusual or interesting.

XIX. Observations on the Camel's Stomach, respecting the Water it contains, and the Reservoirs in which that Fluid is inclosed; with an Account of some Peculiarities in the Urine. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.

There has been long held to exist a striking analogy between the professions of surgeons and butchers, and the wisdom of our laws has established the connexion by including the members of both in the prohibition of serving on juries. The surgeons indeed assert that in their case, this circumstance has arisen solely from the tenderness of the legislature for the health of the people, and because it was deemed inexpedient to deprive men of the comfort of having their legs amputated, or their heads bored in a workman-like manner, by shutting up the operator in the jury-box. But all the butchers whom we have consulted regarding this difficulty, agree in representing the matter in a light totally different. They are willing, for argument's sake, to allow that the surgeons, on the whole, do rather more good than ill, though the point might admit of dispute : whereas butchers do nothing but good, at least to the human race. So far therefore their merits are at least equal : and as for the inconveniency of depriving the country of surgeons, the want of butchers would be at least as great. A jury of butchers impannelled during the dog days, might produce infinite carnal distress. The true reason of prohibiting both of these truly useful and respectable classes of men from serving as jurors, they affirm to be the danger lest a familiarity with bloodshed should engender a sanguinary disposition.

It appears that the college of surgeons, understanding that the college of butchers had no design upon the life of a miserable camel of 28 years of age, which was to be sold on account of its sickness, resolved to extend the above mentioned analogy yet further, and having purchased the animal, committed it to the hands of some junior surgeons to be slaughtered. It was accordingly pitched with a dexterity unknown to ordinary butchers, and the head was killed at the same instant as the body, by a skilful perforation of the medulla oblongata. A short time previous to this, salt was mixed with the camel's hay, to induce it to drink, that the real state of the stomach might be more easily ascertained. A very satisfactory account is given of the differences between the various kind of ruminant animals in their power of retaining the water which they drink, in separate or the same cavities with the solid food. The bullock was found to have four stomachs, of which the first received and softened the ill-masticated herbage. By an effort of some muscles the soft part is transferred to the second stomach, which Mr. Home considers as a kind of shelf, and from thence it is regurgitated to the mouth. It passes down again, and is conducted over the two first stomachs to the third by means of some other muscles, which close all the entrances but the

right one. The camel has also four stomachs : the first receives the food, which is regurgitated and returned to the third, and from thence conveyed to the last. The second stomach receives fluids only, and is shut by the contraction of muscles at all other times. The whole of the beautiful mechanism by which these processes are performed, is very completely illustrated by some exceedingly good plates, to which we must refer the reader desirous of further information on these interesting points.

A portion of the camel's urine was sent for chemical analysis to Mr. Hatchett, who in his turn sent it to Mr. Brande, by whom it was examined. An account is given of this examination, which appears to have been very rude and hasty. We cannot moreover upon any terms dispense with a minute relation of the experiments on which the inferences are founded, and the author who prefers brevity to precision will find more readers than disciples. The urine of the camel is said to contain uric acid, and no soda or benzoic acid. Some experiments were also made on the urine of cows, horses, and asses, and some dissertations on the general results are added to this communication by Mr. Hatchett. With one of his remarks we can agree, that a comparative analysis of the urine of various animals, if accurately made, would probably afford very curious and interesting results.

ART. IV.—*The Dangers of the Country. By the Author of War in Disguise.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. Butterworth. 1807.

THIS is a pamphlet written with considerable ability, and from motives which are honourable to the heart of the author.

It exhibits views of the dangers of Britain, which are perhaps too laboured and too minute, but which are, in general, awfully true.

The best analysis of it is by extracts from the series of sections of which it consists.

The first proves that we may be conquered by France; and the second states the effects of such a conquest.—Among them :

• Let us look to the infallible and total suppression of the liberty of our press.

• While any portion of this privilege remains in any country, there is, if not a hope of deliverance, at least some consolation for the oppressed.

'The minions of power may be kept in check, by the publicity of transactions, which, though not directly arraigned, would speak their own condemnation. But if not, the victim of despotism will at least know that he is pitied, perhaps admired and applauded, by his virtuous fellow citizens; and that reflection will make his chains sit lighter.

'But no such consolation remains where the power of Buonaparte prevails. He has made a league with darkness. He has declared war against the mutual intelligence and sympathy, as well as the happiness of mankind. He has not indeed destroyed the organs of public information; but he has done infinitely worse: he has appropriated them all to his own tyrannic use, compelled them to utter all his falsehoods and calumnies, and forbid them to speak or whisper with any breath but his own.

'The government of the press by the French Bourbons, or even by the Spanish Inquisition, was wholly of a negative kind. Robespierre, his associates, and successors, imposed no restraints on the press, unless through the unavoidable terror of their power; and we learned, even from the Parisian journals, the worst crimes of those sanguinary rulers.

'But Buonaparte, more crafty, though not less cruel, than his predecessors, suppresses every act of government, that he wishes to conceal, as well as every adverse remark on his conduct; while he obliges every vehicle of public intelligence to circulate, as on its own authority, whatever impostures or forgeries he chuses to propagate. The victims of his tyranny, if not plunged in oblivion, are defamed in their characters, and misrepresented in their conduct: yet find no possible means of reply. They are not only deprived of liberty and life, but defrauded of the sympathy of their friends, of their families, and mankind.

'Fancy not then, Englishmen, that under the oppression of this unparalleled tyrant, you would have the consolation of knowing that your most cruel wrongs, or the honourable fortitude with which you might sustain them, were known and pitied by your Country. You might be tortured to death, like Pichegru, and accused of suicide; you might be murdered, like D'Enghien, and represented as convicted assassins. You might be buried in a dungeon, like Toussaint, and libelled as perfidious traitors. Nay you might, like his unfortunate family, be hidden for ever from the world, or secretly destroyed in prison, without a voice that could convey to the public, or even to your anxiously inquiring friends, the cause or nature of your fate.'

Then follow, the destruction of the funds: the dreadful extent of contributions; and the rigours of a merciless government.

'It is a peculiar characteristic of this insolent Conqueror, to treat every opposition to his purposes by foreign patriots, whether sovereigns, ministers, generals, or private persons, as a reproach and a crime. Does an illustrious veteran retire mortally wounded from the field, with the wreck of an army which he had gallantly com-

manded, his loyalty and courage are made reasons for spoiling his domains, and excluding him from the tomb of his ancestors. Does a gallant youth of high birth and early reputation, nobly perish in battle, a martyr to the cause of his Country, Napoleon is too crafty to deny some praise to the soldier, but the memory of the patriot is treated with the most vindictive censures, and insolent derision. His ebullitions of rage against that gallant officer Sir Sidney Smith, and his less impotent malice toward our unfortunate countryman, Captain Wright, are specimens of the same spirit.

‘But why do I dwell on inferior instances, when deposed monarchs, nay their unhappy queens, though the graces of beauty in distress, might aid the sympathy due to fallen royalty, are grossly insulted by this unfeeling man, for having dared to resist his arms? He, who punishes with death the publication of strictures on his own unworthy conduct, by men who owed him no allegiance, fills every newspaper with his coarse abuse of sovereigns who ought to be sufficiently protected by the respect due to long hereditary majesty, and to the grandeur of those thrones in which they lately sat; but who would find with every liberal mind a still more secure protection, in pity for their unparalleled misfortunes, and their extreme distress. It would seem as if this audacious man arrogated to himself a natural right to be lord of the human species; regarding his usurpations only as the uniting possession to a title which belonged to him before, and which it was always treason to oppose. Certain it is, that patriotism, loyalty, and courage, which other conquerors have respected in their foes, are with him unpardonable crimes.

‘What then, has England to expect from the inexorable victor? No nation that he has yet subdued, has opposed him so obstinately and so long; and I trust the measure of our offences in this respect, is yet very far from being full. Here, too, that species of hostility which he most dreads and hates, though he employs it without scruple against his enemies, has been peculiarly copious and galling. Instead of one Palm, he will here find a thousand, who have attempted while there was yet time, to awaken their country to a due sense of his crimes, and of our danger from his pestilent ambition.’

In the section entitled ‘Subversion of our religious liberties,’ the following passage deserves particular attention.

‘Cardinal Caprara, the legate *a latere* at Paris, and Cardinal de Belloy, archbishop of Paris, and “*Member of the Legion of Honour*,” have distinguished their pious ingenuity, by the following very clear exposition, of what Protestants call the fifth commandment.

‘Q. What are the duties of Christians in regard to the princes who govern them, and in particular what are our duties towards Napoleon the first our emperor?’

‘A. Christians owe to the princes who govern them, and, we are in particular to Napoleon the first, our emperor, love, respect, obedience, military service, and the tributes ordained for the preservation and the defence of the empire, and of his throne; besides, we owe him,

servent prayers for his safety, and for the temporal and spiritual prosperity of the state.

‘Q. Why are we bound to all these duties towards our emperor ?

‘A. First, because God, who creates empires, and who distributes them according to his will, in loading our emperor with favours, whether in peace or war, *has established him our sovereign, has made him the minister of his power, and his image on earth. To honour and serve our emperor, is therefore to honour and serve God himself.*

‘Q. Are there not particular motives which ought to attach us more strongly to Napoleon the first, our emperor ?

‘A. Yes: for he it is whom God has raised up, in difficult circumstances, to re-establish the public worship of the holy religion of our fathers, and to be the protector of it; he has restored and preserved public order, by his profound and active wisdom; he defends the state, by his powerful arm; *and is become the anointed of the Lord, by the consecration which he has received from the chief pontiff, head of the universal church.*

‘Q. What are we to think of those who should fail in their duty towards the emperor ?

‘A. *According to St. Paul the Apostle, they would resist the order established by God himself; and would render themselves worthy of eternal damnation.*

‘Q. Are the duties by which we are bound towards our emperor, equally binding towards his legitimate successors ?

‘A. Yes, undoubtedly; for we read in sacred scripture, that God the Lord of heaven and earth, by a disposition of his supreme will, and by his providence, give empires not only to a person in particular, but also to his family.*

‘It would have been creditable to these worthy cardinals, if they could have left out the sixth commandment, as well as the second; for it certainly follows too close on the commentary, by which this man of blood, this destroyer of the house of his lawful and pious sovereign, is described as a delegate of heaven.

‘There is such a combat between horror, and the sense of ridicule in the mind, upon reading these impious absurdities, that we cannot fully give way to either emotion; and it therefore seems almost irreverent towards the sacred text, to quote them; yet it is necessary that English protestants, and even pious papists, should see how religion

* The following curious apology is offered by the Cardinal archbishop, in his prefatory letter, for thus prostituting religion to sanction usurpation and treason.

‘After intimating that the catechism, as far as relates to the doctrines of the Catholic church, is taken from the writings of the celebrated bishop of Meaux, (that zealous defender of popery, against the protestants, in the days of Louis 14th,) he adds, “The duties of subjects towards the princes who govern them, are more fully explained in it than they had ever been before; because the circumstance of the times in which we live, resemble not those of the times which have preceded them; because christians have never feared when circumstances seemed to require it, to declare their sentiments concerning the powers established by God to rule the world.” A most valourous instance, to be sure we here have, of this christian sincerity and freedom!!!”

is likely to be prostituted and profaned, wherever this vile hypocrite is master.'

The corruption of morals in the vanquished is ably stated, and concludes the first part of the work.

The second treats of the means by which the dangers may be averted. A treaty of peace is not one of them, on account of the unexampled perfidy of Buonaparte. The author alleges:

'Other instances, not less striking, might be found in his European policy; and if so strange a singularity of character were still doubtful, we might borrow a still stronger illustration of it from a case, well known in the West Indies; and which though little noticed in this country, was recorded in the Paris Gazettes. I mean not the well-known treachery towards Toussaint, but the treatment of Pelage, the chief leader in Guadaloupe, and the black army under his command.

'The negroes in that island, remained perfectly quiet and obedient to their masters, through the most trying revolutionary times, till Victor Hugues, and his brother commissioners, arrived with a decree for their enfranchisement, in the summer of 1794; and by their help, reconquered the island from the British army, to which it had surrendered. From that time to the Peace of Amiens, the new citizens not only defended the Island for France, when she had no other possession left in the Antilles, but enabled her to do infinite mischief to the neighbouring British colonies; and powerfully diverted our arms and treasure from the European contests at the most critical period of the war.

'Interior subordination and good conduct, accompanied these important services; and Buonaparte himself on the restitution of peace, publicly praised these black patriots, whose freedom was then anew most solemnly guaranteed by the state, and by himself, for having maintained the Island in a state of great agricultural value. He added, by way of apology to the planters, that "it would cost humanity too much to attempt there, a new revolution." At the same moment, however, he sent a new Governor, La Crosse, with an army, to restore slavery and the cartwhip; and that officer was proceeding to execute his instructions, when the negroes, under Pelage their chief leader, resisted, and drove him from the island.

'They acted, nevertheless, with the utmost humanity and moderation; and sent a very loyal address to the Chief Consul, humbly justifying their conduct, imputing the strange attempt of La Crosse to a breach of his orders, and offering to receive dutifully any other governor whom the republic might chuse to send. Napoleon took them at their word; and Richepanse, whom he sent out with new and most solemn declarations that liberty should be inviolably maintained, was received by Pelage and the chief part of his black army, with all the honours due to the representative of the republic. A part however of the negro army, being less credulous after what they had recently witnessed, refused to obey his orders; upon which Pelage marched his loyal troops against them, and after several blood-

dy conflicts, completely suppressed all resistance to the authority of the new governor. The last body of the disaffected negro soldiery that held out, consisting of some hundreds, took shelter in a fort, and when they found it no longer tenable against their numerous and brave assailants, followed a memorable example of ancient resolution in the cause of liberty, by setting fire to their magazine. The explosion not only saved every one of these intrepid men from the whips of the drivers, but was fatal to many of their brave deluded brethren, who were approaching to storm the walls.

‘Buonaparte, in his Gazette account, paid a very high tribute of praise to the astonishing gallantry of Pelage and his black battalions, by whom such determined enemies had been subdued. But what was their immediate reward? To be treacherously divided, seized at their different posts by surprize, sent on board transports, and, as was supposed in the neighbouring islands, drowned at sea. The only reason for imagining that the report of their being destroyed in that mode, may not have been universally true, is that at the commencement of the present war, an article appeared in some French newspapers, importing that Pelage was set at liberty from a prison in France; but it was probably only designed to inspire a fear into our government, that this brave leader might again be employed to annoy us in the Antilles: for neither he, nor his exiled followers, have since been heard of.

‘I do not cite this case for the very needless purpose of shewing that Buonaparte is perfidious in the highest degree, but to prove that he is proud of that quality; for this unparalleled instance of fraud and ingratitude, though notorious in the West Indies, would probably never have been fully known in Europe, if he had chosen to conceal it; and he had actually concealed the cause of the expulsion of La Crosse, together with the loyal address of Pelage and his countrymen, for the sake of suppressing the disgraceful result of his first attempt on negro liberty in Guadaloupe, till he received accounts of the success of his second perfidious stratagem. But as soon as he learnt from Richepanse, that all the military negroes were destroyed, and their unarmed cultivators in his power, he filled the columns of the *Moniteur* with their address, though several months old; and a few days after, announced all the events that followed; relating coolly the arrest and deportation of Pelage and his troops, without even accusing them of a fault, or suggesting any other excuse, for that unexampled perfidy of which they were the victims.’

The author strongly urges the increase of the military force of the country.

‘It has been computed by sea officers of reputation and judgment, that 150,000 men, might be embarked at Boulogne in a single day: for the vessels now collected there, are so constructed as to take the ground without damage; and when anchored at high water mark, on a long sandy beach which is impreguably fortified for their protection, they are left dry for hours by the ebb tide; so that the troops may march on board by means of planks, as quickly almost as they could file off into their barracks; and at the return of high water,

be ready to put to sea. If so, the command of the channel for eight and forty hours, might suffice for the most formidable invasion.

‘A plan of this kind is supposed to have been formed, in the summer of 1805. The combined fleets, after leading a good part of ours to the West Indies, were suddenly to have returned, to have raised the blockades of Cadiz, Brest, and Rochfort, and being reinforced by all the ships in those ports, proceeded to Boulogne, where perhaps the fleet from the Texel would have been brought to their aid. They were then to have convoyed the flotilla, with as large an army as Buonaparte thought proper to embark; and England might possibly have been lost before her scattered fleets could be collected in sufficient numbers to oppose them. This plan, it is true, was frustrated by the energy of Nelson, and the prudence of our Admiralty; and above all, by the mercy of Providence, which combined with those means, very propitious coincident events. But similar schemes may be formed hereafter; they will become more feasible in proportion to the increase of the enemy’s force; and their chances of success may be multiplied, by the collection of an adequate number of transports at different ports, far remote from each other. They would also be greatly facilitated, by the possession of Venice, and of those other new maritime stations, acquired by Buonaparte, during the two last campaigns; for these, give him not only new ships, but the means of diverting the navy of England by a much wider extent than before, in necessary foreign service.—Unhappily, our own distant conquests, of which at this conjuncture, we are unaccountably fond, by no means lessen, but on the contrary, encrease this advantage.

‘It would be easy to enlarge on this subject, and to demonstrate clearly the facility of open invasion, by the sudden concentration of an inferior, during the dispersion of a superior navy. But having many new topics yet to touch upon, I will rely upon what has already been offered, or rather on the plain nature of the case, in proof that we may probably be invaded by a very powerful army, notwithstanding our maritime power.

‘On what human foundation then can we repose a tranquil confidence in the present state of the country? We have no inexpugnable fortresses, like Austria and Prussia; no Alpine mountains, like Switzerland; no dykes and means of inundation, like Holland; no sandy deserts, like Egypt. All those impediments have been surmounted by our formidable enemy; but he would find none such to oppose his progress in England. The torrent must be stemmed, if at all, by the force of our arms in the field,

‘What then is this last retrenchment of the inestimable liberties of England? What is this ulterior defence, against the most deplorable revolution that conquest ever made; against miseries more dreadful, those of the devoted Jews excepted, than any people ever endured?

‘We have a regular army, which I will suppose to be in point of quality throughout, such as specimens of it have gloriously proved to be upon trial, both in Italy and Egypt. But it is widely dispersed by a policy which at this arduous conjuncture I am quite at a loss

to comprehend, upon foreign and distant services. Not less than five different British armies are said to be at this moment employed in, or destined to, five different regions of the globe: and I am really afraid to state the small amount to which some credible reports now reduce the regular infantry actually within the realm.

‘But it is not necessary to my argument to ascertain such alarming facts: for were our whole army within the island, it would still be very unequal, in point of numbers, to our defence, supposing an invasion to take place, on a scale suitable to the magnitude of the object, and to the ordinary maxims of our enemy. Could our regular troops be collected at once from every part of the island, they might find themselves greatly outnumbered. But we should, through the great quickness of the enemy’s motions, be obliged to fight him previous to any general union of our forces, or give him possession of the capital.

‘A country so exposed by the extent of its assailable coast, and by its defenceless interior situation as England, would perhaps hardly be safe from conquest, much less ruin, when invaded, if it contained in its whole extent, three soldiers for every enemy that should land on its shores. Whereas France, if she invade us at all, will probably send a force exceeding that of our regulars and militia united. I suppose, it is true, in this estimate, an equality of military character; but I calculate also on that new system of tactics which is so formidable in offensive war, in which our enemies so fatally excel, and for which England presents to them a most favourable field.’

In page 123 he adds the following important observation :

‘Innumerable attempts have been made at different times, and in reference to the various disasters of our allies, to account for this uniform success of the enemy, by the treason of generals, the disaffection of troops, and by accidents of various kinds; but the solutions are all either inadequate, or highly incredible; as well as inconsistent with each other. Let us try then whether this very disparity of age between the soldiers of the contending armies, may not, in spite of old received notions, go far to explain the whole.

‘Buonaparte, and other French generals, have repeatedly spoken of the old tactics with contempt; and it is at length become fashionable, with those who have, as well as with those who have not, some little knowledge of the subject, to cry down the old art of war. We begin to look back on Marlborough and Turenne as drivellers, who did nothing great in comparison with what they might have effected; but spent half an age, in slowly attaining, what ought to have been the work of a month. If, however, Marlborough or Turenne had commanded the youthful revolutionary armies of France, I cannot help thinking that they would have discovered the same new methods of warfare, which so many French generals have practised, and used them with equal success: for great commanders in all ages, seem to have been men of strong natural parts, who triumphed not by a pedantic adherence to established rules; but by the appli-

cation of plain common sense, to the circumstances in which they were placed. It was, I conceive, not difficult to discover that the cautious and dilatory system formerly in vogue, was not fit for those inexhaustible multitudes of ardent young soldiers, whom France in the delirium of her enthusiasm for liberty, poured forth upon her enemies.

‘The situation of the Republic, at the first, prescribed impetuous and decisive operations : and what was perhaps then but a daring and necessary effort, became afterwards, from its signal success, an established new system of war. Without depreciating the value of the discovery, it may with probability be supposed to have been, like many others of great importance, the result of accident, rather than design. Buonaparte’s genius may possibly be as great as his fortune ; but the new tactics were Moreau’s before they were Buonaparte’s, and Pichegru’s before they were Moreau’s.

‘All I wish to establish however is, that the success of this new system, has been promoted by the peculiar and advantageous circumstance in question, the youth of the French soldiers. A Frenchman, from the vivacity of his nature, has a juvenile impetuosity even in sober manhood. How much more when sent into the field between 18 and 25. With such a soldiery it might have been difficult to sit down to sieges and blockades ; or cautiously to watch the movements of an enemy, as on a chess board, through a tedious campaign : but it was easy to overwhelm him at once, by a rapid march, and an impetuous attack.’

This is throughout a section of great importance.

The last, on *reformation*, as an essential basis of national safety, is written on many of the false principles of ancient puritanism, which are at this time propagated under the name of methodism. This is to be lamented, as the whole work may be exposed to the scorn of scepticism ; or it may induce fanatics to ascribe events to wrong causes.

The cause of the present calamities of Europe and of the menaced desolation of Britain, he pronounces to be the guilt of the slave trade.

‘Can it be denied then, that we have in this great national offence, an adequate cause of the displeasure of Heaven, and of the calamities which have fallen upon the country ? or can it be alledged, that there is any cotemporary provocation that bears any proportion to the slave trade ? If other sins of the same heinous species, could be justly charged upon us ; if “ the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner, the complaint of the poor oppressed, and the cry of innocent blood,” had gone up against us from other regions than Africa, and the West Indies ; still it ought to be shewn, that in these other cases, as in this, the crime had been aggravated by equal obduracy, and extended with equal perverseness, after the open exposure of its guilt, and solemn calls for reformation. But in these respects, as well as in its magnitude, and its cruel effects, the slave trade stands

alone among our national offences ;—defying, like Satan, in the foremost rank, the wrath of the Almighty.

‘ Could we suppose ourselves just arrived from another planet, impressed with our present ideas of the divine government, but ignorant of the history of Europe since the year 1787, and informed alone of the parliamentary discussions on the Slave Trade, and of those iniquities which England has since committed against the African race, we might naturally be disposed to inquire, “ has no scourge from heaven yet appeared ? Have no calamities, indicatory of divine wrath, overtaken that guilty land ? ” But should we next take up a history of the French revolution, and of the fatal wars that have ensued ; and learn how strangely the prosperity, the peace, and the security of England have been subverted by them, what singular evils we have endured, ever since our first refusal to abolish the slave trade, and by what still greater evils we are at this moment threatened ; it would be impossible, I conceive, not to recognize with wonder and awe, the chastising hand of God. The only difficulty would be, to comprehend how the living witnesses both of the provocation and the punishment, could possibly be unobservant of the visible connection between them.’

He then states the share which each European nation has had in the accumulation of the guilt, and adds :

‘ Thus cruelly did the great commercial nations of Europe, all at the same era, resolve to extend the desolation, the miseries and crimes of Africa, to the utmost of their power. Already they dragged away every year 74,000 of her unhappy children ; and a great part of her coast began to be almost destitute of inhabitants : yet her insatiable tormentors, were determined to drain the veins of her population still more copiously, and to obtain fuller meals for their avarice, though they should reduce her to a desert. But the eye of the Almighty was over them ; and to avenge devoted Africa at least, if not to save her, he dropped down among them the French revolution.’

This idea of the Deity ‘ *dropping into Europe the French revolution,* ’ is a sentiment of fanatic impiety, that has not been exceeded since the days of Cromwell.

We do not dispute the enormous guilt of the slave trade. It implies in it every thing offensive to nature, reason, policy, religion, and the laws of Almighty God, and it has and will bring with it its proper punishment ; but that punishment has been and will be administered according to those laws, and not according to the wrathful passions of a despot of Morocco, or a dey of Algiers.

But the slave trade never has been a *national* sin in any part of modern Europe ; where all the nations have abhorred it, the instant its enormities were made known.

But the author will say, their governments have connived

at it. We will venture to affirm, never with the consent of the people. He may then say, why did not the people influence their governments? We answer, *because they had not the means*; and it was the object of the French revolution, and history will soon establish the fact, *that it was its only object*, to furnish the people with those means. Here we have no fear in being at issue with the writer. We have no hesitation in allowing every thing he alledges of the detestable nature, and horrid guilt of the slave trade : yet we affirm it is but as dust in the balance, compared with the deliberate, studied and refined malignity, which defeated the purposes, perverted the objects, and vitiated and infernalized the spirit of the French revolution.

Let the author look about him, and mark the men, whether in cabinets or legislations, who regarded the first openings of the French revolution, as Satan viewed Paradise ; who misled and confounded the ardent spirits who conducted it, and who, when their new and frail edifice was in flames, threw firebrands and combustibles to accelerate its destruction.

Supposing (and the author will not deny the possibility) that the first pacific and generous principles of the French revolution were professed with sincerity, and were practicable without the interference of Europe, who can calculate the guilt of obstructing and preventing their effects? And who would go into Africa or the West Indies to account for calamities which France is inflicting on Europe for denying her the chances of emancipation ; for converting her errors into misfortunes, and her misfortunes into crimes ; for employing Frenchmen to destroy each other, and proposing to render her territory a blank in the map of Europe? What are all the imaginable consequences of the slave trade, great and probable as they may be proved, when compared with those which have been refused and prevented by the perversion of the French revolution?

On this subject a volume might be written, and no doubt volumes will be written, which will place the guilt to the just and proper account, which will prove that the power of Buonaparte has none or very distant connection with the slave-trade, but immediately arose from the political errors of Europe, which he is now punishing ; and that his bloody throne rests not on the victims of Africa, but on the immense masses of human bones, which have whitened the plains of La Vendée and of Toulon, cemented by those torrents of blood, which so often inundated the *Place de la Revolution*.

ART. V.—*The Causes of the French Revolution and the Science of governing an Empire, an epic and philosophical Poem.* By George Sanon. 8vo. pp. 134. Price 15s. Highley. 1806.

ONE hundred and thirty-four pages for fifteen shillings! The price, at first sight, staggered us; but when we had perused the title-page, and, by dipping into the preface through the vistro of an uncut sheet, had caught a glimpse of what the precious volume contained, our astonishment subsided into gratitude for the author's moderation in charging so little for a book, which from its intrinsic value and importance, must inevitably, through all succeeding ages, become the manual of kings. The day on which the Pandects of Justinian were found at Amalfi; the very hour, in which Kepler discovered the laws of the planetary orbits, have been justly noted with precision by the eternizing pen of history; and we were glad to see, that the date of the publication of this work, which would appear to be of no less importance in the annals of mankind, had been minutely entered at Stationers' Hall. Our brother-reviewer, who had first taken up this epic and philosophical poem, cried out in transport, 'EUREKA! EUREKA! here is deeper wisdom than that of Pythagoras, and in verses of purer gold! Compared with this octavo, the Roman law is mere jargon, our common law Canterbury tales, and our statutes at large waste paper!' Whether this ebullition of admiration was pardonable, we shall give our readers an opportunity of judging, by quotations from the preface, from the arguments of the books, into which the poem is divided, and from the poem itself.

'The antients left the three highest sciences in the rough, for posterity to bring to perfection: Newton has greatly improved one; and I (George Sanon) have endeavoured to improve the other two, viz. The Science of the Human Mind* (which will be published in November next, i. e. 1806) and the Moral Science.' Pref. p. 7.

'I have described a line of conduct, by which society may not only be restored to it's former happiness, but made happier than ever: by which this felicity may be rendered permanent, and the government indissoluble.' Pref. p. 9.

'I have fixed the bounds of human liberty, and shewn how far men may be free, in my third book.' Pref. p. 12.

* We have not yet seen this performance.

In the thirteenth page of his preface our author undertakes to prove that Lucretius, Bolingbroke, Locke, Rousseau, Young, Pope, Hobbes, Epicurus, and Zeno were all in the wrong,—mere men of Gotham, gentle reader! But if this bold attempt does not suffice to make you ‘bless your stars’ that you and Mr. Sanon are contemporaries, have patience, and read on.

‘If Euclid had an Herculean task in purifying geometry of its dross, and contracting it to the capacity of memory; judge what has been my labour, assisted by the best writers of two thousand years, to weed morality of the rubbish of as long a period; to contract numerous volumes into a compass adapted to the powers of retention; to leave minutiae to little minds; and *like him*, give the prominent and immediately useful parts of the science to the world. Fables, novels, biography, history, the public theatres, the splendid temples have ethics for their chief object: this science was left to receive the *finishing touches of perfection by one individual, whose work will be an unerring standard for the present and future generations.*’ Pref. p. 14.

Of course it will be the immediate concern of our legislature that a ‘sealed copy’ of this work be deposited in the Tower. O! fortunate Mr. Bensley, who printed it! O! fortunate Mr. Highley, who published it! O! still more enviable Mr. Capel Lofft, to whom it is humbly dedicated! It has already been the good fortune of Mr. Lofft to usher a tailor into the Temple of Fame as a rival of Lucretius,* and he has now the honour of having his name coupled with that of a philosopher, who drops down as an extinguisher upon Puffendorf, Grotius, Vattel, Paley, and all the feeble luminaries who have preceded him.

Part of the argument of the first book is as follows:

‘The plastic operations of what have been improperly denominated the four elements: that although they have a plastic, yet they have no mechanical power, or architectonic spirit; this axiom naturally leads us to enquire into the original cause of the animal kingdom, which is formed upon mechanical principles.’

We were eager to see in what manner these simple but sublime truths might be adorned by the charms of poetry: our readers, perhaps, will be equally curious, and their curiosity shall be gratified. If Plato had lived in our day, and could have seen what an elegant and useful handmaid poetry may be made to good sense, morality, and philoso-

* Vide Preface to Nat. Bloomfield's poems.

phy, he would not have banished poets from his ideal republic.

'As there exists within the human mind
A power mechanic ; and the mill, the ship,
The statue and the clock are not produced
By water, fire, earth, ambient air, or space,
But by this power ; and these and nature's laws
Are made subservient to the human will
To act upon the first :—and as we know
That what has been invented by a mind,
Of that same mind the attributes betrays
Which were employed about it ; we infer,
The elements obey'd the will divine,
And chain'd to laws perennial of the void,
Preserve the sexual ens of every rank
Invented by a God.—'

B. 1. p. 19.

The second book opens with a view of the modern world under a despot,—the origin of factions, and the philosophy of the revolutions of empires :—it treats on the seven causes of evil, viz. the physical world, tyranny, maliciousness, inadvertency, ignorance, the influence of bad example, and a want of self-command ; and concludes with a demonstration, that, from the influence of the *art of printing*, the present century will see the nations of the earth form one family, and enjoy a felicity, which the antient legislators could never have conceived. Our grey beards too sensibly warn us, that we cannot hope to see those happy days, but our grand-children, perhaps, may live in that illustrious epoch, when wars shall be no more, and when printers'-devils must necessarily be the chief members of the legion of honour. While our poet's genius enables him to soar above the clouds, his humanity nevers suffers him to lose sight of sublunary things : amidst the blaze of celestial visions, the labyrinths of logic, and the mists of metaphysics, his eagle eye is ever fixed on the moral good of man. It is a delightful repose for the mind, when dazzled with 'excessive brightness,' to turn from the heights of sublimity to such passages as the following, in which we seem to hear the pathetic and warning voice of the philanthropist and friend :

'What evils inadvertency prepares
For human kind ! Through this defect, in inns
How many have been ruined by damp beds !
How many mothers have their children lost,
Or render'd wretched ! Many a valued life
A cook, through carelessness has sacrific'd !
And hundreds perish through neglect of fire !
A disregard unto the safety, health,

And interests of others, is a crime
Of too much magnitude to be despised,
And with impunity be overlook'd.
BEWARE OF COPPER ! for utensils made
Of this pernicious metal, never are,
Nor ever can be wholesome ! Oh what lives,
The public papers speak it every year,
Have to this dangerous metal *fell* a prey ! B. 2. p. 49.

In the third book the rights of men, ' which have *not yet been properly understood by any author, are clearly explained,*' and the definitions of government 'by the seven wise men of Greece, are shown to be imperfect.' It is not in our power to gratify the impatience of our readers by further quotations on these interesting subjects ; indeed we may reasonably doubt whether any extracts, however copious, would satisfy those who have a real thirst for knowledge : they will not be content with sipping at the Pierian spring, but will hasten to the waters and drink deep at the fountain-head. From the specimens which we have given, a tolerably accurate idea may be formed of the subject matter of the poem, and of the various harmony of the verse : it remains for us to describe the machinery, and to examine its powers, to trace the originality of invention, and to mark the dexterity of management. Here genius and judgment must go hand in hand : here, if any where, we look for those characteristic features, which mark the true poet, and which distinguish him from mere taggers of rhyme, and manufacturers of verse. There are many who can mount Pegasus, and with much grace, amble him, trot him, and put him through all his paces upon a smooth and clear road ; but machinery is that Taraxippus, which few can safely pass. Mr. Sanon is so confident in his own powers, and is so thoroughly convinced of his excellence in this, as well as in every other point, that we shrink from the discussion. He tells us plainly, that ' the machinery of his poem, which is allegorical and connected with it, may be censured by a short-sighted critic, but will certainly be commended by a mind of penetration.' (Pref. p. 13.) The standard of taste cannot be permanently fixed ; we will not, therefore, enter into a minute examination of matters, which must be tried in that fickle court, where Allegory and Imagination preside : but priority of invention may be brought to a fair test ; here dates are land marks, which cannot err : and here even we *short-sighted* critics, will venture to assert, that Mr. S. has little claim to originality. Two or three instances will suffice.

' She said ; and striking twice upon his breast,
 While distant thunder twice repeats the sound,
 And midst the hollow glens and wooded hills
 In sullen echoes peals along ; his heart
 Emits a burning cloud of fetid smoke,
 That rolls in dreadful volumes on the ground
 And howls before him ! from the lurid gloom
 With two terrific heads a serpent darts ;
 The yawning earth ingulfs the screaming fiend.' B. 1. p. 8.

It does not require a mind of much penetration to see that this passage (we do not mean to derogate from its sublimity) is one of the fairy tales done into blank verse. ' The Fairy spoke, and smote her on the breast ; and immediately out of the girl's mouth crawled a great variety of frogs, toads, *serpents*, and all manner of reptiles.' Vide Fairy Tales by Mother Bunch.

' Surprising change !
 The horse's meeting hoofs pervade the stone :
 In fragrant leaves the pompous trappings shoot ;
 The flowing mane and tail that swept the ground,
 The wings extended, rustling in the breeze,
 In foliag'd branches rise : from these at length
 A beauteous myrtle scents the midnight gale !' B. 3. p. 122.

Here we trace an evident imitation of Baron Munchausen ; but the poet falls far short of the traveller. The myrtle which grew out of the back of the Baron's horse, formed a delightful arbour, which sheltered him in his summer rides from the scorching rays of the sun.

The following lines are an almost incontestable proof that Mr. S. is more than twenty years of age. We give ourselves much credit for this piece of conjectural criticism.

' Ten Dryads yoke ten EAGLES to the shafts,
 And fix a fine BALLOON above the car.' B. 3. p. 133.

We do not recollect the Dryads, but we positively saw the eagles, balloon and car, at the Pantheon in Oxford street, in the year 1784, which were exhibited by an impostor, who professed that he should ascend in this balloon-borne, eagle-drawn, car on an appointed day. The balloon (a circumstance which escaped our poet's recollection) was in the shape of a fish.

We should have been happy in pursuing the surprising adventures of Anfreo in the magic pillar, and the cave of death, but our attention was interrupted by the dinner

bell. Reviewers are but men. The most refined intellectual pleasures must sometimes yield to those grosser appetites, for which Mr. Sanon himself shall plead our excuse.

‘But how can we discover laws divine;
And the volition of the Being Supreme
In any thing? The fitness seen in ens
To ens; and causes to effects? The hands
And mouth; the pangs of hunger; and the food,
To gratify this craving, clearly prove
It is the will of God, THAT WE SHOULD EAT.’ B. 3. p. 116.

ART. VI.—*The Satires of Aulus Persius Flaccus: Translated into English Verse, with the Latin Text, and Notes.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. Johnson. 1806.

PERSIUS may be regarded as an author who has suffered more than any other from the lapse of time and the consequent obscuration of his allusions and idioms. Perhaps if his fifth satire had stood where his first now stands, he would have obtained more readers and more admirers. This first satire abounds in allusions to the affected poems which were fashionable in his time; and hence, as was to be expected, it abounds also in difficulties to a modern reader, and (as Mr. Owen observes) has probably made many a scholar throw aside Persius with disgust. If we may be allowed to judge from the sharp and caustic spirit of his satire, where the object and direction of it are still perceptible, from the uncommonly cutting severity of his sarcasms, from the pointed conciseness of his style, and from the seasonable poignancy of his wit, (for let Casaubon, or who will, deny his talents for ridicule, Persius is not deficient in this respect,) his works must have afforded a high treat to all readers of sense and taste when they were first published; and accordingly we are informed by the anonymous writer of his life, that at their first appearance they were sought after with much avidity. That Persius is not an obscure writer, is more than we intend to affirm: his metaphors are certainly harsh and over-strained, and his diction affectedly quaint in many passages. At the same time he is by no means obscure and enigmatical to the degree in which he is commonly represented. There is a difference between an author that is unintelligible, and one that is not yet sufficiently understood; the latter we believe to be the misfortune of this satirist. Numerous as his commentators have been, they are in general, Casaubon excepted, a miserable set of bun-

glers. And even this ὁ πᾶσι is often fond of displaying his erudition in quotations which tend nothing to the elucidation of his author, and of exerting his sagacity in far-fetched refinements, where meanings are found out that were never meant. The truth is, the critics have not gone to the proper sources; to mention only one which has been thoroughly neglected, we will venture to say that there is more to be obtained in illustration of Persius from Arrian's account of the Stoic doctrines, as delivered by Epictetus, than from all your Chrysostoms and Gregories, or even from Turnebus's *Adversaria*. It is he only (as Mr. Gifford observes), who has well informed himself in the peculiar tenets of the porch 'with trowser'd Medes bedau'd,' that is capable of interpreting Persius.

Much has been said by the translators of the Roman satirists on their comparative merits. The present translator has taken up the subject afresh, and has treated it at least as sensibly as any of his predecessors. Dryden and Mr. Drummond have also undertaken the task, and much good writing is to be found in both: but neither in them nor in any other, unless it be Fülleborn, the German translator of Persius, have we met with any great precision or discrimination on the subject. Parallels of this kind are fascinating things; it is easy to call in rivulets, and torrents, and meadows, and forests, and to balance opposite merits in polished antitheses. But to touch the real points of distinction, and to trace those differences to their sources in the times, characters, and modes of thinking of each writer, is no easy task. The present translator vindicates to his author the praise of wit and humour; and we think he might have vindicated it to him in a much higher degree than he is disposed to contend for, without incurring the charge of partiality. In delicate wit and refined humour, Persius and Juvenal must both bow before their master Horace; but, compared with each other, it seems to us that Persius's humour has in it a vivacity and archness nearly as much superior to the coarseness of Juvenal's, as Horace is in the same respect superior to Persius. But we must not dwell longer on this subject. Suffice it then to say, that the characteristic merits of the three poets may be thus summed up briefly. Horace shines in light raillery, and *badinage*, set off by all the graces of expression: Persius in sharp and poignant sarcasm, relieved occasionally with noble bursts of the purest morality: Juvenal wields the thunder-bolts of satire; his is the *Liberrima indignatio*, conveyed in a *torrens dicendi copia*. Horace laughs; Persius jeers; Juvenal scolds.

We agree with the present translator in thinking that satire is by no means the most difficult branch of poetry to transfuse into a modern language. To give our sentiments as briefly as we can on this subject, we look upon the satires of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal as only very difficult to translate: while such poetry as Horace's odes and Homer's epic poems are wholly *untranslatable*. In satire, the fleeting delicacies of diction do not constitute the chief merit, as is the case with lyric poetry: and, as it is seldom written but in a state of high civilization, we do not meet there with those ideas, so uncongenial with our own, which form the great stumbling-block to a translator of Homer.

Before we proceed to discuss the merits of the volume before us, it may not be amiss to take a short view of the English versions of Persius, which have already been published. In doing this, we may safely omit Barten Holiday's translation; it may be consulted with some benefit as a commentary; but as a poetical version, we have nothing to do with it.

With a large stock of the *verba togæ*—those idiomatical phrases, which, without being vulgar, are however familiar, and which, in every language, if selected with judgment, afford the best materials for the true satiric style, with a habit of ardent composition and energetic expression, added to a sufficient stock of learning, it is impossible to conceive a writer to come with greater advantages to the task of translating an antient poet, than Dryden, when with his coadjutors he undertook Persius. But alas! 'Want, witty want fierce hunger to appease,' prevented him from executing the enterprise with that deliberate care and accuracy, which to any translator of such a poet would have been necessary, and doubly so to one possessed as he was of great original genius. In reading his version it is obvious that dispatch was the main object. Hence continual misrepresentations of the sense—unjustifiable insertions of modern ideas—confusion in the dialogue—false conceits and fantastic turns wholly foreign from his author—and, above all, those repeated lapses into disgusting vulgarity in search of smartness and strength. Such is Dryden's version of Persius (we call it Dryden's, because, although he did not write it all, yet as it passed under his inspection, he is equally accountable for all). Nevertheless it contains many a bold stroke of satire, many a happy turn and nervous line, which mark the poet, and show that, however slovenly the author was, that author was—Dryden.

To him succeeded Brewster, who tells us in his preface that he translated Persius for his own amusement while yet a student at the university. His chief fault is a juvenile ex-

uberance and profusion of phrase. Solicitous to give the full meaning of his author, he is indifferent how long it may take him to do it. He falls also into another fault, natural enough to a youth whose taste was not yet sobered by maturity of judgment;—he is for ever representing his author as a mere droll or buffoon. He seems to have taken Persius at his word, when he calls himself a *Cachimmo*, and therefore to have thought it requisite to exhibit him always on the broad grin, and chuckling at his own jokes. How ridiculously, for instance, does he burlesque the following line!

Arma virum—nonne hoc spumosum et cortice pingui—

What of these lines, Sir?—If you can't admire 'em,
Grant me, at least, they equal *Arma virum*.

And this is the tone of his version throughout. This eternal endeavour to be *funny*, in which Brewster has been followed by Owen, and in some instances by the present translator, is an unfortunate mistake in satire, and especially in that of Persius, whose wit, though often quaint, never degenerates into buffoonery, and whose laughter, whenever he does laugh, is accompanied with a stoic sneer. Yet Brewster is far from contemptible. Though he rarely gratifies his reader with a very strong verse, he seldom offends him by a very weak one. He keeps up a respectable sort of mediocrity, which, added to his scrupulous care to give a full and complete sense, such as he understood it, entitles him to considerable praise.

On Mr. Owen's translation it is not necessary to say much. It may be useful for the purpose intended, namely, to assist boys in their efforts to comprehend the meaning of an obscure writer. He is less diffuse also than Brewster. But in coarseness of humour, in vulgar familiarity of diction, and in that perpetual attempt (which we have before reprehended) to be *funny*, or (to use Mr. O.'s words, Sat. I. v. 132) *monstrous arch*, he out-Brewster's Brewster himself. Such faults the original never justifies, and even if it did, we should think the laws of translation in this instance more honoured in the breach than in the observance. By the way, it ought to be said in commendation of Mr. Owen, that his punctuation of the text both of Juvenal and Persius is in general excellent, and to learners must be of real service.

Next comes Mr. Drummond's free translation; which is indeed free with a witness: for in the fourth satire, he has left out twenty lines, on the plea of indecency in six of them, which might have been easily softened, and has inserted a vast deal of his own about—'omne quod exit in um.' Nor is this all: he takes the liberty of omitting almost all

those individualities, if they may be so called, which form the life and soul of satire. 'Polydamas et Troïades,' is generalized into 'a lewd prince and his abandon'd throng.' 'Labeo,' into 'a minion's song.' And so on, *passim*. He has also assumed a very seducing principle of translation, that whatever allusion is, or seems to be foreign from English notions, may be dropped or exchanged for another more familiar. For instance, how does he render

'———— Non, siquid turbida Roma
Eleuet, accedas; examenve improbum in illa
Castiges trutina——'

Rely not always on the general voice,
Nor place all merit in the people's choice.

Again, in the third satire, v. 21.

'———Sonat vitium percussa, maligne
Respondet viridi non cocta fidelia limo.
Udum et molle lutum es, nunc—nunc properandus, et acri
Fingendus sine fine rota.

Yet art thou young, and yet thy pliant mind
Yields to the gale, and bends with every wind;
Seize then this sunny, but this fleeting hour,
To nurse and cultivate the tender flower.'

Thus two of the most favourite allusions of Persius, and which are in a high degree characteristic of his manner, are slurred over as uncongenial with modern ideas. Yet Butler, who had a free choice of introducing them or not, seems not to have considered them as awkward or strained:—

'If you design to weigh 'our talents
I th' standard of your own false balance.'

HUDIBRAS.

'Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing.'

Ibid.

But this garbling of the *matter* is of less consequence than the misrepresentation of the satirist's *manner* and style, a fault which Mr. Drummond's version has above all others. His versification has all the soft and flowing cadence of elegy, instead of the masculine tone of satire. Brewster's quaint familiarities are less remote from the style of Persius, than the sleek and smooth polish of Mr. Drummond. Where he attempts fidelity and closeness, he is almost always feeble and constrained, as in the 1st line of his 1st satire: 'Unhappy men lead lives 'of care and pain;' and

sometimes vulgar, as in rendering that noble conclusion of the 2d satire, 'Quin damus id superis, &c.'

'Let me give that, which from their golden *pot*
Messala's proud and blear-ey'd race could *not* : ' &c.

But we have trespassed too long upon our readers' patience. Let us then consider the merits of the anonymous performance, which has been the occasion of our making the above preliminary remarks. We are willing to concede to it the praise of fidelity in point of sense ; but, with regard to the *spirit* of the original, it will be in vain looked for in the present translation ;—'Abiit, evasit, erupit.' An uniform feebleness and flatness prevails through the whole. If we are called upon to prove the charge, our answer is, read the book and you will find it so. The prevailing character cannot be strictly proved by particular quotations ; yet some remarks upon separate passages may be of use, not so much to accredit our general criticism, as to afford hints to future translators.*

To begin with the prologue :—This is translated, in imitation of the original scazons, into eight-syllable verse, except the last couplet, which, for what reason we know not, stretches itself into larger dimensions.

'Then crows, turn'd poets, will recite,
And female magpies straight indite ;
Nay, they shall all so confident essay,
You'll think they chaunt rectareous melody.'

The crow-poets and pie-poetesses of the original are badly designated in the above lines.—*Human* magpies would have been better than *female* magpies. *Straight indite* is a wretched sacrifice to rhyme. By what mode of pronunciation *essay* can be made to end in a sound similar to *melody*, is to us a secret. But we suspect that the ears of this translator are of too coarse a texture to comprehend the ὁμοιοτελευτον, and of nearly the same conformation with those of a worthy gentleman, whom we have heard of, who could not conceive a better rhyme to *bread* than *cheese*, and held that *faggot* answered very happily to *fire*. We are induced to this suspicion by meeting frequently with couplets terminated in the following way : *big—rib*, p. 48 ; *tongue—one*, p. 28. Perhaps, however, this may be only an intentional sprinkling of blank-verse. If such be the fact, we can

* We have already had occasion to announce the probability, that a new translation of Persius, will soon be offered to the public (Crit. Rev. July, 1806. p. 263.) and, if the specimen there given be fairly selected, it augurs well.

only say we do not recollect a precedent to justify the practice. To be serious, though our ears are not so fastidious as the late learned Mr. Wakefield's and some others, who would scout even such rhymes as *fame—exclaim, &c.*, yet we hold that, if it is worth the trouble to rhyme at all, it should be done with at least some portion of care; and this for the old reason given by Horace on a similar occasion,—‘*poterat duci quia coena sine istis.*’—There is still another remark which we have to make on the lines above quoted.—In the last but one, the adjective *confident* is put for the adverb *confidently*, and the same mode of expression recurs in almost every page of the translation. Take another instance or two:

Did groaning sufferers, in its furnace pent,
From bull Sicilian more *sincere* lament?—P. 108.

It's only wish was *accurate* to know
The lucky product of the sice's throw. P. 112.

Nothing has a more immediate tendency to give an awkward and constrained air to verse than this phraseology. It discovers to the reader's eye at once all those cramping irons with which the versifier is fettered and handcuffed, and which it is his business to conceal under an air of ease and freedom.

A fairer specimen of the work cannot be offered than the commencement of the first satire, which has been so often imitated, and which seems indeed itself to be copied in some measure from Lucilius.

POET.

‘How oft our cares their hoped completion miss!
How unsubstantial are our dreams of bliss!’

FRIEND.

‘Who will peruse this moralizing strain?’

POET.

‘Speak you to me?’

FRIEND.

‘Not one; you write in vain.’

POET.

‘Not one?’

FRIEND.

‘Why yes, some few perhaps may read;
Yet still your efforts but to raillery lead.’

POET.

‘And why? That great Polydamas assign
A rank to Labeo far transcending mine,’

That every Trojan mannikin agree,
 Is a mere trifle, and provokes not me.
 Nor must you deem her partial judgments right,
 If Rome capricious modest merit slight :
 Strive not to mend, though prejudice prevail,
 The crooked needle of her faulty scale :
 Seek not in other's thoughts your worth to find,
 Consult the test of an approving mind.
 For who at Rome is not —? Ah might I vent
 The struggling feelings in my bosom pent !
 Yet sure I may express them, when I view
 The lives disgraceful which we all pursue ;
 See scribbling whims produce a general joy,
 Commence in youth, and hoary age employ ;
 See grave demeanour add to the disgrace,
 The trifler acting with a Censor's face !
 These strains then pardon.

FRIEND.

' No.

POET.

' My spleen bears sway

With force resistless, and I must obey.'

Many remarks might be made upon the foregoing lines. In the first place, the dialogue is improperly arranged. The poet must be supposed to be meditating on the folly and vanity of those, who without a grain of natural taste or genius were for ever scribbling verses and reciting them to full audiences. In the midst of his reverie he cries out, ' Alas! the vanity of human cares!' A friend, apprehensive for the poet's fame, is conceived to interrupt him with the question, ' Who 'll read this?' The poet answers indignantly, ' Can you ask me that question?' that is, do you know so little of me as to suppose that I am not well aware of the depravity of the public taste? He then goes on to answer the question, ' Quis leget hæc?' which he does in the following words—' Nemo, Hercule, nemo: Vel duo vel nemo.'—' None, by Hercules, none: or not above one or two.' This repetition of *nemo* is quite in Persius's manner. So in the fourth satire he has, ' Ut *nemo* in sese tentat descendere, *nemo*!' The objector then exclaims, ' Oh, how degrading and pitiful is this?'—' Why so?' continues Persius. ' What, because, forsooth, Polydamas and the Trojan women (alluding to Homer's *Iliad*, B. 22. v. 100. and 105) prefer *Labeo* to me? Nonsense!' &c. Such, we conceive, is the proper arrangement and sense of the beginning of the first satire. How far our present translator has caught its spirit, we must leave to the reader's judgment to determine. We would only

observe that the first line of the original, and the beginning of the second, are in the translation very much weakened by diffusion; and that the reference to the Iliad, probably in Labeo's Latin version, is completely lost in *every Trojan mannikin*.

'O miser ! inque dies ultra miser ! huccine rerum
Venimus ?'

With what feebleness and prosaic insipidity is this fine line rendered !—

'Unhappy youth ! unless these habits cease,
Your growing miseries must each day increase.'

Again : 'Udum et molle lutum es,' &c. is thus translated :

'Strive then incessant, strongest efforts make,
From study now a true direction take, &c.'

Again, 'Si totus et integer illinc Exieras, nec nunc.' Sat.
v. 173.

'If free you left her, let not now her bland
Enticements win you ; resolute withstand.'

All the above extracts are exceedingly weak and spiritless, and make any reader of taste cry out in Persius's own words—'Turpe et miserabile !'

We have remarked that the present translator falls occasionally into the same fault as his predecessors in introducing colloquial vulgarisms and familiar attempts at wit. We must bring forward a few scattered lines to authenticate this charge. The offensive expressions are printed in Italics.

'———Heavy belchings my sick fauces fill. p. 122.

A sickly wight his doctor thus address'd. ib.

———He a goblet sends
To beg some *tipple* of his wealthier friends ;
Then drains it empty with *immoderate swill*. Ib.

The *spark* continues. p. 124.

Yet pertinacious still the *booby* sues. p. 84.

From out his cradle lifts her *slabbering* boy. p. 88.

Ye senseless *dolts* ! (for 'Heu, steriles veri !') p. 174.

His nobler brother, of a *toothsome* taste. p. 216.

———Though nor *coz* nor aunt survive. p. 224.

Such are some of the more glaringly vulgar phrases which we met with while cursorily turning over the leaves. No doubt a stricter scrutiny would start more game of the same kind. In p. 226, we find a verse which wants a foot, probably from a mistake of the press.

Although this translation is not quite so diffuse as Brewster, it is more so still than is necessary. Nothing has a more languid effect than needless expansion.

Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ!

This is a fine strong nervous line, equal to any in Juvenal. Now hear the effect, when it is beaten out into four English lines, as in the translation before us.

' Let them, &c. &c.

This vengeance feel; place virtue in their view,

Contrast her blessings with the crimes they do;

In anguish let them, by repentance crost,

Pine at the sight, regret those blessings lost.' P. 108.

Yet Milton had almost translated it literally to his hand.

—————He saw

Virtue—in her own form how lovely,—saw, and pined
His loss.

Before we close our observations, it will be proper to lay before the reader the translation of those spirited lines in the first satire, where the satirist pleads for liberty of speech on the precedents of Lucilius and Horace. 'Secuit Lucilius urbem,' &c.

' ————— and yet, when anger urg'd,

Lucilius fearless a vile city scourg'd;

You, Lupus, felt him, Mutius was his joke,

On each indignant he a jaw-tooth broke.

So wily Flaccus, skillful to amend,

Prob'd every foible of his smiling friend;*

Wou quick admission, play'd around each heart,

The people jeering with unrival'd art.'

After Dryden's beautiful, though not very accurate, version of these lines of Persius, it might have been expected that no subsequent translator would pass them over without infusing some portion of spirit into his own transla-

* Kennig has a strange note on this passage of the original. He would take *calenti amico* for the ablative case, the adjective *amico* being put for a substantive, like '*mordaci radere ceto*', '*incoctum generoso pectus honesto*,' &c.

This is truly, as the critics say, to look for a knot in a bullrush.

tion of them. Drummond has in this part far surpassed his rival translators.

The last line of the above is very ambiguously expressed. It does not appear whether it was Horace who jeered the people, or the people that jeered Horace. It may be said that the context plainly points out the proper sense: but, as Quintilian somewhere observes, that sentence is badly constructed in which the meaning is obscured as far as it admits of obscurity.

We have now spoken sufficiently of the translation itself to give the reader an idea of its merit. The notes are of little consequence. They are chiefly collected from Casaubon and other commentators: what little in them is new, does not throw much light on the difficulties of Persius.

Upon the whole the present translator has left his author in every respect in the same predicament as he found him. A spirited and close translation was a desideratum when he sat down to the task, and in our opinion it remains such even still. The only difference is, that an additional load of discouragement is laid upon the shoulders of future adventurers.

ART. VII.—*The Life and literary Works of Michel Angelo Buonaroti.* By R. Duppa. 4to. 2l. 2s. Murray. 1806.

IF, as Mr. Duppa himself observes in his preface, the present work has been composed with 'diligence and care,' we have only to lament the very unfortunate result attendant upon the exertion of qualities, that would have insured to the generality of writers that portion at least of grammatical accuracy, without the previous attainment of which no man should presume to intrude his productions on the public.

But it is not with respect to correctness alone that we find ourselves under the necessity of animadverting on the work before us. If the great fault of the biographers of the present day consist in the endeavour to force upon the public characters that should never have been noticed out of their own private circle, it surely is one of much greater magnitude to present us with the life of a truly exalted personage disfigured and disguised by common-place remarks, insipid diction, and an affected style. We are sorry that in a work which might have been rendered so truly interesting and instructive, Mr. Duppa should have thought it necessary to render his performance palatable to such of his readers as may be unacquainted with Italian, by introducing some wretchedly

feeble outlines after a few of Michel Angelo's statues and paintings, by way of compensation for the Italian poetry, which is added to the work. This principle of *book-making* becomes doubly reprehensible where the subject of the book is of sufficient importance to interest the public without the assistance of such adventitious support. At least, if any thing of this nature must be resorted to, we should wish to see it more successfully accomplished. Mr. Duppa as an artist and a connoisseur must or ought to know that the outlines he has introduced could not be regarded by those acquainted in the slightest degree with the productions of Michel Angelo, in the light of a compensation, even had such compensation been necessary, for a few pages which readers of that description might not be able to understand. If, on the contrary, he intended them for the inspection and information of those alone to whom the works of Michel Angelo are unknown, he has made a still greater mistake, for to such they can convey no other ideas than those of imbecility and deformity.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Duppa should have submitted to the public performances so extremely incorrect, without previously considering that even the most vulgar eye, when contemplating a group of figures would derive some satisfaction from being able to ascertain with precision to which of the figures the different limbs might be assigned, and from what part of the respective bodies the limbs belonging to each took their rise; whether, for instance, an arm proceeded from the shoulder, or, *à posteriori*, a hand from the ribs, or a head from the bosom; little circumstances which, in many of Mr. Duppa's outlines, are left extremely doubtful.

Mr. Duppa seems to have been at great pains to make us acquainted with the true mode of writing Michel Angelo's name. We do not see the use of these long dissertations upon matters of such trifling import; and we must rather condemn the author for affectation than commend him for accuracy, who goes about to tell us of the various modes of writing and pronouncing a name in a foreign country, when he has circumstances of so much greater interest and importance to impress upon our mind. This affectation of deviating from the received and general pronunciation of names is an evil that is daily increasing, and can only be attributed to the vanity of a set of feeble authors who, not possessing either talents or information to distinguish themselves by legitimate means, attempt to acquire notoriety by every artifice that will shield their imbecility and ignorance from the contempt it so justly merits.

It were also to be wished that Mr. Duppa, in giving us the account of the earlier periods of Michel Angelo's life, had dealt out with a more sparing hand the trifling anecdotes respecting that great man, which fill the first pages of the work. Such idle stories were probably the inventions of former biographers, and might with as much propriety be applied to the most insignificant character as to that of Michel Angelo. These anecdotes discover a striking resemblance to those ingenious tales, which we sometimes observe in catalogues, respecting the picture they advertise; and perhaps bear a still stronger affinity to those little effusions of fancy with which picture dealers, and not unfrequently painters, deceive the ignorant simplicity of the gentlemanly or lordly connoisseur. The following anecdote, which would have made an admirable figure in the life of Gerrard Dow, is totally misplaced, in that of Michel Angelo:

‘The first attempt Michel Angelo made in oil painting was with his (Granacci's) assistance; he lent him colours and pencils, and a print representing the story of St. Antony beaten by devils, which he copied on a pannel with such success that it was much admired. In this little picture, besides the figure of the saint, there were many strange forms and monsters, which he was so intent on representing in the best manner he was capable, that he coloured no part without referring to some natural object. He went to the fish market to observe the form and colour of fins, and the eyes of fish; and whatever in nature constituted a part of his composition, he studied from its source.’ p. 7.

It is scarcely possible to suppose that such a genius as Angelo's, even in its earliest dawn, could have been wasted on such frivolous pursuits as copying from nature ‘the fins and eyes of fish.’ From the very beginning of his career he appears to have had too clear a knowledge of his own powers, and too comprehensive a view of his profession, to suffer his attention to be drawn aside, by any allurements, from the steady pursuit of that lofty style of art of which he may be said to have been the inventor. Michel Angelo knew perfectly well the nature of his own genius, and the species of study of which he stood in need; and like Rubens when he visited Italy, ‘wasted not a moment on the acquisition of excellence incompatible’ with that mighty style which he must have early felt himself imperiously called upon to pursue.

No biographer should ever introduce stories or anecdotes into his work, unless they are characteristic of the person whose history forms its chief subject. *All* the events of a life cannot be related in any reasonable compass, and

such only should therefore be selected, as will best tend to develop the general character and disposition of the person whose history is recorded. We do not however mean to throw an indiscriminate censure on the whole of the anecdotes related by Mr. Duppa; several of them are certainly judiciously introduced, and tend to promote the above beneficial purpose.

We perfectly agree with our author in regard to the high idea he entertains of Lorenzo de Medici; his account of Michel Angelo whilst under the protection of that illustrious man is perhaps one of the most pleasing and satisfactory parts of his work.

Lorenzo was a *real* patron of art—the warm friend of genius, and well knew in what manner to appreciate and reward its exertions. It is not easy to conceive a more delightful situation for an ardent and youthful mind, desirous of improvement, than the court of Lorenzo at the period Mr. Duppa has described.

We could wish that this gentleman, when he mentions the celebrated Cartoon of Pisa, had endeavoured to give us a better account of it than can possibly be derived from a translation of Vasari's very insipid and incorrect description. We could not help contrasting this tame and spiritless performance with the glowing and energetic account of the above Cartoon, which Mr. Fuseli has given in his admirable lectures delivered at the Royal Academy. Vid. Lectures on Painting, &c. lecture 3d, page 119.

The eventful period which filled up the pontificate of Julius the second, could not fail of being interesting in the highest degree to every lover of the fine arts. Surrounded, as it appears, with the most brilliant assemblage of learning and talents, the towering genius of Michel Angelo lifts itself above all competition; and though Mr. Duppa has rather given us the history of the *times*, than of the individual, it is gratifying to see this most extraordinary man proudly surmount every obstacle thrown in the way of his glory, and imperiously seize the post of honour and pre-eminence. The following character of Julius the second, appears to us to be related with simplicity and truth. The reflections introduced by the author are natural and just, and we on the whole select it as one of the best passages of the work.

‘He (Julius) had courage enough to rank with the brave, and views sufficiently comprehensive to satiate ambition; but the milder virtues, subject to moderation, he ever found inadequate to his purpose, or did not feel their worth. He was by nature fitted for sovereignty, but knew not how to encrease the patrimony of St. Peter by treading in his steps. To be a good man is all that the good desire of others; but to be great, is what each desires for

himself; unfortunately in the political economy of states, to combine these qualities is difficult, and often impossible, since men, by common consent, separate virtue from talents, and bestow the highest praise on triumphant power, whatever be its aim or end. He encouraged and protected genius, not from ostentation, but a desire to elevate human nature above its common standard; and though involved in war and political contest during the whole of his short reign, sufficient evidence remains of his fostering care, and as long as the works of Bramante, Raffaello, and Michel Angelo partake of the admiration of mankind, Julius the second will have a just claim to gratitude and esteem.' PP. 56 and 57.

The few pages devoted to the delineation of the conduct and character of Leo the tenth, are decidedly the most valuable part of Mr. Duppa's performance; and though he has ventured to differ from the opinions and prejudices entertained on this subject by a celebrated modern historian, we think that he has been successful in his attempt, and deserves credit for placing before our view in its true colours, the real character of this splendid pontiff, and for his just appreciation of the encouragement and patronage afforded by him to the fine arts.

We could wish however that Mr. D. had confined himself to this simple view of the subject; for though we believe him to be accurate enough in what he has stated respecting Leo's patronage of *literary* characters, it is by no means proper to introduce into a work of this nature, so very long a digression as that to which we allude. For the space of nearly five and twenty pages, the *name* of Michel Angelo scarcely occurs; they are almost entirely devoted to circumstances and events that can in no respect tend to develop the talents or exalt the genius of that great man. This fault, as we have noticed before, pervades the whole of Mr. Duppa's work. The character of Michel Angelo, no where exclusively occupies the important station, which, from every consideration, it ought to have filled. Even in the extraordinary defence of the city of Florence, where he appears to have been the life and soul of every proceeding, no greater stress seems to be laid on *his* name, than upon those of many others, who only performed very subordinate parts in the same transaction. The rest of the work is chiefly taken up with letters that passed between Michel Angelo and his contemporaries on different occasions, and an account of his disputes with his patrons and his rivals for employment. It is painful to see the last years of such a man spent in continual vexation, occasioned by the malevolent intrigues and machinations of a set of mercenary and envious wretches, who were for ever thwarting him in all

his plans and undertakings. This part of the work is interspersed with several anecdotes, characteristic of Michel Angelo, and of the times in which he lived, which together with his letters serve in some measure to relieve the mind of the reader from the hard labour of wading through the tedious insignificance which Mr. Duppa has contrived to cast over his concluding pages. From the letters we select the following, referring to the death of a favourite servant, as it places the character of Michel Angelo in a new, and perhaps more amiable point of view than we have been accustomed to consider it.

‘ My dear Georgio,

‘ I am but ill-disposed to write, however I will sit down to answer yours. You already know that Urbino is dead. His death has been a heavy loss to me, and the cause of excessive grief, but it has also been a most impressive lesson of the grace of God : for it has shewn me, that he, who in his life time comforted me in the enjoyment of life, dying, has taught me how to die ; not with reluctance, but even with a desire of death. He lived with me twenty-six years, grew rich in my service, and I found him a most rare and faithful servant ; and now that I calculated upon his being the staff and repose of my old age,—he is taken away, and has left me only the hope of seeing him again in paradise. That he will go there, the beneficence of God has already given a sign in the happy serenity of his last moments ; for his death cost him much less sorrow, than the concern he felt at leaving me in this treacherous world surrounded with troubles. My better part, however, is gone with him, and nothing remains to me but infinite misery. Farewell,

MICHEL AGNOLO BUONARROTI.’

(Let. xiii. pp. 167 and 168.)

It is pleasing to observe from this letter and some other passages in his life, that notwithstanding the stern severity which generally distinguishes his conceptions, his mind both admitted and cherished the milder virtues of humanity. Amidst the dreary gloom that seems to have surrounded the latter period of his life, occasioned by the malignity and jealousy of his rivals, and the haggling and tasteless spirit of his patrons, it is grateful to the mind to meet with one instance, in the character of Julius the third, of a very different nature. The favour and friendship of this pontiff appears to have afforded to Michel Angelo the last happy days he was destined to enjoy ; for after his patron's death, the remainder of his life presents us only with one uninterrupted series of vexation and disappointment.

In an age like ours, when mediocrity seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of every production of the arts, it is not very probable that the works or character of

such a man as Michel Angelo should meet with much *real* admiration. The language he speaks is not addressed to common minds, and is likely to find but little favour with that frivolity and diseased sensibility which so peculiarly marks the taste of the present day. To such a taste, the works of Michel Angelo, in the language of a French critic, must be truly 'effrayant!' As well might we expect the gamboling squirrel to move in the terrible and majestic footsteps of the elephant, as look for admiration of the higher departments of painting from those, whose knowledge of the art is circumscribed within the narrow limits of fashionable connoisseurship. 'Peace to all such,' they merit our compassion much more than our censure. It is unreasonable to expect from the vulgar herd, that, which it has neither taste to feel nor capacity to judge of; but when we behold one of those persons whom we have been *taught* to consider 'as supreme in taste,' who has had the advantage of seeing and studying the works of Michel Angelo, together with every other advantage which fortune and education can bestow, and whom we should have expected to stand forward in an age of sickly refinement, as the champion of legitimate art, and vigorous and manly genius; when (we repeat) we see such a writer, with a feebleness that can only be equalled by his presumption, attempt to shake the reputation and undervalue the productions of Michel Angelo; and, not satisfied with this, venture to call in question the judgment of Sir Joshua Reynolds for the respect and veneration which he at all times entertained and expressed for that 'truly divine man;' we confess we want language to describe the complete despondency we feel, with respect to the future progress of art in this country, where even those who are looked up to as critics and instructors, give such deplorable proofs of ignorance, bad taste, and imbecility.*

Melancholy indeed is the prospect of all those engaged in the practice of the fine arts, if connoisseurs and writers of this stamp are to be the supreme judges of their labours, and the guides and directors of the public taste; and therefore, (however inadequate we may conceive the talents of Mr. Duppa to accomplish the arduous undertaking in which he engaged,) we think he yet deserves some credit for venturing to run counter to the critics of the day, by holding up to the public attention and admiration the character and the

* See Knight's analytical Enquiry into the Principles of Taste.

works of Michel Angelo, and bestowing on them that impartial and just praise, to which the greatest painters and real judges of the arts have at all times thought them so indisputably entitled. We only lament that he has not done this in a stronger, more impressive, and more original manner.

In his concluding and general observations upon the life of Michel Angelo, the few remarks Mr. Duppa has made are chiefly copied from Sir Joshua Reynolds and other authors; wherever he has attempted the description of any of his principal works, he is insipid and unsatisfactory, and in his professional remarks upon the Last Judgment, in particular, extremely incorrect.

We can by no means agree with the author with respect to his assertion, that 'it would be useless to multiply words in summing up the character of this great man' (Michel Angelo,) page 224. We do not doubt that the works of Michel Angelo *will* speak for themselves to those who have been fortunate enough to view them; but for such persons we conceive Mr. Duppa did not write his history, as they are, unfortunately for the cause of painting, only few in number. If possessed of any observation, *they* could certainly stand very little in need of Mr. Duppa's remarks; but the great majority of his readers, who have never beheld the productions of Michel Angelo, and who in consequence can have no certain grounds upon which they can form a just estimate of his excellence, would, no doubt, have been better pleased if Mr. Duppa had not so entirely neglected the discharge of so necessary a duty in a biographer. This strange omission on the part of our author puts us a little in mind of a story we have heard of a schoolmaster, who having written with much pain and care a new grammar, was surprised on being told by a friend to whose inspection he had submitted it, that in his enumeration of the different parts of speech he had omitted all mention of the *verb*.

How far Michel Angelo as an artist is to be 'implicitly followed,' we will not attempt to determine. Such a blind confidence, we believe, is to be placed in no man, however great his reputation and genius; but we have no hesitation in declaring that the works of this universally acknowledged farther of modern art, are more certainly to be relied on as the true guides to excellence in the more exalted departments of painting, than the gorgeous and magnificent productions of Rubens, or those of many other favourites of the present day.

With respect to the architectural powers of Michel Angelo,

we do not feel ourselves qualified to speak with decision ; but it appears to us, from what we have read and heard in other quarters, that Mr. Duppa very much undervalues the productions of that celebrated artist in this peculiar department.

We do not see why Mr. Duppa should have considered the history of the building of St. Peter's as not within the limits of his work. Surely the account of an event in which Michel Angelo shone so conspicuously eminent, could not have failed, with judicious management, to be in the highest degree interesting to every reader ; at any rate we should have supposed that even a very partial description of so remarkable an occurrence in his life might have been introduced, with more propriety, into a work like the one before us, than the long dissertation upon literary characters which occupies so considerable a portion of Mr. Duppa's book.

With regard to the arts of painting and sculpture, Mr. D. as has been observed before, seems to have a just respect and veneration for the genius of Michel Angelo. So far therefore he is entitled to our praise, and it is only to be regretted that he did not sufficiently weigh the strength of his own powers before he engaged them in an undertaking so very far beyond their reach.

We have given our opinion of the defects of this work with a degree of severity more commensurate, we fear, with our own disappointment, than with the author's conception of his merit : but we are now going to praise and recommend the book with regard to one division of it, where Mr. D. will, probably, neither thank us for our praise nor congratulate himself on our recommendation. The poems of Michel Angelo are little known to the generality of Italian scholars in this country, and we are not aware of any collection, either of them, or of his letters, having hitherto issued from an English press ; the present publication is therefore entitled to attention, in consequence of the judicious appendix which he has made to it, containing, what we believe to be, a full and perfect edition of these neglected works : and it is certain that Mr. D. considerably over-rated his abilities as an artist when, by a strange perversion of intellect, he supposed that the world might not relish the valuable specimens of genuine poetry with which he has swelled his book, unless relieved and excused by the addition of thirty of his own contemptible etchings.

Michel Angelo was hardly less admired by his contemporary countrymen, as a poet than as an artist ; and posthumous fame, which is commonly considered as the unfaill-

ing test of true merit, did not desert his memory. When applied to so illustrious a character, it may indeed be allowable to question the certainty of this test, and to enquire whether the splendour of talent may not have cast a lustre over every sacred relique too bright for the piercing eye of criticism to penetrate. But this false glare of popular enthusiasm and prejudice must have been dissipated by the silent operation of three centuries; and a foreigner, divested of all local partiality, all patriotic pride and vanity, whatever may be his admiration of the powers of the sculptor and painter, if possessed of a competent knowledge of the language and of poetical discrimination and feeling, will be admitted capable, at the present day, of forming an impartial estimate of the rank assignable to a Tuscan poet of the age of Leo the tenth.

Almost every man has, in the course of his observations on human life, remarked some characters, so peculiarly *identified* with each other in some leading feature, either of genius, or sensibility, or inclination, or disposition, as to feel himself at the moment strongly inclined to give his assent to the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls. But had Pythagoras lived in the days of Michel Angelo, he would have rejoiced in the discovery of a proof, which to his mind might have appeared irrefragable of the truth of his favourite theory.

It is impossible for it to escape the notice of any person in the least degree conversant with the works of both, that the soul of Michel Angelo is the very same soul that, two centuries before him, animated and exalted the vigorous genius of his venerable countryman, Dante. The artist, in effect, embodied by his glowing pencil and energetic chisel, the sublime conceptions of the poet; not in the style of an admirer merely, or an imitator (for, except in a very few instances, there are no resemblances to be found in their several works with regard to fable, incident, or the more obvious parts of design), but as the participator of his spirit, the sole inheritor of his celestial mantle.

The same affinity (or, to resume our former, perhaps more accurate, expression,) the same identity pervades the works of Michel Angelo, even to his poems, which must be considered only as the minor efforts, the casual productions of his extraordinary genius. It is very singular, that most of those poems, if not all which have reached us, bear the marks of having been composed during the latter part of his life, when the flame of poetry is generally observed to languish and die away in the most enthusiastic souls. A mind so energetic as his, having adopted and embraced one

distinct line of science as his guide to immortality, could never be drawn aside by temporary humour or inclination, from that straight and unerring road which it had marked out for the journey of life. Thus, till he had attained that summit of perfection which the visions of his earliest years had painted to his fancy, it is probable that he never applied himself to the cultivation of his poetical talent, any further than as it aided him towards the full comprehension of those immortal works of ancient genius, which might invigorate and enlarge his own conceptions as an artist. But, in the decline of life, when he was in possession of that exalted superiority, beyond which it is perhaps not given to human genius to ascend, his mind, no longer occupied so intensely in one pursuit, and still too active to admit of any relaxation in its natural energies, insensibly received the impression of other feelings, which were originally equally congenial with his constitution. Melancholy also, and disappointment, which frequently become the parents of poetical thought in minds of extraordinary sensibility, had more than their usual share, as we may safely conjecture, in producing the poetry of Michel Angelo, tinged as it is with the chastised severity, the habitual gloom of the discontented exile, and neglected patriot. The approach of death appears also to have excited in his soul, some of those dreadful apprehensions with regard to the benevolence and mercy of God and the future condition of man, which have embittered the last moments of many of the greatest and first of human beings. The state of his mind is so strongly painted in the following most beautiful sonnet, that we shall make no scruple of presenting it to our readers in the original language, in preference to insulting their taste and judgment, together with the memory of the author, by giving them the 'lame and impotent' copy (of Mr. Southey, or Mr. Wordsworth, we know not which) which appears in p. 141.

‘Giunto è già l’corso della vita mia
Con tempestoso mar per fragil barca
Al commun porto, ov’ a render si varca
Giusta ragion d’ogn’ opra triste e pia.

Onde l’affettuosa fantasia,
Che l’arte si fece idolo e monarca
Conosco ben quant’era d’error carica;
Ch’enore è ciò che l’huom quaggiù desia.

I pensier miei, già de’ mie’ danni lieti,
Che fian’ or s’a due morti m’avvicino;
L’una m’è certa, e l’altra mi minaccia?

Ne piuger ne scolpir, fia più che questi
 L'anima volta a quell' amor divino
 Ch'aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.'

This sonnet, as Mr. D. informs us, produced a long and elaborate commentary from Varchi, one of the Tuscan literati of the day; but the letter which the author addressed upon that subject to a friend, (which is given as the 18th letter of the appendix, and vilely translated in p. 214 of his life), would have drawn from no man breathing, we hope, (Mr. D. excepted) the childish and degrading expression 'that Michel Angelo appears to have felt himself flattered by the compliment.'

The two sonnets on Dante, numbered the 72 and 73d of the collection, are also very characteristic specimens of the kindred spirit of our poet. They too are translated by one or other of Mr. D.'s above mentioned coadjutors, (but in a manner by no means worthy of the originals) in pp. 217, 218 of the life. How very weak and inadequate must be the idea of the English reader, formed on such lines as the following?

'For us did he explore the realms of woe;
 And at his coming did high heaven expand
 Her lofty gates, to whom his native land
 Refused to open her's.' P. 219.

And how will the Italian scholar be amazed when he is informed that they were meant as a faithful copy of this sublime and original conception?

Questi discese a i regni del fallire,
 Per noi insegnare, e poscia a Dio n'ascese:
 E l'alte porte il ciel, non gli contese,
 Cui la patria le sue negò d'aprire!

But as a proof that we do not think the poetical translations uniformly unworthy of their originals, we will quote the sonnet p. 222, which (we did not wish Mr. D. to inform us) 'is exceedingly beautiful.'

'Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
 And I be undeluded, unbetray'd;
 For, if of our affections none find grace
 In sight of heaven, then wherefore hath God made
 The world which we inhabit? better plea
 Love cannot have, than that in loving thee,
 Glory to that eternal peace is paid,
 Who such divinity to thee imparts
 As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.'

His hope is treacherous only, whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour.
But, in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.'

One word more on the subject of Italian poetry (though not Michel Angelo's) and we have done. Surely Mr. Roscoe's translation of the famous sonnet of Gio. Battista Zappi, deserved quotation neither for its elegance, nor its fidelity. It might have been made a question whether this same sonnet of M. Zappi, deserved translation at all, had it not been for some very illustrious lines at the conclusion.

'Tal era allor, che le sonanti, e vaste
Acque ei sospese a se d'intorno, e tale
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fa tomba altrui.
E voi sue Turbe un sio Vitello alzaste ?
Alzato aveste Immago a questa eguale
Ch'era men fallo l'adorar costui.'

But there can be no question whatever whether Mr. Roscoe ought to have translated them as follows :

'Such once he looked, when ocean's sounding wave
Suspended hung, and such amidst the storm,
When o'er his foes the reflux waters roar'd.
An idol calf *his followers did engrave* ;
But had they raised this awe-commanding form,
Then had they with less guilt their work ador'd.' p. 187.

We now come to the conclusion of our task, which we wish it were in our power to sum up with a phrase equally satisfactory and elegant with the following of Mr. Duppa.

'Such was the life and character of Michel Angelo I have been able to collect from the most authentic materials, and which I have written with peculiar pleasure to myself.'

Now, however peculiar might have been the pleasure with which we have written the preceding pages, we cannot say so much for the more serious part of our task, that of reading what Mr. Duppa has written. It was, on the contrary, with a very different feeling that we perused such passages as the following :

'And, in truth, he (Ghirlandaio) had the name of being envious ; for it was not to Michel Angelo alone he *was little courteous* ;' (we wish that Mr. Duppa had himself been rather more so) 'but even towards his own brother, *who*, when he saw him likely to eclipse his reputation, on giving great

hopes of future eminence, *he sent him into France, not so much for his advantage, as some were disposed to say, as for himself to remain in Florence without a rival.*' p. 6. Now, though we do not pretend to have travelled through all the sinuosities of this complicated labyrinth, so as to arrive at the seat of Mr. D.'s meaning in this passage, yet we can safely aver that we never saw a more admirable example of the art of stringing together parentheses; and that for many nights after we first discovered this note, we dreamed of nothing but a terrible civil war among the pronouns.

Those unlucky parts of speech seem to be again *skirmishing* together at least in this other sentence, which we shall be extremely obliged to any of our gentle readers who will unriddle to us. 'At length the pope gave him an unlimited commission to make a mausoleum in which *their mutual interests should be combined, though with unequal participation*; for the sculptor rather makes the monument for himself *which is to record a name, that will live longer in the page of history than the existence of his materials*' (that is paper is more durable than marble); '*he alone makes it for another*, where a tablet is necessary to procrastinate the hour of oblivion.' p. 32.

Speaking of the art of perspective, Mr. D. says, 'In justice to our country, that discovery was made in the beginning of the last century, 1715, by Doctor Brook Taylor.' Now does Mr. D. mean that Doctor Brook Taylor made the discovery in justice to our country? That is the only interpretation the words will bear; yet we cannot help entertaining a suspicion (and barely a suspicion) that Mr. D. meant us to understand that he Mr. D. thought it but right 'in justice to our country,' *to mention that* 'that discovery was made, &c. by Dr. B. Taylor.' But there would be no end to decyphering Mr. D.'s enigmas, and we recommend the whole book to the amusement of those who are fond of that agreeable Christmas entertainment.

We pardon Mr. D. his riddling propensity for the sake of the pleasure it may afford; but we are at a loss to find an excuse for his continual deviations from the received rules of grammar. We instance the following, which are a very few, and those not selected out of the herd of errors with which the book is crowded. 'He began to think of quitting Rome, and *avail* himself of the duke's kindness,' &c. p. 133. Did Mr. D. mean to '*to avail*,' or '*availing*?'

'To nominate *whometer* he chose to supply his place.' p. 147.

'He,' that is Michel Angelo, 'was used to say, that, however rich I,' meaning, probably, Mr. Duppa the author, 'may have been, I' (Mr. Duppa) 'have always lived as a poor man.' p. 159. We sincerely regret this circumstance, and hope that the sale of his (Mr. Duppa's) book, will be so extensive, as to improve his (Mr. Duppa's) fortunes.

Did Michel Angelo or Mr. Duppa invent the following phrase at the head of one of Michel Angelo's letters?

'My dear Georgio,

'Immediately Bartolommeo arrived, I went to the pope.' p. 126.

But we will close Mr. Duppa's book, and our own remarks, that we may avoid, if it be yet possible, the imputation of being, as Mr. Duppa admirably and originally expresses himself, '*fastidious to please.*' p. 139.

We hear that a new edition of this work is about to make its appearance, in which we hope that Mr. D. will not omit furnishing us with fresh entertainment in the form of enigmas, and new admiration in the forms of his etchings. But could Michel Angelo's indignant ghost be allowed to interrupt Mr. D.'s midnight slumbers, he would probably enjoin perpetual silence in a language which Mr. D. might not find himself inclined to disobey.

ART. VIII.—*Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, a Seatonian Prize Poem. By the Reverend Charles Hoyle, M. A. of Trin. Coll. Cambridge. 4to. 2s. Cadell. 1806.*

THE annual prize bequeathed by Mr. Seaton, for a sermon to be written in verse, was last year adjudged to Mr. Hoyle. To a propensity apparently the most decidedly turned to sermonizing and dull prolixity, the prizeman has here superadded in his favor a subject, on which he might expatiate, not only until he set his readers fast asleep, but until he himself indulged in an unconscious nap. Fearful however of beginning drowsily, he seems to have rubbed his eyes, used cold water, and other anti-soporifics, that he might make the slumbers of his reader fall more gradually, and last for a longer time, by the unsparring infusion of laudanum towards the last gulp of the dose. He lashes, or rather plies himself with a flail, to awaken something like a furor; and from the pain of this discipline and harsh treatment to his outward man, his inward bursts out into the following dreadful roar;

'Arouse thee, Contemplation, acts of grace
And oracles of wisdom to record,
And superstition startled and appall'd,
What time the everlasting gospel's voice
Was heard in Lycaonia. Strike the harp
With jubilee, and the loud trumpet blow.'

After the foregoing rumble, Mr. Hoyle calmly tells us, how 'Paul, with Barnabas to Lystra comes, and earnest there proclaims redemption, judgment.' He then talks of 'a mourner who lay in *squalor* and in *dereliction* scorned,' of '*extacy in bratific trance*'—'*mediatorial grace*'—'*heaven-deavouring faith*'—'*wrath judicial*'—of '*judgment and redemption*,' theologically used, &c.

Many, and probably all these words would be appropriate, had the printer done his office by printing this effusion as it should be, in the form of prose. But Theology and Poetry have their places distinct, and very far remote from each other; and as we should be offended at hearing the latter insolently raising her voice, and displaying her fantastic drapery in the pulpit, so are we disgusted whenever we see the former throwing off her proper character, ashamed of her senility, and mimicking with awkward and heavy heels, the light ærial movements of Poetry. We respect, we venerate age. But when the old and revered instructor joins in the freaks and gambols of youth, we certainly feel that he is out of his element. Let Theology be confined to the church, and to the language suitable to that sacred place. There let her speak, instruct, and convince by sound sense and sober persuasion. Truth, naked and unadorned truth, is her own; and in every attempt that she has yet made upon a province that is not her own, she has successively failed. Theological terms and learning engross one half of the immortal *Paradise Lost*, and spoil all that they engross. If Milton failed, if he made 'God the father turn a school divine,' who shall succeed?

We hinted in a former number,* at the subjects chosen by the university for the exercise of students. It is perhaps of little consequence on what subject the annual turgid alcaics are written. Latin composition is abandoned in general, after boyhood; and grown men, who have ambition for the highest literary fame, must gain it through the medium of their own language, enriched as it is with authors who yield the palm to none of the antients. It therefore becomes of very serious importance to a country so justly proud of her pre-emi-

* Vid. Crit. Rev. for February, 1807. p. 106.

nence in poetry, that no university should accept a bequest fraught with mischief to taste and genius, as we conceive this of Mr. Seaton to be. That it is hurtful to taste, is proved by the preceding remarks, and because it tends to encourage that semnologous sort of verse which is called blank, from being the nearest allied to no verse at all. That it is an enemy to genius, is evident from the encouragement given to middling respectability, which, with a subject suiting itself, and with the facilities held out by a metre, which is merely verse to the eye, would in general triumph.

In writing, what are called in the university of Cambridge, *triposes*, the student has the choice of that subject which he feels most; but as there is no competition for excellence in the *tripos*, because it is written by some friend of the proctor, it is by no means in general a performance beyond the powers of a boy in the sixth form of a public school. If a prize were granted for the best annual English poem written in the difficult and dangerous couplet of Pope and Dryden, with permission to each candidate to choose a subject congenial to his own feelings, the candidates would be numerous, and from the number, some one might be found worthy of distinction. A respectable knowledge of classics, mathematics, and other university studies, should meet with its reward; but mere respectability in poetry is infamy.

We could not but feel for professor Porson, who, it seems, by virtue of his office, is one of the judges on the demerits of these annual prosings. As we suppose, from this specimen of perfect and absolute dullness, that neither of the candidates, neither N, nor X, could possibly have written any thing more dull, we take the liberty of recommending to the professor and his associates, the following scheme for passing sentence on these metrical sermons, which at least ensures perfect impartiality, without entailing the trouble of reading them over. It is extracted from the 39th chapter of Rabelais, vol. iii. 'How Pantagruel was present at the trial of Judge Bridlegoose, who decided causes and controversies in law, by the chance and fortune of the dice.' It seems that a great officer of justice, no less a personage than Judge Bridlegoose, had pronounced rather an iniquitous sentence against the assessor Toucheronde; this called for an explanation from his worship; from whence it appeared, that Bridlegoose had been in the habit, from his love of impartiality, of referring all causes to the *dice of law*, the *Alea judiciorum*, which had never failed him until age had so bedimmed his eye-sight, that he could not cleverly see the said dice. To apply this to the Seatonian prize. The exercises marked N and X (of course equally valuable) are

sent in for decision on their respective merits. The judges, after a little refreshment, meet to decide. Why should they not, after the manner of the inimitable Bridlegoose, 'give out sentence in his favour, unto whom hath befallen the best chance of the dice?' Should blindness prevent them from 'seeing the points of the dice' (as it afterwards befel to Bridlegoose) and consequently from deciding impartially, each might plead the defect of nature, for as 'old dim-sighted Isaac took Jacob for Esau,' so might they, in the decision on a Seatonian prize, mistake a quatre for a cinque, or a trè's for a deuce. Should the number of competitors amount to four, the judges might arrange the poems, as they are called, hermetically sealed, and marked with their respective letters, like a party at whist, and thus allot the game to him to whom befel the best turn up card, or the first knave or ace, as should be before-hand agreed upon after due deliberation. T-totum might in some cases be resorted to; neither are the drawing of long and short slips of paper, heads and tails, and other ordeals of intrinsic merit, to be hastily rejected.

We submitted a project for the nearer assimilation of sound to sense in writing, two numbers ago; we now offer another project for the furtherance of literature by means of impartial decisions, from a conviction that it well accords with the gravity and importance of the compositions, on which the judges are annually called to decide.

ART. IX.—*Sophia St. Clare, a Novel. Two Vols. 12mo. 6s. Johnson. 1806.*

THIS novel is not of the common mass. The story is woven with sufficient intricacy of incident to keep attention on the stretch; but they, who take it up merely for amusement, will be disappointed: its merit is of an higher tone: it abounds with sentiments, which exhibit much feeling and reflection. The scene of adventure lies in France, and is fixed in that period of time, when the cloisters of monasteries were places of refuge for the unhappy, and of imprisonment for those who spurned at the tyranny of the powerful. In the regions of fiction, we do not wish that monasteries should ever be dissolved. Within the walls, where monks and nuns dwell, every avenue is the vista to some new adventure; doors turn on their hinges by invisible agents; men and women flit along like supernatural beings; the very light of heaven is altered as it passes through the thickness of intermingling boughs, or through the variegated colours of painted windows: all is hushed, and if the stillness be ever broken, the voices appear to come from spirits, who are above, around, or underneath;

wonder, terror, pathos have here an ample storehouse of machinery : all things are strange, yet there is no enchantment: all things are surprising, yet there is no improbability. But to return to Sophia St. Clare :—she is driven from her home by the malice of a step-mother, whose behaviour occasions the following striking reflection: ‘ What degrading views of human nature does her conduct occasion ! Is maternal love only a more refined species of selfishness ? Why else is a step-mother so often a cruel and malignant being ?’

The following observations on the seclusion of a convent are excellent, and present a fair specimen of this anonymous writer’s cast of thought and style of expression :

‘ My imagination, always too active, had formed conceptions of the state of society here, very different from the reality. Little as I know of life, I did not suppose that any would willingly quit the world, till it had frowned upon them ; nor, with my taste for solitude, could I suppose an entire devotedness to it would be sought by any, but the children of calamity. I expected therefore to find traces of energetic suffering strengthened into fortitude, of grief subdued by time, of despair softened into resignation, or brightened into hope by the benign power of religion. I looked for sensibilities, that had changed their object, passions purified rather than extinguished, and a fervor of piety worthy the mind that had quitted the world to converse with its creator. But for these I looked in vain. The character of the nuns is for the most part of that common cast, which is easily assimilated, and the sameness of their life has nearly worn out the few distinguishing features. Many of them were devoted at so early an age as to have little idea of any other state. The voluntary seclusion of the rest seems to have been followed by distaste, and a vain longing after the world, which they had too hastily quitted. Time has calmed their regrets, and reconciled them to their situation, or taught them to endure it without repining. Where hope cannot enter, disappointment is unknown, and many of the pains of life are excluded with its pleasures. A calm reigns in the cloister, but it is the calm of indifference, or of stupidity. Here are few temptations to vice, but the virtues are not more real, or more perfect. Superstition supplies the place of piety, and apathy of philosophy.’

ART. X.—*A Tour to Sheeraz, by the Route of Kazroon and Feerozabad ; with various Remarks on the Manners, Customs, Laws, Language, and Literature of the Persians. To which is added a History of Persia, from the Death of Kureem Khan to the Subversion of the Zund Dynasty. By Edward Scott Waring, Esq. of the Bengal civil Establishment. 4to. 1l. 5s. Cadell. 1807.*

AFTER the death of the celebrated usurper Kouli Khan, Persia was for several years overwhelmed by the ambition of

contending chiefs with all the horrors of civil war, till Kerim Khan, about the year 1750, established his authority on a firm basis, by the death or submission of his rivals. In despotic countries the law of the sword is the only one which is acknowledged, and victory is considered as the judgment of heaven. But although in possession of an undisputed claim to this immense empire, Kerim Khan never assumed the titles of sovereignty, but contented himself to the day of his death, with that of Vakeel, or regent, of Persia. During his life and after his death, his country has been unanimous in allowing to him the character of an excellent prince. Under his reign the dreadful anarchy, which had so long distracted the country, found an end, tranquillity was established, commerce and agriculture were encouraged, and the happiness of the subject studied and promoted. His treaty with the English East India company, manifests a liberal and enlightened policy, and Persia began to return gradually to her former splendour. An excellent police was established in every part of the kingdom, and justice administered to the meanest individual. A prosperous reign, and a peaceful death are considered to have been the rewards of his singular merits. But the praises bestowed by a servile and superstitious people on a despotic sovereign, admit of many qualifications. Their applause has often been lavished on the worst of tyrants; the virtues of a sultan are often the vices most useful to himself, or most agreeable to his people. A nation ignorant of the blessings of liberty and law, must be awed by the flashes of arbitrary power; the cruelty of a despot will assume the character of justice; his profusion, of liberality; his obstinacy, of firmness. If the most reasonable excuse be rejected, few acts of obedience will be found impossible; and guilt must tremble, where innocence cannot always be secure. Since however it is almost impossible for human weakness not to abuse unlimited power, Kerim Khan may fairly claim applause for having used it so leniently. If he frequently imbrued his hands in blood, this excess of severity, though unnecessary, according to the notions of those who live under a happier government, was never unprovoked. and compared to his predecessors on the Persian throne, he was a Trajan or an Antonine contrasted with a Nero or a Domitian.

At his death in 1779, five chiefs appeared as candidates for the vacant sovereignty, although it might have been supposed, from the great length of the Vakeel's reign (almost thirty years), that he would be fortunate enough to leave the undisturbed inheritance of his throne to one of his three sons. But as since the extirpation of the ancient and

imperial house of Sefi by Kouli Khan, the crown has never been possessed in regular descent, every individual conceives he has a right to advance his pretensions. The people are destitute of prejudice for any particular family, and neither acknowledge nor respect any right but that of conquest. The present sovereign is the only one who has reigned by inheritance, since the original dynasty was removed, and his subjects, says our author, are frequently heard to say that he does not deserve the crown, because he did not win it by the sword. He succeeded his uncle in the year 1799, and is the eighth monarch who has swayed the Persian sceptre, since the death of Kerim Khan. An appendix to the present volume contains a concise but sufficiently clear account of the revolutions, battles, assassinations, and other events, that, in taking place during the last twenty-eight years, have caused the elevation and fall of so many kings, of each of whom the author has also briefly delineated the character. The present monarch, but for the circumstance above-mentioned, is sufficiently esteemed by his people. If he has achieved no great actions, he has done but little harm. He has now reigned above seven years, and were it possible to form an opinion of the duration of so precarious and unsettled a government, there is a reasonable prospect that his reign may be extended to a much longer period, and that he may leave his throne a quiet inheritance to his children; in which case Persia may once more breathe from the anarchy and bloodshed to which the repetition of civil wars has familiarized her for so many years.

The government of Persia is in the highest degree despotic, and the will of the king is not in any respect restrained, as is the case with the Turkish sultans, by the influence of the priesthood. Despotism may be said to be naturalized in Asia, as no instance is on record of an attempt to establish in that quarter of the world, a government that deviated in the smallest degree from absolute power. To account for this, Montesquieu asserts, and perhaps with reason, that despotism is not only natural, but necessary to the existence of a widely extended empire; and with his usual facility of simplification, maintains that Asia can never, like Europe, be divided into states of moderate extent, because the natural boundaries of snow-covered mountains, and deep and rapid rivers, are wanting to prevent the inroads and aggressions of contiguous powers. But however natural it might seem that mankind would rise in perpetual revolt against systematic tyranny, we do not collect from the accounts of travellers, that the inhabitants of Oriental countries are any way dissatisfied with the arbitrary nature of their governments, or the

oppression of those who administer them. In the numerous rebellions and revolutions to which they are accustomed, no man dreams that by placing a new commander on the throne, he shall be more equitably or mildly governed. It is the prospect of personal aggrandisement alone which induces him to flock to the standard of disaffection; it is the belief that, if the chief whose interests he follows, be successful, he will share the spoils and the gratitude of his master; and the hope, which every individual may indulge, where places of profit and power are open to all, that he may be enabled to tyrannize in his turn, and to amass wealth at the expense of his oppressed neighbours. We learn from the present author that the Persians never heard without astonishment the description he gave them of the governments of Europe, and invariably remarked that the enjoyment of uncontrolled power, however precarious, was infinitely preferable to established but limited authority. With such sentiments, and seeing the highest places of trust and emolument the rewards of treachery and murder, it cannot be supposed that the Persians should be distinguished for their moral virtues. Obsequious to the excess of meanness towards their superiors, and even towards their equals, if they have any prospect of advantage; while to their inferiors their behaviour is insolent and brutal. They are ever boasting of exploits which they never performed; their flattery is of the most disgusting nature, and is only exceeded by the malicious abuse of the very person, the moment his back is turned, who just before had been the object of their unqualified adulation. Lying is not esteemed a vice in Persia. Ignorant of the intrinsic loveliness of truth and virtue, they cannot conceive how any one should adhere to veracity, when falsehood would answer his purposes better, or be *guilty* of a generous action, unless his own private advantage were eventually to result from it. The mind of a Persian does not revolt from crimes which in Europe must not even be mentioned; and so entirely is modesty, according to our definitions, banished from that country, that even women of rank and character converse with men, with unblushing freedom, on subjects of the most secret nature, and in language the most unrestrained and obscene. Such is the character by which the modern Persians have long been distinguished, and which is confirmed by the present writer, who has in no way been guilty of exaggeration. The virtue of being lively, polite, and agreeable companions, is the only one which, in his opinion, can be accorded to them.

Mr. Waring's motives for visiting Persia, were ill-health and curiosity. The account with which he has furnished us

is, upon the whole, dull and uninteresting. Perhaps he saw too little of the country, to justify him in attempting a general account of so large an empire, at least without the assistance of marked and superior talents.

His book is neither calculated to amuse the superficial reader by sprightliness of anecdote and novelty of remark, nor to add information to those whose studies are impelled by a worthier motive. We find little that we did not know before. The cities of Bussora and Scheeraz were the only ones of any importance that were visited by the tourist; and it is surprising that, as curiosity was a principal inducement with Mr. Waring for travelling, he should have neglected to visit the residence of the sovereign. The metropolis, in all countries furnishes the most abundant food for the inquisitiveness of the traveller, and in despotic governments is almost the only place of consequence. For there the whole wealth of the state is collected around the prince; his interests and splendour are consulted before that of his empire; the provinces are exhausted to add lustre to the capital, and the country is made a desert to adorn and honour the residence of the monarch. It is well known that till of late years Ispahan was the metropolis of the Persian dominions. The Vakeel Kerim Khan removed the seat of government to his favourite city of Scheeraz, the second in the empire, which throughout the whole of his reign he took pains to ennoble and beautify, but which, according to the most esteemed writers (with whom the present author entirely agrees) is as undeserving the appellation of a fine city, as its neighbours, renowned in song, the streams of Rocnabad and the groves of Mosellay, are of the encomiums which have been so lavishly bestowed upon them by the poets of the East. It presents the appearance of a mean, paltry, and dilapidated city, though perhaps it may now be seen to some disadvantage, owing to the many disasters it met with during the civil wars of the last thirty years, and which it more particularly experienced from the ferocious and brutal resentment of the uncle and predecessor of the present king. 'The town is by no means so large as is reported,' says Mr. Waring. 'Many of the streets are so narrow, that an ass loaded stops your way if you are on horseback (I speak from experience) and the houses are generally mean and dirty.' And yet this is the city of which the Persian proverb runs, 'Ispahan is equal to half the world, but Scheeraz is superior to Ispahan;' and of which the elegant Hafiz has sung, 'Do not find fault with Scheeraz, nor with the waters on Rocnabad, nor its pleasant breezes, for this city is a mole on the cheek of the whole universe.'

Of the celebrated fountain in question our author observes that 'it is a contemptible little stream, and is not, after it has been joined by many other streams which flow from the hills, at any place six feet broad.

But what says the same poet of this stream?

Boy, bid the liquid ruby flow,
And let thy pensive heart be glad;
Whate'er the dreaming zealots say,
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so pure as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Sir William Jones's translation.

And when the same poet wished to excuse himself from paying a promised visit to the king of Golconda, he sent that sovereign an ode, whose beginning contained his excuse. 'The morning breeze of Mosellay, and the waters of Rocnabad will not permit me to travel.'

What importance may not genius confer upon trifling subjects! But enthusiasm is a necessary qualification, and falsehood an acknowledged privilege of poetry.

Of the climate of Sheeraz also, which the Persians do not fail to represent as the finest in the world, our author remarks, that when he was there (in the month of June), the thermometer was frequently at 100 and never lower than 90.

Nothing occurred worthy of notice, either during Mr. Waring's stay, or on his route to and from this famous city, if we except the following phenomenon, which those who can, may account for :

'During our night marches (but particularly this night), I have remarked, that about two hours before the dawn of day there has been every appearance of day-break; the horizon has become quite light, and in the space of a short time has been succeeded by impenetrable darkness. I shall not attempt to account for this phenomenon, whether it may be owing to rising exhalations, or any other cause, but it is what I have observed very often, not only in Persia but also in India. The Persians have two mornings, the *Soobhi Kazim* and the *Soobhi Sadiq*, the false and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say, that as the sun rises from behind the Kobi Qaf (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole perforated through the mountain, and that during its rays through it, it is the cause of the *Soobhi Kazim*, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascends the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain, and brings with it the *Soobi Sadiq*, or real morning.'

The author hazards a supposition that Milton may allude to the above fabulous story in the following lines ; but we will venture to assure him that nothing was farther from that poet's thoughts.

‘ Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns ; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spit her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate, and befriend
Us, thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out
Ere the babbling Eastern scout,
The *nice morn on th' Indian steep*
From *her cabin'd loop hole peep*,
And to the tell tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.’

There has always existed among the nations of the East, a class of people who possessed, or pretended to possess, the strange property of resisting the force of animal poisons. We shall transcribe without comment, the chapter in which Mr. Waring speaks of this faculty, as it prevails among the Persians.

‘ This virtue is not participated in common ; it is the reward of fasting and meditation, but which may however be conferred on whom-ever the person endowed with this gift may think proper. It is called *Dum*, because whenever they extend this favour, they breath on a piece of sugar, or any thing else, and bid the person swallow it. The Persians impose a firm reliance on this gift ; so much so, that it is the usual practice, when the wheat is ripe for cutting, for a number of peasants to flock into Sheeraz, to acquire this antidote against noxious animals from a celebrated man called Sheikh Ghuffoor.

‘ Without incurring the stigma of credulity, or of using a *travel-ler's privilege*, I trust I may be allowed to relate what fell under my own observation. I had a servant, called Ulee Beg, who possessed this gift of the *Dum*, and the stories they told me of him I invariably treated with the greatest ridicule. Mr. Bruce, who is now at Bushire, told me, that he saw him catch two snakes, one of which bit him so violently, as to leave some of its teeth in the wound. This was easily reconciled, the snake was not poisonous ; indeed, I believe none of them are at Bushire. Sometime after I was at Sheeraz, a very large scorpion was found under my bed ; Ulee Beg was called, and he certainly took up the scorpion without the smallest hesitation. I saw the animal strike his sting repeatedly in the man's flesh, and he persisted that he felt no pain. I asked the other servants to do the

same, but they refused ; and the next morning, when I examined the man's hand, there was not the smallest sign of its having been stung. The sting of a scorpion is said to give exquisite torture ; I have seen it swell the part to an enormous size. How the man escaped feeling any inconvenience it is impossible for me to guess, as I am confident he had no time to make any preparation, nor did he make use of any antidote against the effects of the sting of the scorpion. At the same time it would be truly ridiculous to assign the same cause for this escape as is most conscientiously believed by the Persians.

‘ This man now lives at Bushire ; and should any person, visiting that place, wish to ascertain the veracity of this account, I have no hesitation in supposing, that this man will allow him to procure any kind of scorpion he may think proper, and that he will allow himself to be stung by it.’

We are very well satisfied with our traveller's account of the military forces, and revenues of Persia. He has evidently taken pains to gain information, and that from good sources. The army consists chiefly of cavalry, well-mounted, clothed and paid, but almost entirely without discipline. Of these the king can at any time collect an army amounting to fifty or sixty thousand in a few days, besides a body of twenty thousand, who are called *gholam shahees*, (slaves of the king) and constitute his body guard, being always attendant upon his person. These troops receive greater pay, and are clothed in a more expensive manner than the regular cavalry, and are considered the choicest in the empire.

The infantry is comparatively insignificant, and is never used but at sieges, where they act as artillery-men, and are miserably ignorant of every thing relative to the management of guns. Courage is the only virtue which the Persians even affect to possess, or think it worth their while to boast of. From the small losses, however, which are usually sustained by both parties in their engagements, Mr. W. doubts whether even this may be allowed them. But from the unceasing civil wars, in which they have of late been engaged, the spirit of the people must have become almost essentially military ; and if the emperor of the French has actually succeeded, as he pretends, in his intrigues with the Persian monarch, and induced him to bring the forces of his empire into the field against the Russians, he may operate an important and powerful diversion. Considering the present state of politics, the two chapters of which we are now treating, will be read with more interest than any other part of Mr. Waring's quarto.

While on this subject, we cannot help just hinting our

surprise, that Mr. W. should not have understood the difference between weapons of offence and defence, but should have believed 'pistols, guns, swords, spears and daggers' to belong to the latter description. (See p. 59.)

The revenues of the crown of Persia are very considerable, but being of a somewhat complicated nature, we must refer those who take interest in such matters, to the work itself. The king, we are informed, lives in a style of great magnificence, and has removed the court from Scheeraz to Tehran, the capital of a province on the borders of the Caspian sea, from whence the family or tribe to which he belongs originated. Mr. Manesty, the British residant at Bassora, was lately* sent thither at the head of an important and splendid embassy, which he conducted not only with the utmost ability, but to the great advancement of the British interests in Persia. That gentleman, we understand, kept minutes of the proceedings of his embassy while at the Persian court, and on his return to England, which is shortly looked for, the public may expect their publication, which will probably contain a more full and valuable statement, both of the political situation of that country, and other important particulars, than has hitherto been given to the world.

At the end of this work are subjoined some long dissertations on Oriental poetry. Before noticing these, we shall simply state that learning, arts and sciences, are in general at a very low ebb in Persia, in comparison with the civilized countries of Europe, although they may hold a respectable rank when compared with their more indolent and barbarous neighbours, the Turks. Poetry has always been the peculiar pride, and talent of the Persians. The present king is a poet, and some of his effusions, of an amatory nature, are afforded in the present volume. The governor of Kashan, a province of some importance, was appointed to his office solely for his poetical qualifications, he having sent a copy of verses to the king, at which his majesty expressed greater satisfaction than at a present of some thousand pounds value, which had just before been made him by another of his courtiers. How fortunate that our most gracious sovereign is neither a poetical scribbler nor a poetical enthusiast! We should probably see Mr. Sanon prime minister, and Mr. Hoyle lord lieutenant of Ireland!

Mr. Waring has devoted a great number of pages to the consideration of the Shah Namu, the great pride of Persian poetry, and the work of Ferdousee, the most famous epic

* Since the journey of our author, which was made in 1802.

poet of the East. This mighty monument of oriental literature consists of no less than sixty thousand couplets. The estimation in which it is held in the East, is sufficiently evinced by the circumstance of its having survived, in countries by no means distinguished for their regard for genius, a period of eight hundred years. Kings have succeeded kings, and dynasties have supplanted dynasties with the rapidity peculiar to Asiatic conquests, but the work of Ferdousee lives, and is a model of imitation for all his successors. In their opinion of the Shah Namu, the poets of the East have been unanimous, and though they have partly changed his language, they have not dispensed with the assistance of his images and fables. The ground work of the Shah Namu, is a history of Persia, which occupies the immense period of 2700 years, and upon which is raised a monument of fable and romance. Sir Wm. Jones (vol. ii. p. 502.) says of this poem that 'it is without doubt truly epic,' and maintains that 'there is no poem written by an European, which approaches more nearly to the dignity and divine inspiration of Homer.' Our author, who seems to be well versed in eastern literature, differs from that illustrious scholar, whose authority on eastern subjects it has long been deemed presumptuous to call in question.

'The Shah Namu is called (improperly, I think) an epic poem, and by Sir William Jones a series of epic poems. It is of little consequence, perhaps, what title a poem receives; those, however, who are only acquainted with it by name, will naturally imagine that it resembles or equals the epic poems of the Western world.

'The whole of the poem takes up a period of not less than 3,700 years; and although critics have not determined the time of the epic action, they would not yield their assent to so enormous a number of years. The part which Sir William Jones assumes, and which he says is *truly epic*, occupies a period of three centuries. If Bossu's definition of the epic poem be just, I have little hesitation in declaring, that the Shah Namu is entirely excluded from ranking with Homer or Virgil, although it resembles Lucan's *Pharsalia*, by being an historical poem. The Shah Namu may be fairly defined "and historical poem heightened by fable." I cannot discover that the poet wishes to inculcate any moral maxim, or that he has any other view than of embellishing the facts which have been handed down to him by tradition, and in the legends of the Gubrs. The stories in the Shah Namu are intricate and perplexed, and as they have a relation to each other, they can only be understood by a knowledge of the whole. Episodes are interwoven in episodes; peace and war succeed each other, and centuries pass away without making any alteration in the conduct of the poem. The same prince continues to resist the Persian arms, the same hero

leads them to glory ; and the subterfuge of supposing two Afrasiabs, or two Roostums, betrays, at least, the intricacy and confusion of the whole fable. The character of Nestor answered the most important ends ; his eloquence and his experience had a wonderful effect in soothing the contentions of a divided council ; but the age of Zal or of Roostum answers no purpose, for they only share longevity in common with their fellow creatures.

‘It is, perhaps uncandid to try the merits of the Shah Namu by the standard of Homer or of Virgil ; but do not let it then aspire to a standard which it will not admit. Let the enthusiastic admirers of the Shah Namu determine a standard of their own, but as long as it is called an epic poem, it must be tried by the rules which have been assented to by successive ages.’

Mr. Waring proceeds to give an analysis of this immense mass of verses, intermixed with occasional but sparing criticism, and with pretty numerous extracts, both from the original Persian, and from a translation in rhyming prose by one Mr. Champion.

After the long account of Ferdousee’s poem, three or four other chapters are added on Persian poetry of different descriptions, and chiefly that of Hafiz, several of whose odes are given by the author in a literal prose translation, which the reader will peruse with much more pleasure and a much better notion of the original, than he can possibly derive from Mr. Champion’s wretched verses. But as it is not our intention in this place to enter into a disquisition on Oriental poetry, we shall briefly say that we cannot flatter the reader with the hope of finding any new light thrown upon the subject in the present work of Mr. Waring, whose dissertations consist of little more than extracts, with a liberal collection of parallel passages, not always the most judicious, from the ancient and modern European authors.

ART. XII.—*The Medical Guide, for the Use of Families and Young Practitioners in Medicine and Surgery, being a complete System of Modern Domestic Medicine ; exhibiting a comprehensive View of the latest and most important Discoveries in Medicine, Pharmacy, &c. Fourth Edition, considerably enlarged and improved. By Richard Reece, M.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Longman.*

WHEN we consider the very complex machinery of which the human animal is composed, the variety of diseases to which it is subject, the various appearances which those diseases assume, the very different operation of the same reme-

dy in different constitutions, and even in the same person at different times, we cannot but think it right that the study of disease and the application of medicine should form a particular profession, to which the mind of the individual should be exclusively applied. A greater variety of information and closeness of attention are necessary in the medical profession than in almost any other; and hence we are not in general favourable to the circulation of those works, which are supposed to render every man capable of becoming his own physician, but from which he can seldom derive any thing more than a confused and superficial knowledge, more likely to prove injurious than beneficial, both to himself and others, who may be induced to confide their health to his management. The basis of medical as well as other knowledge is experience; and, though we are fully sensible of the value of theory, when it is the result of personal observation or founded on the rock of philosophical induction, we are convinced that in medicine, that theoretical knowledge which books may furnish, will never be sufficient to render a man expert in the cure of diseases without actual observation and practical skill. He who would excel in the cure of disease, must not only have theorised on the laws of life, or the combination of drugs, but must have served a sort of previous apprenticeship to the art. He must have seen the actual presence of disease in the crowded hospital or the sick man's room. A man who knows nothing more of diseases or of remedies than what books will supply, may readily be inclined to believe from the virtues of drugs, &c. which he will find so copiously detailed, that there is no disease which he could not cure, and that we possess a store of specifics for every complaint. But if, like the elder Heberden, he had not only studied the theory of medicine but practised it for more than fifty years, his sanguine expectations would be lowered to the temperament of modest diffidence or even melancholy distrust. He would lament the inefficacy of his art, and confess with ingenuous candour that his whole catalogue of remedies hardly furnished one specific, on the operation of which in every case he could certainly rely. What then must we think of the impudence of quacks and impostors, who, without any anatomical, physiological or pharmaceutical skill, mix together poisons and antidotes, potent and negative ingredients, till they constitute a nostrum with which they pretend to cure every disease in every constitution? The same composition is often extolled as a remedy for complaints of the most different species, and which require the most opposite treatment. We do not say that quackery ought to be an object of legislative interference; for we are con-

vinced that, in this case as well as in many others, the legislature would only increase the evil by officious interposition; but we hold it to be the duty of the philanthropist to expose the arts of medical as well as of every other species of impostors. This is an age in which quacks abound, and in which quackery is carried to the most extravagant height, and it is therefore so far of importance, that every man should be enabled to know something of the laws of life, the nature of diseases, and the most rational modes of cure. For this purpose Dr. Reece's book is better adapted than any with which we are acquainted; it is more scientific and judicious than the Domestic Medicine of Buchan, which we have no doubt that it will soon entirely supersede. It describes the nature of diseases, and what are thought the best modes of cure, with perspicuity and distinctness; and though we would wish our readers, in any serious illness which may happen either to themselves or to their families, rather to call in professional aid than to trust to its directions, yet in all common cases it may be consulted with advantage. By attending to its instructions the master or the mistress of a family may be enabled to remove the little complaints which are of continual occurrence, and the clergyman or resident of a retired village may in common cases of illness be enabled to do much good at a small expence, and even to arrest the progress of more serious disorders till medical aid can be obtained. Considered in this light Dr. Reece's Medical Guide is a most valuable performance.

ART. XII.—*A Translation of a Fragment of the eighteenth Book of Polybius, discovered in the Monastery of St. Laura on Mount Athos. By the Count D'——. A new Edition, revised, corrected and augmented by the Author, and rendered into English from the French Version, marked, edited in London. 8vo. Egerton. 1806.*

WE are enemies to every species of literary forgery, whatever may be the intention of the writer or the merit of the execution. If we once sanctioned any such attempt to impose on the credulity of the public, it would be impossible to say where we should stop, or what violations of truth we might not, by inference, be supposed to commend. The author of the present work probably intended to procure purchasers by the novelty of the title, but the admirers of Polybius will find little of that historian's manner in the present publication. What the drift of the writer himself

is, is not very clear; except it be to enforce the necessity of a new coalition against France. But this object might have been much better answered without a feeble attempt to adapt ancient characters and occurrences to what is now passing in the world. This adaptation is not very ingenious, and the perusal of the work itself is not recommended by much force of discrimination, solidity of reflection or harmony of style. We will quote one specimen of this composition which the author has presumed to ascribe to Polybius.

*The component parts of this exterminating system of the Roman (meaning the French) government, were, as unfolded by Hannibal, an earnest inclination to subject all; a necessity for laying waste and desolating; the inflicting of misery on mankind; a delight in cruelty and in humiliating; a thirst after property of every description; an illicit gratification of every abandoned inclination; an unremitting determination to perish rather than not act up to this system, and not to survive the shame of its failure.'

If the power of analysis consist in tautological confusion, this gentleman is a master of the art.

ART. XIII.—*Ensor's Independent Man.* (Concluded from p. 252).

MR. Ensor's disquisitions on music were last considered by us. We now come to his remarks on the drama.

In his comparison of the Italian, French and English stage, some arguments are brought to bear upon the furious Aristotelians with admirable effect.—Here our author again touches on the subject of blank verse, exactly as the lovers of poetry would have him defend it, by a palpable contradiction. He very properly considers language approaching to common discourse as best suited to tragedy. On this account the Iambic of the Greeks, and blank verse of the English, are appropriated to this department. Having acknowledged blank verse to approach common discourse, he *therefore* talks of the absurdity of using rhyme for grave and exalted poetry. A different deduction might have been expected from our critic. And it would have been more seasonable had he continued the parallel between the English and Greeks by observing, that if the verse adapted by them to the stage, be that which is the least removed from ordinary conversation, the most perfect poets of both countries have had recourse to something more noble, refined and harmonious, for epic, descriptive, elegiac and lyric poetry.—The following remark is not the less just for being daring.

Young and Thomson seem to me to have written tragedies unsolicited by nature, and unprepared by study. This is correct—but where has Young been solicited by nature? And in what respect are his tragedies inferior to his Night Thoughts? They are certainly more read and admired, because they have the merit at least of being written in that verse which is appropriate to tragedy.

By what inspiration was Home induced to attempt tragedy? Our author will find few persons to concur with him in the excellence of the following lines, which are surely smart and tawdry common-place.

‘ Eternal justice is in this most just.
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.
—— Believe me, Sir,
The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.’

What Gray meant by asserting ‘ that the author of Douglas had retrieved the true language of tragedy, which had been lost two thousand years,’ it is not easy to discover; although it may be as intelligible to others, as to the author of that remark.

The reader will probably be disinclined to attend to any further criticisms on Homer, Virgil, and Milton. His appetite has most likely been palled with dissertations, criticisms, and glossaries, which give him a distaste for any thing further. Criticism however imposes the task of encountering dull and uninteresting matter; and we expected but little information, and far less pleasure, from an old and jaded subject. But Mr. Ensor has the art of throwing new lights on whatever he touches. Much of his criticism on Homer is offensive to our judgment or prejudices. The disgust, evinced by our critic at the minuteness of Homer’s descriptions, appears to have been contracted from French commentators, whose notions of *politesse* were offended by descriptions of making a chariot, of yoking horses, and of cookery. No people, who have enjoyed an exalted fame for literature, have contributed so little to poetry, and are so little calculated to enjoy it, as the French; none enter into the habits and feelings of antient and modern nations less readily.

If princes and leaders were the cooks in Homer’s time, cookery is immediately elevated, and becomes a princely accomplishment. Besides this, the office of slaughtering, which in our times devolves on the lowest classes of the community, was then in the hands of priests; and was accompanied with prayers, auguries, and other solemnities. Art was in its infancy, and although a working cha-

riot-maker may now be excluded from epic grandeur, in the times of old he was of consequence and dignity, far removed beyond ordinary men. This was but just—for to whom could men have been so much indebted, as to those who were the inventors of machines useful in war and peace? Every invention had the air of a miracle; the name of the inventor was celebrated in song; the happy genius was reputed the son of Vulcan, Mercury, or Apollo. The genealogy of a curious-wrought cup or sceptre was preserved with the name of its *god-like* maker. The yoker of horses was a person by no means despicable. In the times of chivalry, the esquire generally met with the entertainment, and much of the honour which was shewn to the knight whom he served. He is described in many romances as accomplished, and in some he has the office of secretary. The charioteer of old however was far superior to his descendant the esquire, because he participated in the dangers of battle equally with his chieftain.—But the management of horses calls down censure; this, so far from degrading, became another step of promotion. The shepherd, and the breeder and trainer of horses were no ordinary men; skill in managing them was rewarded by signal titles of honour; and the epithets of ‘equestrian,’ and ‘tamer of horses,’ which were synonymous to great, brave, and glorious, were conferred on nations and princes remarkable for their martial disposition.

After a noble panegyric on the omnipotence of Homer’s genius, some objections are raised with good reason to the inaptness of many similes, in reconciling which many a clear head has become confused.

‘This is not the only instance of Homer’s nakedness in his similes. In the third book he compares Ulysses, marching amidst the ranks of war, to a well-fleeced ram running through a flock of sheep. In the twelfth, he compares the field, so equally fought on either side, to a spinster weighing wool. In the thirteenth, he likens the Ajaxes continuing to fight by each other, to oxen ploughing. In the sixteenth, he likens Myrmidons rushing to battle, to wasps provoked by idle boys, and stinging all they meet; and the contention for the body of Patroclus, in the seventeenth, he compares to carriers stretching a besmeared hide. The Odyssey is also replete with such imperfect similes. He compares Ulysses agitated and restless,

“As when some hungry swain turns oft a maw
Unctuous and sav’ry on the burning coals,
Quick expediting his desired repast,—
So he from side to side roll’d,” &c.

‘It is obvious, from these instances, that Homer was satisfied if his similes expressed a strong likeness in one peculiarity; and that

he had not learned to select those which at once exemplify and illustrate. This is usual with early writers. In the Psalms, hopeful sons and daughters are compared to plants and corner-stones; and God is likened, according to the Jewish notions of that power immutable and universal, to a drunkard bellowing through intoxication—"Then the Lord awaked as one out of sleep, and like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine," &c.

'Homer also superinduces circumstances to his similes, which have nothing to recommend them. When Ajax kills Simoisius, he compares his fall to a poplar, adding, "which a carpenter cuts with his shining ax, that he may form it into felloes for the wheel of a beautiful chariot." Sometimes, however, he uses incidental circumstances most delightfully, as when he compares the wounded thigh of Menelaus to ivory stained with purple by a Mæonian woman.'

Virgil drew on all his Greek predecessors, and on Ennius of the Latins, for thoughts, images, and events. In his *Bucolics* we have Theocritus, Hesiod in his *Georgics*, the *Odyssey* and Apollonius Rhodius in the first six, and the *Iliad* in the last six books of his *Æneid*, stripped of their remarkable passages, and pouring in their contributions to aid his small fund of originality. He seemed to have reasoned thus: if the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which consist of forty-eight books, are already exquisite, what effect must all their excellencies produce, when compressed into a fourth of that space, and enriched by the stores of other poets?

His taste, which was unerring, led him to make a judicious selection; and the purity of his language, and melody of his versification are almost unrivalled.

But the vivid glow and freshness of the originals is wanting; and had the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* perished, there would remain in the *Æneid* internal documents sufficiently strong to prove that it is but a copy.

On the leading characters of the three first epic poems, our author writes:

'They who would exalt Virgil at the expence of Homer, have dwelt on the superiority of *Æneas* to *Achilles*. *Achilles* is unamiable; yet he is, except Milton's *Satan*, the most tremendous of all poetical persons. What are the virtues of *Æneas*? Does he surprise or captivate our affections? St. Evremond says he is fitter for a saint than a hero; and in some instances the pious *Æneas* is so devotional, and the poem is so thronged with mysteries, miracles, prayers, deprecations, and oracles, that Hardouin, who said that the *Æneid* was fabricated in the thirteenth century, and that *Æneas* meant *Jesus Christ*, might have drawn an argument from them to establish his paradox.'

Of his amour with *Dido*, he remarks:

‘ To make way for this amour of the pious Æneas, Creusa is miraculously lost : indeed it seems that she appeared merely for the benefit of the miracle. How miserably does Virgil display his hero, the pious Æneas, in this affair with Dido ! In return for Dido’s hospitality, he debauches and then deserts her ! What a cold-blooded assassin of a hospitable woman’s honour and life was he ! If he acquiesced in the imperious will of the gods, should he not have suffered anguish for his injuries to Dido, and for her death, which he occasioned ? Yet this pious Æneas did not shed a tear ; a sigh did not transpire ; he fell into a profound sleep, and had overslept himself if Mercury had not disturbed his repose. This is the holy man, the hero of Virgil ! Dante has placed Jason in the height and penultimate excess of hell’s tortures for his conduct to Medea : Æneas should have been his companion.’

To reconcile this conduct with the demure manners of the impostor, the poet has introduced much scholastic subtlety on fate and free-will, which never fails to take off the delusion of his art.

The writer very properly lays it down as a rule, that ‘ when a god interposes, all human interest is ended.’ He has no objection to the personification of virtues and vices. The necessity however of any beings superior to man is questionable : and such agents can never be introduced without diminishing the power of human agency, in which we are all concerned, and for which we have a fellow feeling. The spectre in Boccaccio’s tale, which is rendered so terrific in Dryden’s Theodore and Honoria, excites a real interest, because he was once as ourselves, and is still actuated by the same feelings and passions.

The greatest poet of our own times has disfigured his noblest work by the introduction of a goblin imp. It is a malicious little being ; but no where shews his malice so woefully as in attempting to spoil a beautiful poem.

The following observations on Milton’s subject are unanswerable :

‘ Addison said that Milton’s poem is of universal interest. He must mean universally interesting to Christians ; for it is founded not on the principles of nature and reason, but on a particular system of faith.

‘ The poem is deficient in interest ; it is a mystery, and its chief agents are supernatural. They who do not participate our nature cannot influence our affections. Even Adam and Eve have little alliance with the inhabitants of the present world ; and in some respects they are more removed from them than the angels. The poem wants interest in another respect : not as Johnson supposes, because we know the issue ; but because the whole is under the control immediately of God. When God takes an ostensible part, the conclu-

sion is predestined. In these particulars Milton's subject is unhappy—I do not use a severer term in respect to the poet.'

And again :

' Having mentioned the imperfections of his subject, I proceed to his errors in character. Many sentiments attributed to God are most indecorous. Sometimes he speaks like a school divine ; sometimes with pitiful vengeance, as when he says that he created man *lest Satan's heart exalt him in the harm*. 'To represent God uttering his voice in thunder, is barbarous, as are all tremendous representations of the Almighty. Milton perhaps should not have introduced God into his poem ; and certainly should not have represented him ostensibly in conversation. God should either have been displayed in the *Paradise Lost* through his ministers, as in this world he is known by his attributes,—or he should have been notified mysteriously, as Milton himself exemplifies in God's applause of Abdiel :

" On the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice
From 'midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard--
' Servant of God, well done, &c.' "

The critic, unawed by the great name of the poet, persists in reprobating the many and long 'flats of thought' which fatigue all patience ; the confused essences of angels, who are at one and the same time male and female, aërial and corporeal ; the bodies which when cut through, 'soon unite again ;' the shrinking of earth's giant sons to pigmies, and much of the business of the poem, which debases the finer parts.

' Neither does Milton honour the angelic host, when he affirms that on the gabbling which arose among the builders of Babel—*great laughter was in heaven, and looking down to see the hubbub strange, &c.* This does not become thrones, dominations, prince-doms, virtues, powers.'

The battle in heaven, in which gunpowder is invented, and the pelting of hills reach the boldest flights of travesty—

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi !

We were astonished to find a defender in a critic of such ability. He redeems his error as follows:

' The *Paradise of Fools*, which Milton introduces, is evidently imitated from Ariosto's *Limbo of Vanities*. He had translated some part of this passage in his "Reformation of England." What suited with Orlando, which professedly treated of "ladies, knights, and gallantry," was unbecoming the *Paradise Lost*, which justified the ways of God to man. Milton's hatred for the clergy prejudiced his

judgment to admit this creature of Ariosto's levity to remain in his poem.

It might be asked, of what use were the walls of Paradise? Satan overleaped those earthly bounds; and also, of what use were the gates of hell? Satan forces his way through them, on which they remained ever after open wide.'

And again :

'There is some confusion, however, in the following particulars. Satan and Beelzebub say that *there went a fame in heaven, that God ere long intended to create beings equally favoured with the sons of heaven*; yet God says that he created man to fill the vacancy in heaven occasioned by the fall of the accused spirits, and to dash their pride and joy for man seduced. Milton makes Raphael assimilate the angels struck by lightning to timorous herds, before cattle were fearful. These two remarks have been made by others.'

Sometimes hell is light in the extreme, and again it is dark.

'Milton was also confused in his notions of gold. The devils dig it in hell; *that soil may best reserve the precious bane*. Yet a few lines preceding he says, the pavement of heaven was trodden gold; and in many places he forms divine ornaments of the same metal.'

The business of the poem concludes with the tenth book. Addison replied to this remark that, 'had not Milton represented our first parents as driven out of Paradise, his fall of man would not have been complete, and, consequently his action would have been imperfect.' To this Mr. Ensor replies :

'Such is the language of a lawyer on a title in ejectment, and not of a critic on epic poetry. Paradise was lost to Adam and Eve in the tenth book, whether they were driven from, or whether they remained on, the territory of Eden. The angelic guardians had departed; God had ordered his ministers to produce various changes on the earth, in the atmosphere, and in the sky. They had operated, and severely felt *rain, ice, hail, and snow* distressed the land; *keen winds shattered the spreading trees* of Eden; discord and antipathy distracted the beasts; profligacy and recrimination embittered the intercourse of Eve and Adam. After these changes, paradise was no more. There are innumerable objections to these last two books as a part of the *Paradise Lost*: they are an episode equalling in extent one sixth of the whole poem: which is excessive. They are an episode by prophecy, which increases the fault of their excessive extent: prophecies should be brief. They are an episode appended to the poem: an episode should be wrought into the body of the composition.'

But science had, since the days of Homer, tainted the

vernal freshness of language. And Milton, who, as Dryden well expresses it, 'saw nature through the spectacles of books,' seldom paints from the rapture of first impressions. To praise his sublimity would be a waste of words. It is admitted without contradiction. But we are at a loss to find that 'bent for the pathetic' in his grand work, which is here added to his virtues; and without which, the very daring of his flight through earth, heaven, and space, jades and wearies his reader. The situation of our first parents is of itself affecting in the extreme; little is added to the distress by the poet. To say nothing of blank verse, which Dr. Johnson asserts to be 'thought' better, merely because it is easier,' his language, according to the same critic, 'is harsh and barbarous;' and 'in prose and verse he had formed his style on a perverse and pedantic principle.'

The real estimation in which a poet is held, is not discoverable so much from critics, who are his eulogists or censurers, nor from universal praise, which is mere fashion, as from the involuntary appeals made by his countrymen, and foreigners acquainted with the language, to certain happy expressions, which all acknowledge to be delineations of their own feelings. The dramas of Shakespeare are an inexhaustible magazine of these treasures. The opportunities afforded by Milton's subject were indisputably less frequent; but they were frequently suffered to pass away unimproved; and few are indebted to the *Paradise Lost* for 'giving words to sorrow' at least.

After the preliminary remarks on the blemishes of Milton, our critic, with a proper sense of his vast powers, dwells at length on his excellencies, from thence he passes to the comparison of the three greatest epic poets, with which he concludes the chapter.

Before we take leave of an author who has afforded us so much entertainment, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of presenting to the public some few detached passages out of the many that are to be found interspersed through his volumes, remarkable for their neatness or sense. Some of these are in the form of aphorisms; which, with the anecdotes, are mostly borrowed from other sources, but admirably adapted by this writer to the subjects from which they seem naturally to spring. They are portable to the memory from their brevity, and pleasing from the language in which they are couched. The following are submitted as instances:

On grace.

'Grace is royalty without force.'

*Ensor's Independent Man.**On the confidence of true friendship.*

‘Talking with a friend is thinking aloud.’

On the utility of history.

‘History is philosophy teaching by examples.’

On being injured by a friend, Mr. E. applies from Euripides.

‘Forgetfulness is part of memory.’

The same thought was moulded into the form of a Greek epigram, which we have seen thus translated:

‘All hail, Remembrance, and Forgetfulness :

Trace, Memory, trace whate’er is sweet or kind ;

When friends forsake us, or misfortunes press,

Oblivion, raze the records from our mind.’

On vanity.

‘The vain man thinks that every one regards his person ; that all make his actions the theme of their discourse, like a king spoken of by some French travellers : this august monarch governed on the coast of Guinea ; his throne was a block of wood ; his canopy, an umbrella ; his guards, four men with hedge stakes : he asked his visitors, “Am I much spoken of in France ?”’

On falsehood.

‘Philosophers and moralists dwell on its abomination ; and who has not sounded the praises of truth ? Even an African mother, whose son was wounded in resisting the Moors, while mourning over him, spoke its praise, exclaiming, “He never told a lie, no, never.”’

On political Independence.

‘Faction and fanaticism are allied in many respects, and principally, as, in both, every opponent is a dæmon, and every coadjutor sanctified.’

Definition of sophistry.

‘By sophistry I mean so intimate an intrigue between truth and error, that the argument is a tissue of both.’

On the light which one study throws on another.

‘How captivating are all those (studies) which display the affinity of the sister arts, or shew the alliance of those less obviously connected ! It is like the pleasure which friends receive, when they find that relationship is superadded to amity.’

On depreciating human nature,

‘I shall satisfy myself with the words of Wilberforce, who says, “that man has fallen from his high original, and that he is rotten to the very core,” &c. I cannot agree with this debasing, unsocial sentence. He who believes that himself and all others are thus execrably depraved, cannot love his neighbour ; for he must hate himself.’

On dress in females.

‘The taste which I recommend, contrasted with what I condemn,

differs as the statue of unsullied marble from the hands of Phidias, and the same statue besmeared with gold by the command of Nero.'

Such are the blemishes and beauties which occurred to us in reading and considering this most learned and important work. It were to be wished that our author's opinions on a certain point had not been made public through the medium of so much good sense on other subjects. He has doubtless a right to think for himself, but is by no means entitled to the privilege of disseminating his opinions, whether conveyed in insidious hints or arguments, to the detriment of a belief more precious than all knowledge; a belief in which the only sure comfort and hope is to be found.

ART. XIV.—*The Old Testament illustrated: being Explanations of remarkable Facts and Passages in the Jewish Scriptures, which have been objected to by Unbelievers, and the proper understanding of which may be rendered conducive to a further Acquaintance with the Christian Dispensation. In a Series of Lectures to young Persons. By Samuel Parker. Cr. 8vo: 6s. Crosby and Co. 1805.*

WHEN an author expresses, as is here done in the preface, his wish 'that free enquiry may prevail more and more, our features relax into a smile at the repetition of so cant, and, in this age and country, so ridiculous a sentiment. It might really be conceived that Mr. Parker had 'fallen on evil days, and with darkness and with danger compassed round,' and not on those which verify the seemingly vain yet noble description of one of the most eloquent of the Roman historians, 'Rara temporum felicitas; ubi sentire quæ velis & dicere quæ sentias, &c.' (Tacitus.) The period of free enquiry is now arrived, and no opposition can arise to check it except when it is conducted in such a manner as to impede rather than facilitate its legitimate object—the acquisition of useful truth.

We are not aware that these remarks can possibly be mistaken, or that we can for a moment be considered in any other character than that of the advocates of general liberty; but we are indeed vexed to see this sickly sentiment, this flippancy of language, this nonsensical jargon bandied about either with no good meaning, or at best with none at all. If it have no meaning, it is unworthy of notice; if it have any, it is an insinuation that our countrymen have not yet exercised a sufficient freedom of investigation, and is therefore as contemptible for its ignorance as remarkable for its falsehood.

Libertas, quæ sera tamen respexit inertem,
will be the motto of the republic of letters in this island with those alone, who are unacquainted with literary history, or unable to appreciate literary exertion.

Most of the objections which have been made to the different controverted passages of the Old Testament are here brought before us, and some information may be obtained from the answers to be found in this compilation; yet it must be regretted that we discover too often a deficiency of spirit, a want of that confidence which belongs to a man who is assured of the veracity of the cause he undertakes to defend. Modesty, where it is real, is certainly one of the characteristics of truth, but the thick folds of infidelity are not to be pierced by diffidence or hesitation.

‘It is said that the earth bears many marks of the transactions which are recorded in the Hebrew scriptures.’ p. 2.

‘The labours of critics have doubtless done much towards removing objections which have been made to the Mosaic account of the creation, yet perhaps it will be thought that difficulties still remain. Probably the narration is to be considered as adapted to vulgar apprehensions rather than as philosophically just. But though we make this concession, yet we must acknowledge that we have no history of the creation so ancient or so credible.’ p. 13.

‘If we impartially examine these psalms or odes,’ (i.e. those of David), ‘I think they will tend to confirm our belief in the divine authority of the Jewish religion.’ p. 277.

Is this the tone and dignity of truth? Is this the language which is to confirm the wavering, and reclaim the infidel?

We must express a hope that Mr. Parker will re-cast his thoughts, and inform him at the same time that we think a work of half the bulk would be better calculated for those into whose hands the present is likely to fall—‘the young people stately attending at the meeting house near the west gate, Lewes.’

ART. XV.—*History of the Rise and Progress of the Belgian Republic, until the Revolution under Philip II. including a Detail of the primary Causes of that memorable Event. From the German Original of Frederic Schiller. By Thomas Horne. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Coxhead. 1807.*

IN the sixteenth century, the genius of civil liberty arose in the United Provinces of the Netherlands. The

whole force of the then mighty monarchy of Spain was employed in its extirpation ; but in this, as in other instances, the spirit of freedom was rather augmented than suppressed by the attempts which were made to smother or to extinguish the genial flame. The author of the present work gives a rapid, and sometimes not very clear or distinct sketch of the causes which led to the separation of the United Provinces from the monarchy of Spain. Clearness of narration is the first excellence in history ; but we often find in the writers of the present day, instead of a lucid arrangement of particulars and detail of facts, only a few scattered notices, which are buried in a mass of political or moral observations. We have a dearth of information, but a rich harvest of reflections. Instead of transactions embodied in a palpable form, and in all their characteristic personalities, we are rather furnished with a multitude of abstractions, which bear but a slight resemblance to, and excite but a faint idea of the original event. A narrative, in order to be clear, ought to be circumstantial without being prolix. Prolixity can be avoided only by a judicious selection of the most prominent and interesting features of every transaction ; by the omission of those circumstances, which would only encumber the narrative, without elucidating the fact, and by the retention of such as principally fix the attention and heighten the interest. The historian should know how to select and to compress ; and at once to be general and minute. An enumeration of too many particulars may serve only to perplex the reader in a labyrinth of detail ; and too few must leave the narrative destitute of characteristic resemblance and local or personal animation. In the present work of Schiller, the narrative does not appear to be sufficiently circumstantial ; and those who knew nothing of the period which he describes before they took this work in hand, will not be much edified by the perusal. The diction is often flowery, with several instances of bad taste, some of which perhaps belong to the translation, but of which others seem to be faithfully copied from the original. The translation however is on the whole far from being badly executed ; and, when we consider the difficulty of translating from the German, we are not unwilling to bestow on it a considerable share of praise.

In the fifteenth century the house of Burgundy became sovereigns of the greatest part of the Netherlands. By the marriage of Mary, the sole heiress of Charles the Bald, with Maximilian, the third son of the emperor Frederic, those fine and flourishing provinces were added to the dominions of the house of Austria. Philip the Fair, who was

the issue of this union, acquired, in right of his wife, the powerful monarchy which had been founded by Ferdinand and Isabella ; and on Charles the fifth, the son of Philip by his Spanish queen, devolved the rich inheritance of Spain, of the two Sicilies, of the new world, and of the Netherlands. The Netherlands were at this time the focus of industry and the mart of commerce. Here manufactures flourished, and the revenue of the monarch was increased more by the duties which he derived from the exertions of this active portion of his subjects, than by the possession of the Spanish mines. Commerce cannot flourish without civil liberty ; and these countries, which were the most commercial, were also the most free of any in Europe. The authority of the sovereign was limited by the laws ; and no wars could be carried on, no taxes levied, and no foreigners introduced into the administration of public affairs, without the concurrence of the three estates, composed of the nobility, the clergy, and the towns. The provinces were very jealous of their liberty and their privileges, which however proved but a feeble rampart against the tyranny of Charles and of his son. The Netherlands, which had been able to maintain their independence under the house of Burgundy, lost their consequence when they became a subordinate member of the Spanish monarchy. Charles was intent on rendering their force subservient to his schemes of ambition, and consequently was little inclined to respect those privileges which opposed any obstacle to his designs. The several provinces possessed distinct privileges and different forms of administration, which gave a complexity to the movement of the whole, not at all favourable to that unity of operation which Charles desired. But Charles acted with more circumspection and less ferocity than his son. Conscious that the gains of commerce must redound to the increase of his revenue, and that commerce could not flourish without some portion of civil liberty, he did not violate the freedom of his Batavian and Flemish subjects with the same undistinguishing violence as Philip, whose bigotry often prevented him from discerning that course of action, which his policy would otherwise have prescribed.

Civil and religious liberty are intimately connected. Both imply the freedom of the will : and all unnecessary restraints on that freedom must deteriorate the character, and fit the individual to be a slave. The thralldom of the mind will soon generate that of the body ; and the first safe step towards political emancipation, must be the emancipation of the mind from those terrors or prejudices, which prevent the

freedom of its agency. What is called the reformation, which produced a greater freedom of opinion in religious matters, was accompanied with greater boldness of political research. Men became more conscious of the real dignity of human nature; and the more insight they obtained into the true genius of that doctrine, which represents all mankind on the same level of a humble dependance on the Father of mercies, the more they felt the flame of freedom glowing in their breasts. The first seeds of the reformation in the Low Countries, were dispersed by the protestant merchants, who had formed an establishment at Antwerp and Amsterdam. Many of the Belgic nobility received their education at Geneva, where they imbibed the doctrines of Calvin. The diffusion of these doctrines was greatly promoted by that varied intercourse which the relations of commerce encouraged. In a community where commerce flourished, the vices of the monastic institutions, which are favourable to beggary and idleness, must have been readily perceived and severely condemned. The reformed religion, which was entirely hostile to the spirit and the design of such establishments, was therefore in unison with the public opinion; and the late invention of the typographical art, facilitated the circulation of the arguments, satires, and lampoons which were produced in a continually increasing abundance against the errors and superstitions of the Romish church. Thus there was a continual and multiplied accession of proselytes to the new doctrine. Charles made every effort to maintain the credit of the old faith, and to prevent the increase of the new. But the truths, which had once been divulged, could not readily be suppressed; and the errors, which had been exposed, could not easily regain their original authority. The fires of persecution were lighted up, but without producing the effect which was expected. Severe prohibitions, accompanied with heavy penalties, were issued against the perusal of the scriptures, against public and private conventicles, and against all discourses on the topic of religion. Whoever was convicted of cherishing the new opinions was dismissed from his employments; and those who disseminated heresies, were put to death. The men were hung or beheaded, and the women buried alive. But Charles, finding that these measures were insufficient to prevent the dissemination of the new doctrines, had conceived the design of introducing into the Netherlands that all-powerful instrument of religious uniformity, the Spanish inquisition. The mere mention of this infernal engine of spiritual oppression spread a general alarm throughout the country. The busy hum of

trade was still, the manufactures were deserted, and every face presented the features of despair. Had not Charles abandoned his project, the ruin of the country must infallibly have ensued.

But in the other provinces, this institution prevailed in all its merciless fury, and it is computed that during the reign of Charles, not less than five hundred thousand persons were sacrificed on account of their religious opinions.

Still the flame of rebellion, which raged so furiously during the government of Philip, was kept under during that of Charles. The discontent of his subjects was in some measure mitigated by the great events of his reign, which, if they did not conciliate love, commanded admiration. The manners and conduct of Charles, at the same time, tended, notwithstanding the tyrannical spirit of his administration, to ingratiate him with the inhabitants of the Netherlands. He had been born among them; and he had conceived a predilection for their language, manners and customs. The habits of his domestic life were more agreeable to theirs, than to those of his Spanish subjects. He conversed with them with a sort of affectionate familiarity; and their hearts were often won by the courteous and obliging facility of his address, when they were on the point of being totally alienated by the cruelty and oppression of his measures. Charles, when he renounced the sovereignty of the Netherlands in favour of his son, would gladly have transferred to him the affections of the people. At the awful solemnity of his abdication, he earnestly recommended to him the paternal care of these countries as the richest jewels of the crown. The ambition of Philip was not less rapacious than that of his father, but it was not so much restrained by the sensations of humanity, or even the considerations of an enlightened policy. A religious bigotry had entirely frozen up the sensibilities of his heart; and not one tender sensation was admitted into his bosom to soften the rigour of his intolerance. His notions of the regal dignity were exalted far above the level of reason, and of common sense; and he conceived the people as if born for no other purpose than to gratify the ambition of the prince. As he was a Spaniard by birth, he did not inherit any of his father's predilection for the native vivacity or unreserved manners of his Flemish subjects. A monastic education had tended to extinguish all the social sympathies, and to communicate a degree of austerity to his sentiments and manners, which rendered him an object of terror and repugnance to his people. Supposing his religious intol-

rance to be consecrated by the express sanction of the Deity, those measures of the most sanguinary persecution which would have revolted every unvitiated heart, became with him a matter of conscience, and instead of exciting remorse they commanded his unmingled approbation. When his conduct was most cruel, he probably thought it most acceptable to the Father of mercies.

In vain did Charles endeavour to render his son an object of affection to the Flemings. There was nothing in the manners or deportment of Philip at all calculated to promote this end. He could not condescend to practise any even of the most easy methods of obtaining popularity. Constantly surrounded by his Spanish attendants, hardly any native of the Netherlands could obtain access to his person. His countenance was overspread with a sullen gloom, which was not relieved by one ray of complacency at all the tokens of respect which he received, and expressions of joy with which he was saluted. The haughty carriage of the son was contrasted with the familiar courtesy of the father; and the Flemings could institute no comparison between them, which was not unfavourable to the successor of Charles. Their affections were irrecoverably estranged by the appearance of Philip; and they seem to have been unanimously excited, not more by the love of liberty, than by the personal hatred of the sovereign, to resist the unconditional tyranny, which they saw that he meditated to establish.

The sovereignty of the Netherlands was the first part of his imperial power which Charles resigned. The ceremony took place at Brussels in the presence of a solemn convocation. When Charles had concluded his address, 'Philip dropt upon his knee before him, seized his hand, pressed it to his lips, and received his paternal blessing. A tear stole from his eyelids for the last time. All the by standers wept. It was an hour never to be forgotten.' After Philip had taken the coronation-oath and received the homage of the state, Charles the fifth abandoned his palace at Brussels and retired to a private house, whence he departed to end his turbulent and ambitious life in the silence and penance of a monastery.

The sovereignty of the Netherlands on the accession of Philip comprehended the four duchies of Brabant, Limburg, Luxemburg and Guelders; the seven provinces of Artois, of Hennegau, of Flanders, Namur, Zutphen, Holland and Zealand; the margraviate of Antwerp, and the five lordships of Friesland, Mecheln, Utrecht, Overijssel and Gro-

ningen ; comprising a country, which, in industry and riches, was not inferior to any European state. But the arbitrary spirit of the monarch, combined with his religious bigotry, soon occasioned the loss of this valuable appendage to his crown. The character of a sovereign usually affords the most certain clue to the events of his reign. The education of Philip had stifled or extirpated those social sympathies, the seeds of which are planted by nature in the bosom of man. The vacuity of his mind was occupied only by a narrow selfishness or a domineering superstition. The Deity whom he worshipped was a merciless being, the object of his fear rather than of his love. His political creed was in unison with his religious, and both were equally adverse to the happiness of mankind. Charles was intolerant ; but his intolerance was often restrained by considerations of policy and views of interest. But the intolerance of Philip was not of this variable kind ; it was a fixed rule of action and a permanent principle of belief. Charles was governed more by a comprehensive survey of his present interest ; Philip was a slave to the prejudices of his education, and the suggestions of his priests. Not at all acquainted with the difficulty of forcing the opinions or determining the volitions of the mind, he imagined that his dogmatic *fiat* only was necessary to produce an unvarying uniformity of belief. The edicts of his father against heresy were enforced with unmitigated cruelty ; and the Spanish inquisition was introduced into the Netherlands with all its concomitants of horror and despair. Cardinal Ximenes was the founder of this barbarous institution, which was supported by the monarch as the most powerful engine of avarice and oppression. It conferred on the prince an absolute power over the lives and treasures of his subjects. Its principal object was to fetter the free agency of the mind, and to stop that progress of discussion, which seemed equally inimical to the altar and to the throne. But the establishment of such a tribunal, which at once suspended all freedom of intercourse, and filled every circle with suspicion and dismay, could not be endured by a people whose habits were commercial and whose spirit was independent. A revolt ensued, which finally caused the separation of seven provinces from the Spanish monarchy, and added another proof to this memorable truth, that the force of opinion is not to be subdued by the force of arms !

ART. XVI.—*A Speech on the Character of the Right Honourable William Pitt, delivered in Trinity College Chapel, Cambridge, December 17, 1806. By William Edward Prettyman Tomline. Second Edition, 4to. Evans. 1806.*

THIS speech is evidently well intended, and strictly conforms with the newest and most approved receipts for making an academical declamation. The following instances of beautiful aphorisms, and of that daring originality of thought which pervades twenty-three pages quarto, are submitted for universal admiration.

1. A profound remark with which Mr. Tomline is gifted at the opening :

‘ An inquiry into the conduct and character of great and illustrious men is always interesting and instructive ; and it would be difficult to name a person to whom this observation more justly applies, than to Mr. Pitt.’

2. Another profound remark, reasoning thereon, with a beautiful, though unforeseen deduction from the same :

‘ By his efforts, that confederacy was formed, which, had it been properly directed, might have contributed to the deliverance of Europe ; and its want of success was owing to causes over which he could have no controul. The merit of this last measure of Mr. Pitt’s government is but too evident from the consequences its failure has produced ; and the treaties will ever remain a monument of his political wisdom, and of the high estimation in which he was held in foreign courts.’

3. The extraordinary elevation of the concluding sentence, which, as it far transcends the general tenor of the performance, should seem to have been taken from the corrected theme of some school-boy.

‘ His body is buried in peace, honored by the mournful tribute of a grateful people : his fame shall be had in everlasting remembrance ; it shall never cease to shine, unsullied, above the transient mists of earth-born envy ; and He who was his guide through life, and his hope and consolation in death, will proclaim it in heavenly glory.’

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 17.—*A Sermon occasioned by the Circumstances of the late glorious and decisive Victory obtained by the British Fleet under the Command of Lord Viscount Nelson, over the Combined and more numerous Forces of France and Spain, off Trafalgar, on Monday 21st October, 1805. Delivered on board his Majesty's Ship Britannia, at Sea, on Sunday, 3d Nov. 1805. By Lawrence Halloran, D.D. Chaplain of the said Ship. 4to. 2s. 6d. Gardiner. 1806.*

THE present sermon, which, though preached long since, has only just reached us, would have needed no particular notice after the great number we have reviewed on the same subject, had it not been the work of one who 'was honored with the friendship of the illustrious hero' to whose memory it is 'most affectionately devoted.' It is written to celebrate a national advantage, yet at the same time with a deep sense of our national loss, and with a degree of feeling which we are not inclined to wound by any censure of petty faults and imperfections.

ART. 18.—*A Sermon preached before the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in the Abbey Church, Westminster, on Friday Jan. 30, 1807. By the Bishop of St. David's. 4to. 1s. Rivingtons. 1807.*

THE sermon appointed to be preached before the House of Lords on the 30th of Jan., which had been discontinued for some years, it was his majesty's pleasure should be revived this year, and Dr. Burgess was called upon to fulfil this service. He inculcates the necessity of national repentance, and very properly observes that it can be produced only by the repentance of individuals. The style will not detract from the reputation which the author has acquired as a scholar, but we think he appears now and then to be destitute of his wonted vigour, and the arrangement is not very obvious.

The following passage excited our attention ;

'In all countries laws were instituted in support of religion and morality, of civil and social rights. The laws of a christian people should, therefore, never be at variance with the laws of the gospel. Yet in this country there exists more than one law directly contrary to the word of God, and none more flagrantly so than that by which a crime, which God has placed at the head of mortal sins, is reduced to the class of civil misdemeanours; a crime which God has sentenced to exclusion from heaven, is tolerated by a pecuniary fine. We reproach, and justly, the church of Rome for its sale of indulgencies and pardons; yet by an inconsistency which is disgraceful to our laws, the punishment of one of the greatest offences against religion and morality, (and which in many other polities has been punished with death or infamy) is commuted for money.'

ART. 19.—*Oriental Customs, or an Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures by an explanatory Application of the Customs and Manners of the Eastern Nations and especially the Jews, therein alluded to. Collected from the most celebrated Travellers, and the most eminent Critics. By Samuel Burder. Vol. 2. 8vo. 9s. Williams and Smith. 1807.*

THE author has here performed an essential service to the cause of christianity, by presenting the public with a work at once cheap, entertaining and instructive. The purchasers are requested to cancel the title-page of the first volume, which came out some time ago, and to insert the new one here annexed.

ART. 20.—*A Charge to the Clergy at the primary Visitation in the Month of August 1806, of the late Right Reverend Father in God, Samuel, by Divine Permission, Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. 4to. 1s. Hatchard. 1806.*

THIS, the last charge delivered to the clergy of St. Asaph, by Dr. Horsley, their late bishop, bears evident internal marks of the *auteur*, which was a prominent characteristic of that prelate. In biblical literature few of his contemporaries were equal to him, but his most intimate friends acknowledge that the consciousness of superior talent often rendered him supercilious and over-bearing. The principal points discussed in this charge, are the irregular practices which prevail among the clergy, of engaging curates to officiate without a licence from the bishop: 'for this fault,' says Dr. H. 'I shall proceed against the curate till I compel him to desist from officiating:' the 'ignorance of the clergy respecting the marriage act,' is the next subject of consideration; and a recommendation is added to the 'Clergyman's Assistant.' The last subject adverted to, is the present state of religion and of religious sects in the diocese of St. Asaph. On this head the bishop speaks with unusual moderation, advising his auditors not to interfere in the pulpit with the tenets of the dissenters.

'Indeed it may seem strange, that any one who has gone deep enough in the subject, to be aware of the doubts and difficulties which hang upon both sides of the question, (it is hard to say on which side they are the greatest) whichever way his own opinion may incline, should venture to be confident and peremptory in the condemnation of the opposite. Certainly the greatest fault of the Calvinists has been their want of charity for those who differ from them. It is to be hoped, this uncharitable spirit will not take possession of the other side. But, as far as my observation goes, moderation has not prevailed in the controversies with the Methodists, in which some have been of late perhaps too forward to engage.

'It is said, that the Methodists are unremitting in their attempts to alienate the minds of the laity from their proper pastors, the regular clergy. I fear there is too much truth in the accusation; and this schismatical spirit, and this desire of promoting schism, I

take to be their principal crime, and a heavy crime indeed it is. But the effectual way to counteract these attempts, and to stifle schism in its very birth, is not to enter into controversy in the pulpit upon abstruse points of doctrine, which have no sort of connexion with the question concerning the duty of church communion, and the sinfulness of causeless separation. But the effectual and sure way to counteract their attempts against you, is not to attack their religious opinions, but to take heed to the soundness of your own doctrine and the innocency of your own lives. If you preach a doctrine that goes to the hearts of your hearers (and the genuine doctrines of christianity will always go to the heart of every one who hears them); if you adorn that doctrine by the good example of your own lives; the laity will be attached to you in spite of all your enemies can say against you. The pure, unsophisticated, un-mutilated doctrine of the gospel will always speak for itself. If you really preach that doctrine, they who tell the people, you preach it not, will meet with no credit; and, what is more, many of those schismatics themselves will be conciliated: they will be cured of their schism, and brought to repent of it. This is the method of self-defence I would advise you to pursue: to which I must add, that you ought in your discourses from the pulpit, to take frequent occasion to instruct the people in the origin, the nature, and the privileges of that society which is called the church; and set forth to them, how much it is the duty of every member of the church to hold the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and the guilt that is incurred by separations of communion. From controversy in your sermons, upon what are called the calvinistic points, I would by all means advise you to abstain. Believe me, they are not the proper subjects for the village pulpit. Mistake me not; it is not my meaning, that you are never to preach upon the subjects of faith and repentance, Christ's atonement, justification, grace, the new birth, good works, as the necessary fruits of that faith which justifies, and the symptoms of the believer's sanctification, of the merit of Christ's obedience, and the want of merit in our own. Upon these subjects you cannot preach too often. But handle them not controversially, but dogmatically. Lay down the doctrine categorically without disputing about it; taking care to stick close to the Bible, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the Homilies. Let your proofs be texts of scripture applying immediately to the point in their first and obvious meaning, without the aid either of critical inference, or metaphysical argument. By this method and way of preaching you will never bewilder either yourselves or your hearers; and you will effectually secure the people against the errors of the Antinomians on the one hand, and of the Pelagians on the other. The Calvinistic doctrine is too apt to degenerate into the one; and the Arminian into the other: but true Calvinism and true Arminianism are guiltless of both.

NOVELS.

ART. 21.—*Memoirs of Sylvester Daggerwood, Comedian, deceased, including many Years of provincial Vicissitudes, interspersed with genuine Anecdotes of many eminent Persons, and several deceased and living Actors and Managers. To which is added his last Will and Testament, containing Secrets worth knowing; with an Epistle dedicatory from the Author to G. Colman, Esq. The whole collected from the deceased Author's MS. with Notes critical and explanatory, by Peter Pangloss, Esq. LL.D. and A.S.S. Two Vols. 12mo. Allen. 1807.*

THE representation of Colman's Sylvester Daggerwood has afforded considerable entertainment to the frequenters of the theatre for several years; for our own parts we have more than once witnessed its performance, but all our critical acumen could never divine what the author meant. Peter Pangloss, whose poetical effusion called the Rosciad was noticed in the Crit. Rev. two years ago, has undertaken to give his life, which we have perused with very little amusement and much less information. We are as much in the dark respecting the author's meaning, as if he had never written a syllable. All is confusion and nonsense from the beginning to the end. Memoirs and anecdotes are alluring baits, and the prefixing of such a title to such a piece, is like a sign hung out to catch the eye of the traveller, to entice him to make trial of the entertainment the place affords. As to the goodness of the house, *expertis crede*, have met with such coarse and wretched fare, that we cannot conscientiously recommend it to our fellow-travellers.

MEDICINE.

ART. 22.—*An Account of a newly discovered Membrane in the human Eye; to which are added some Objections to the common Operation for Fistula Lachrymalis: and the Suggestion of a new Mode of treating that Disease. By S. Sawrey, Surgeon. 4to. Boosey. 1807.*

WHAT! a discovery in anatomy, and a new mode of treatment in one breath! It is even so. Mr. S. tells us that he has found out a transparent and very dense membrane, which covers the internal surface of the cornea, and is firmly connected to the edge of this body, and to that of the iris. It was first observed by him in the year 1803, while dissecting the eye of a horse, and has since been demonstrated in the hare and sheep, and in the human eye. In the hare it is particularly distinct: and an engraving of a preparation taken from that animal, is prefixed to the work. From the nature of this supposed membrane, we should not expect to derive much information from any engraving; but, to judge from that which is now before us, we should say that the surface of this ex-

pansion cannot be so dissected as to appear smooth like the other membranes of the body, and that the appearance has been produced by carefully paring off the outer part of the cornea, till we approach the inner surface, where of course it assumes a more compact structure for the purpose of retaining the aqueous humour. We do not believe that any preceding writer has mentioned the membrane of Mr Sawrey: but it is admitted on all hands that the cornea may be separated into lamellæ.—On the fistula lachrymalis, our author has thrown out some ingenious hints, tending to prove that in the common operation by perforating the os unguis, and that by cautery, the sac is generally obliterated, and no passage left for the tears. The same opinion is held by Nannoni in his Trattato Chirurg. Sulla Semplicità del Medicina. The *new mode* of treating this disease is no other than that of passing a probe by the nose, and clearing the duct, which to us, is certainly not by any means novel.

ART. 23.—*Observations on the Humulus Lupulus of Linnæus: with an Account of its Use in Gout and other Diseases. With Cases and Communications. By A. Freake, Apothecary. 2nd Edition. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Highley. 1806.*

THE humulus lupulus of Linnæus is the common hop. This plant appears to have been brought into England from the Netherlands in 1524. It is first mentioned in the English statute book in 1552, in the fifth and sixth of Edward the sixth. By an act of parliament passed anno 1603 (the first year of James the first), it appears that hops were then produced in abundance in England. The old herbalists and writers on the materia medica were sufficiently lavish in its praises; but in modern practice it has been much neglected. Dr. De Roche has called the attention of medical practitioners to the use of this bitter in his inaugural dissertation, de Humuli Lupuli viribus medicis, which contains some examples of its utility. But Mr. Freake was first induced to employ it in 1801, by the circumstance of having prepared a quantity of the tincture, which was left upon his hands. He circulated the first edition of these observations among most of the practitioners of the metropolis about a twelvemonth ago, and he has now republished his tract for general use, with the addition of the testimony of some very respectable names, in support of the utility of the medicine.

Of the cases we must say that they seem to be related with fidelity, and that the author betrays no disposition to exaggerate the power of the medicine. Its principal use seems to be to relieve the atonic and dyspeptic state of the stomach in gouty habits; a quality which from its sensible properties we may readily suppose it to possess. Mr. F. seems to think also that it has a peculiar effect in alleviating and shortening gouty paroxysms. We are by no means convinced of the fact from the statements here produced; and it is obvious that to establish it, an experience infinitely more extended and diversified is necessary than Mr. Freake's opportunities have hitherto afforded.

The communications subjoined to the observations are from Dr. Latham, Dr. Mayo, Dr. Stone, and Dr. Maton. They corroborate in general terms the author's own remarks ; but they do not go into details sufficiently to enable us to form our own opinion on the subject.

POETRY.

ART. 24.—*The Ratiad, a serio-comic Poem, in eight Cantos. By an Anti-Hudibrastian. 12mo. Mason. 1806.*

FROM the title-page of this poem we were naturally led to expect something curious. How any thing either instructive or entertaining could be derived from such a source, we were at a loss to conceive, and concluded that the author might possibly be some rat-catcher, who, elated at the idea of having discovered something new in his profession, had been soliciting the favour of the Muses to introduce him to public notice. But on a farther examination, we were surprised to find from the preface, that his professed object was to check the spirit of party zeal and produce unanimity among christian professors. How this wonderful project was to be accomplished by the agency of a rat, afforded fresh excitements to curiosity. On an attentive survey of the whole, it appears that the author (whoever he may be) has had a quarrel either real or pretended with some individuals among the clergy, and having in vain invoked all the gods and goddesses of antiquity to avenge his cause, and perceiving that Discord in the service of Boileau had done all that she was capable of doing, and that the gnomes and sylphs of Pope would not willingly relinquish their charge over the fair part of the creation, or lend their assistance to an inferior genius, he becomes desirous of finding out some power who would be more propitious to his designs, and accordingly fixes his attention upon a rat, and having possessed him with an infernal spirit, sends him through the village at the head of his companions for the express purpose of creating dissension among the inhabitants. However we may be inclined to censure the author's choice and management of his machinery, we must allow him at least the merit of original invention. He supposes two young ladies disputing together about the merit of the Calvinistic and Arminian doctrines, and their father, of whom is drawn a very flattering portrait, settles the difference by referring them to the scriptures, and promising them that he will have one of his manufacturing rooms turned into a chapel for their convenience. In consequence of this arrangement, the rats find themselves dislodged, and their inspired hero leads them on by the united inducements of plunder and revenge.

That a rat should be made an agent of hell, and employed to stir up contention in the church, is at least a new idea, and that in such a case he will have as good a right to the free use of his sentiments and reason, as Discord or any personified passion, may be easily allowed ; but that he should continue to exercise his oratorical powers through the greatest part of a canto, is a privilege which has not been

exercised by Jupiter himself. Indeed the prolixity and obscurity of this poem seem to be its principal faults. There are some parts of it which are immaterial to the main design (if it may be properly said to possess any), and which we think can only have been inserted to feed the vanity or gratify the spleen of the author. Avarus, who seems the principal hero, is placed in situations too ridiculous for his character, and Superbus uses language too degrading for his employment. The characters however are kept sufficiently distinct, the unities of time and place are carefully observed, and the diction is generally natural and easy. We subjoin a few examples, taking them as they occur without the trouble of selection.

The fifth canto begins with the following simile :

‘ As when an owl in quest of food
To satisfy her craving brood,
Returns, and finds her hollow nest
Is by a swarm of bees possess’d;
Then winks, and flies, and flirts about,
And tries all arts to get them out,
And wonders much that she is fain
To own her boasted wisdom vain:
So when Avarus saw a race
Of little creatures in his place,
He look’d with horror and surprise,
To think he’d been accounted wise;
And yet, in taking up a rat,
Was still inferior to a cat.’

Simplicius laments the fate of his mistress’s favourite cat in the following sonnet :

‘ Ah, Puss, thou pretty gentle creature,
Methinks I view in ev’ry feature
Simplicity and grace;
Thy meekness and fidelity,
Proclaim thy worth, and settle thee
First of the feline race.
Oft has the Muse with secret pleasure,
Attun’d her voice in plaintive measure,
To thee, thou first of Cats;
And I must see thee now resign
That philosophic mien of thine,
To cope with wicked rats:
While she who lov’d thee once shall bear
To dig thy grave without a tear.’ &c. &c. &c.

We have remarked a few orthographical faults.—The following lines are borrowed from Johnson :

‘ For by experience I can say
Who prays to eat, must eat to pray.’

ART. 25.—*Poems, by John Gordon, Esq. 12mo. 1s. Cawthorne. 1807.*

‘OUT of respect to the public,’ says Mr. Gordon, ‘as much attention has been given to the following poems, as the author’s situation could admit.’ When the reader comes to the extracts which we shall shortly lay before him, he will agree with us that never was a more damnable confession of imbecility. ‘Out of respect to the public!’ But Mr. Gordon has but ill manifested that respect by calling their attention under any circumstances to the present publication. To remind him that the public was in no hurry for his poems, and would patiently have waited till his occupations should enable him to produce them in a more finished state, would be superfluous, as the book before us contains internal and incontrovertible evidence of utter incapacity. What! shall we restrain the uplifted rod of criticism, when we see the very first page opening with such lines as the following, on the death of Lord Nelson?

‘ Ah, Nelson! victor in the hour of death,
Why not in the briny restless ocean
Laid to sleep for ever on the shelly bottom
Of the great abyss; beneath the tide,
Where oft thy glory shone, a noble grave
And bed of the fearless sailor?
No; you lie in little and ignoble state,
Close by the oozy stillness of a river,
Stared and gazed at by the multitude;
They force their way to view the last
Remains of him, who once could dart
His lightning on the foe.’

We are next called upon to join the author in lamenting the death of the late Duke of Bedford, and our sympathy is excited by the following couplet, in which Death is described as leaving meaner prey to fix his grasp on wealth and nobility.

‘ He left upon the pallet bed the wretch,
Bedford, the happy and the great, to fetch.’

Mr. Gordon throughout manifests an utter contempt of metre, of rhyme, and not unfrequently of sense. Of the former our first specimen gave proof. *Course—across; ran—son; doors—endures; soul—provoke; seek—weep; cast—rest; won—been; blush—wish*, afford, we presume, liberal testimony of the latter. But without particularizing any further, where every thing is in the highest degree bad, and unredeemed by a single meritorious line, we shall let Mr. Gordon sing the song of his own condemnation, in the following couplets on the pretender’s burial. That unfortunate wight died at Frescati, near Rome, in 1788, ‘and was buried there in a superb suit of peach-coloured satin, a golden sceptre in his hand, a sword by his side, a crown full of diamonds on his head, gold buckles

in his shoes, rings of great value on his fingers, and with the insignia of every order in Great Britain.'

Mr. Gordon's pity or indignation at this parade of mock-royalty, this vain ambition which extended even to the grave, gives itself vent in the following lines, in which he seems to have drunk deep of the cup of inspiration :

' Charles, the tyrant rings thy funeral knell,
Thy hour is struck upon his fatal bell ;
The grasping arms of Death surround thy bed,
And now proclaims you with the silent dead.
Yet in thy grave the little pride of man
Must vainly glitter in that sordid span ;
A mighty splendour, and a worldly state,
Should these upon this humble mansion wait ?
This narrow chamber of perpetual gloom,
This last inheritance will seal thy doom :
Misguided heir to Britain's royal crown.
All thy pretensions with thee here go down.

' A golden sceptre fills the needy hand,
That often sought by want's supreme command ;
The George and Garter round his shoulders thrown,
That lived on hope, and his ideal throne ;
A costly diamond here adorns the head,
That sleeps profoundly with the countless dead ;
Arrayed in silk in regal pomp he lies,
With futile vanity that heaven defies ;
And laid in armour in the still abode,
Where man shall rise to pay his vows to God.

' But stop the moral censure of the mind,
And soothe thy heart to pity and mankind.
O drop the tears that in thy bosom dwell,
On human grandeur, in this last farewell ;
Forget what happened in the final close,
Where once such state and fleeting greatness rose,
Still on that race thy artless grief bestow ;
Still for that name thy sympathy will flow.

' Weep the misfortune of his father-kings ;
Weep the result of all that weakness brings :
Leave them to sleep from multiplied woe,
Where George, the happy rival-king, must go.'

Neglect and contempt do not seem to be sufficient penalties for the numerous literary delinquents of the present day. The loss of credit is in vain held out *in terrorem* to these desperate adventurers, who have none to lose. It is much then to be lamented that some other punishment, more efficacious than the rod of criticism, cannot be inflicted on them. We have the satisfaction of knowing that we do all in our power to destroy these vermin of literature, and for our exertions, we have monthly experience of the gratitude of the public.

Among numerous other evils caused by the swarms of writers, that now infest society, may be enumerated the advanced price of paper, which is so great as to deter many an author, whose merit is greater than his resources, from really benefiting the world by his productions. The materials for that article are daily becoming more and more scarce. On paying a visit to our stationer not long ago (to ask a little longer credit, some wag will perhaps remark), our curiosity was induced to make a few inquiries relative to a large cargo of rags, consisting chiefly of coarse shirts, torn and perforated in every direction, and many of them covered with blood. Those rags, gentle reader, and the paper on which thou art now reading our remarks on Mr. Gordon's poems, were present at the ever-memorable battle of Jena! Might not this furnish a hint for a novel, as well as the adventures of an atom, a flea or a guinea? The above circumstance accounts for our paper having been worse than usual for the last three or four months.

But we are wandering out of our prescribed path. Our condemnation of Mr. Gordon has been unqualified. If it will be any satisfaction however, we will willingly exempt him from the charge of avarice, as he has affixed the price of one shilling to a book of respectable size, handsomely printed on excellent paper, and for which three times that sum would have been the usual charge.

LAW.

ART. 26.—*The Principles and Law of Tithing.* By Francis Plowden, Esq. Barrister at Law. 8v. 16s. Baldwin. 1806.

THAT a judicious and accurate selection out of that prodigious mass of authorities and decisions on this important subject, which lie encumbering the lawyer's shelves without order or arrangement, was still a great desideratum to the profession, notwithstanding numerous recent publications on the subject, is a truth that must have been feelingly acknowledged by every one who has been obliged, in pursuing the investigation of some unusual point, to refer to his books for satisfaction. At the same time the boundless multiplication of law-books is a serious evil, and it was therefore devoutly to be wished that the task might remain unattempted, till some gentleman with patience sufficient to support him through all the difficulties and intricacies of the pursuit, and with such judgment as would enable him to discriminate between what is really useful and important, and the heaps of obsolete and unnecessary matter with which it is embarrassed, should undertake to supply that vacuum in our stores of legal learning. Whether Mr. P. is or is not that gentleman, is a question on which the profession must decide for itself; it does not become us to anticipate its judgment. We will only say that he has certainly displayed considerable learning and deep research, and that it is impossible but a book containing such a number of cases, generally, we believe,

cited with correctness, and arranged with tolerable perspicuity, must prove, in some degree, useful to the public, at least by facilitating investigation, and lessening the trouble and difficulty of multiplied references.

It deserves our praise on another point, in which it may prove an useful example to future writers and compilers of professional works. It contains, in a single volume, (and that not a cumbrous one) more matter than is often to be found in two of the same size, and what might, with only a common degree of attention to the art of book-making, have been easily spun out into four.

We have considered this as a professional work, because, from the preface, it is evident Mr. P. intended that it should be viewed in that light; and the two last books of the three into which it is divided, are devoted to strictly professional subjects; but Mr. P. would not pardon us for neglecting to remark that, in the first of these divisions, he appears to the world as an antiquarian, an historian, and a divine, in addition to his legal character. The limits of our publication will not allow us to affix very minutely the degree of praise due to him for the execution of these *supererogatory* offices. However *naturally* a work on the law of tithes may be supposed to induce a discussion on their first principles, and however closely such a discussion may be connected with a history of religious establishments, we cannot conceive that those *adjuncts* were at all *necessary*, in the present case, and therefore think that a proper exercise of that discrimination which we have before suggested to be an essential quality in writers on professional subjects, would have taught Mr. P. to have omitted his *first book entirely*, with a view to the real benefit and advantage of his brother-lawyers. Considering him in the *adscititious* characters we have noted, Mr. P. has thrown no new light on subjects which have given food for the spirits of discussion and controversy during the last two centuries. He affects great liberality and candour, and lays himself open to no peculiar censure for any of his tenets. He agrees that the best title to tithes is that founded on the law of the land, and not that *de jure divino*; but, not content with giving this as his opinion, he goes on to quote fathers and councils very unmercifully, from which, if he forms any conclusion, it is one very different from that which he sets out with stating. Indeed his law and his religion seem not to be very cordial friends to each other at bottom, though they are apparently engaged in a very amicable union. He allows indeed that the dreadful judgment which followed the case of Ananias and Sapphira (the oldest tithe cause in the books) was not so much founded on the subtraction of tithes as on the crime of perjury, of which they were guilty *de facto*, notwithstanding their equivocation and evasion.

We forbear any further comments, that we may not draw down on ourselves and the public, by any indiscreet objections. a '*postliminious preface*' to the Law of Tithes, which we earnestly deprecate. We have already said that the arrangement and contents of the latter part of the work are such as will probably render it of service to the public, and we are particularly pleased to observe that, in treating

of legal points, the author avoids all that pomposity and *verbiage* of style, which, on that account, we can pardon in his preface and *preliminaries*. We heartily wish that all professional writers would follow his example in this respect; we should not then be so often offended with the perplexities added by an affected phraseology to the natural difficulties of an intricate point of law.

The book wants a table of contents, which is an important omission.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 27.—*A musical Grammar, in four Parts: I. Notation, II. Melody, III. Harmony, IV. Rhythm. By Dr. Callcott Organist of Covent Garden Church. 12mo. 8s. boards. Birchall. 1806.*

AN extract from the preface to this work will inform the reader of its object and extent.

‘The design of the following work is, to compress in a small volume, the leading principles of practical music. From the great analogy which exists between music and language, the author has presumed to adopt a classification first suggested by the German theorists, and to entitle the whole a *Musical Grammar*.

‘He has endeavoured, by examples selected from the best authors, and intermixed with musical characters, to render the instructions more satisfactory than if they were merely verbal; and he only regrets that, in many instances, they could not be made more extensive, without injuring the due proportion of the parts and the portable size of the book.

‘The author takes this public method of announcing, that he has not abandoned the design formed nine years ago, of compiling a *Musical Dictionary*. His original plan merely professed to comprehend an abridgment of Walther, Rousseau, &c., but, when the friendship of Mr. Kollmann (Organist of the German Chapel at St. James’s) had assisted him with some valuable treatises, he found it necessary to relinquish the idea of immediate publication; and, unwilling that many more years should elapse without shewing the world in what manner his researches had been conducted, he ventures to lay before the public a specimen of what may be expected from his labours.’

The work is extremely well executed both in arrangement and perspicuity of expression. Those who have written on the elements of music, have been usually self-taught. Hence their treatises have for the most part been deficient in system. Forgetting that what is familiar to themselves, is to the reader, for whose use they write, a *terra incognita*, they frequently anticipate their own definitions, and use terms before they have explained the meaning

of them. In this respect the grammar (as it is rather affectedly called) before us, is unobjectionable.

Dr. Callcott adopts, and we think very sensibly, the notation of the Germans to distinguish the same note in different octaves. He explains all the musical graces of the German and Italian schools, with examples annexed. His remarks on musical accent are written in the clearest manner we have yet seen; and those who study thorough bass and composition will find the principles of them laid down here with less perplexity than perhaps in any other work.

Dr. Callcott's justly acquired celebrity cannot fail to gain this book the attention it deserves from the musical reader.

ART. 28.—*History of the Campaign of 1805, in Germany, Italy, the Tyrol, &c.* By Wm. Burke, late Army Surgeon. 8vo. Ridgway. 1806.

THEY who are desirous to read a second time what appeared in the French bulletins and the news-papers of the day, will have an opportunity of doing it in this production of Mr. Burke, who we are informed was an army surgeon, but who seems to know no more of the matters on which he undertakes to write than is known by John Doe and Richard Roe, and the rest of his majesty's liege subjects at large. The state papers in an appendix form the best part of the work. We hope some better informed person will give us a history of the famous campaign of 1806.

ART. 29.—*The Speech of Randle Jackson, Esq. addressed to the Honourable Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the State of the Woollen Manufacture of England, on Behalf of the Cloth Workers and Sheermen of the Counties of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Wiltshire, Somersetshire and Gloucestershire.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Stockdale. 1806.

IN this speech Mr. Jackson proves himself the strenuous and able advocate of the cloth-workers and sheermen, who have been threatened with a loss of employment by the introduction of the gig-mill and the sheering frame. Though we do not assent to all that he has said respecting the use of machinery, yet we are willing to allow that he has made out a strong case; and that humanity seems to second the arguments which he has advanced. By the use of the gig-mill, three men may perform the work of twenty-four according to the common mode of dressing the cloth by hand. Hence it is evident that gig-dressed cloth may be afforded cheaper than cloth dressed by hand; and that, consequently, supposing the cloth which is dressed by the mill to be as good as that which is dressed by hand, the use of mill must be regarded as highly beneficial to the community. Here then the interest of the community is opposed to the interest of particular individuals. This will usually be the case in the first employment of all inventions for the abridgment of labour; and though the wise and virtuous statesman will do all in his power

to alleviate the condition of the sufferers, and to enable those who are deprived of one species of employment, to find subsistence in another, yet he will prefer the greater good to the less, and consider the interest of the community before that of the individual. What is true of the gig-mills will apply to the sheering frames, or to any other species of machinery, which expedites the production and lessens the cost of manufactures. Mr. Jackson indeed endeavours to prove that the use of the gig-mill and of the sheering frame are injurious to the cloth; that the one stretches it too much, and that the other makes incisions in the web. Supposing these defects real, they may readily be remedied; but we are convinced that the operations of well constructed machinery, which are not affected by the passions of the mind, and the numberless causes which alter the disposition and powers of individuals, must be more equable and regular than those of the human hand. There always will be a variety of employments to which machinery cannot be applied, and which will always be sufficient to furnish occupation, and consequently subsistence, to the population of the country. Temporary evils may and usually will, as in the present instance, result from the adoption of measures the most extensively and permanently beneficial: but these evils are inseparable from the present state of things, and ought not to be suffered to impede the progress of the arts, or the continually increasing improvements of rational and civilized men.

ART. 30.—*The Rights of Stock-brokers, &c. defended against the Attacks of the City of London.* By Francis Baily. 8vo. 1s. Richardson. 1806.

BY the sixth of Anne, c. 16. all persons, exercising the office and employment of a *broker* within the liberties of the city of London, are to be admitted to do so by the mayor and aldermen; and to pay an annual sum of forty shillings to the chamberlain. But Mr. Baily contends, and, we think with considerable plausibility, that the particular class of persons, who are named *stock-brokers*, do not come within the meaning of the act. The question however is involved in doubt; and the city of London, who have had one case decided in their favour, seem more determined to enforce the impost, than the stock-brokers are to try the question a second time. Perhaps the arguments of Mr. Baily may succeed in animating his brethren to appeal once more to the glorious uncertainty of the law.

ART. 31.—*Festuca Grammatica, the Child's Guide to some Principles of the Latin Grammar, in which the original and natural Delimeation of the Verb is restored, and the Government of Nouns is reduced, by Means of the English Particles, to six certain Rules most easy to be comprehended by Children; with a Phraseologicon of the regular Latin Syntax, shewing its very extensive Analogy with the English to be a true and most ready Medium through which to initiate a young English Scholar in the Latin Tongue.* By the Rev. Richard Lyne, Author of the Latin Primer. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Law. 1807.

A MERE title-page!

ART. 32.—*Du Mitand's Grammatical Tables of the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Swedish Danish, English, Russian, Latin, and Greek Languages, arranged according to their relation with each other, and digested agreeably to that Plan of Uniformity, set forth in the Prospectus for simplifying and assimilating the System of Grammar in general; the said twelve Tables with their corresponding Grammars, having throughout the same Definitions, the same Divisions, and the same Denominations, as may be ascertained by comparing together in different Languages, the Squares to which the same Numbers or Figures are affixed, and which contain nearly the same matter. To be had at the Author's, No. 67, Chancery-Lane, and at Messrs. Dulau and Co, Soho Square. 12s. each on canvass, or 15s. on pasteboard. 1807.*

FROM the perusal of the prospectus of this work, reviewed in our No. for September 1805, we were induced to form a more favourable opinion of it, than the execution will justify. The labours of Mr. Du Mitand certainly display considerable ingenuity, with which however their utility by no means keeps pace. We conceive it to be utterly impossible to learn a language from the concise tables here presented to the public. Like the different games of geography, grammar, &c. which have been formed by Frenchmen in this country, with counters, they seem intended to cheat people into the idea that a language may be acquired by easier methods than consulting the works of long established authors. It is however only right to add, that the grammars of the different languages, which are to correspond with, and assist in the explanation of the tables, now under inspection, do not yet appear to be published, and till we see them, perhaps we ought not to pronounce a definitive judgment.

ART. 33.—*An Analysis of the Experiment in Education made at Egmore near Madras, comprizing a System alike fitted to reduce the Expence of Tuition, abridge the Labour of the Master and expedite the Progress of the Scholar, and suggesting a Scheme for the better Administration of the Poor-laws, by converting Schools for the lower Order of Youth into Schools of Industry. By the Rev. Dr. Andrew Bell, A.M. F.A.S. F.R.S. Edin. Rector of Swanage, Dorset, late Minister of St. Mary's, Madras, Chaplain of Fort St. George, and Director and Superintendant of the Male Asylum at Egmore. 3d Edition. 8vo. Cadell. 1807.*

WE have contemplated this plan of education with pleasure, and hail the adoption of the system in several of the charity schools in this metropolis with high satisfaction. The plan is very good, and might be adopted in other seminaries; but he must be a sturdy master of an academy, who would venture to make the first experiment.

CORRESPONDENCE.

W. I. is requested to continue his labours.

APPENDIX

TO THE

TENTH VOLUME

OF

THE THIRD SERIES

TO THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

VOL. X.

No. V.

ART. I.—*Einleitung in das Neue Testament, &c.*
Introduction to the New Testament, by J. G. Eichhorn. Vol.
I. 8vo. Leipzig. 1804. London. Escher.

THE author of this work has long been celebrated for acuteness, liberality, and depth of theological research. To every subject which comes before him, he brings the most profound and varied erudition. His mind is too vigorous and robust to be fettered by the narrow prejudices of any particular system; and his love of truth is too strong to suffer him to conceal the truth which he discovers, however opposite it may be to any established creed. It is only from minds so constituted and from hearts so disposed, that we can expect the numerous errors which have been incorporated with the prevailing religious systems to be exposed, and the religion of Christ to be maintained in all its purity and truth.

We are required as Christians to be able to give to every one who requires it, a reason of the hope which we cherish in our hearts. Now this injunction necessitates investigation, and investigation not narrow and partial, but full, comprehensive and unrestrained. As long as truth only is the object of our search, that search cannot be too laborious or minute. For nothing can be considered as of trivial moment which relates to a truth of such vast and incalculable importance as that of the Christian religion. And conscious that that religion is inherently and substantially true, though it has been mingled with such a diversity of corruptions, and disguised or rather deformed by such a variety of

interested artifices, we need not be afraid of enquiring too far ; for the farther we enquire, the more shall we recede from the associated errors, and the nearer shall we approach to the unadulterated and resplendent truth. The old saying that all is not gold which glitters, is true in respect to most of the prevailing systems of christianity, in which the outside glitter and superficial tinsel will be found the device of man, while craft has cast a veil over that which is really the work of God. The web of mystery and the gewgaw of ceremony have been employed to obscure the moral lustre of the gospel. The grovelling wit of man has been substituted for the unspotted irradiations of the universal mind.

That blessed doctrine, on obedience to which the righteous ground their hopes of a happy immortality, is contained in what are called the four evangelists, in its best, its purest, and its simplest form. Hence it becomes a matter of supreme importance to know from what sources these writers derived their information, whether they were eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses of the facts and the discourses which they relate, or whether like other historians, they compiled their several accounts from the most credible authorities, and the most satisfactory documents which they could procure. In the discussion of this question, we do not mean to include the evangelist John. He appears to stand on a very different footing from the rest. There are marks of an eye-witness and an ear-witness in him which are not quite so palpable in the others. The few miracles which he relates, are exhibited more in detail, and with a more vivid enumeration of particulars. The discourses which he delivers seem not only more copious and minute, but tinged somewhat more with the characteristic manner, with the hallowed emphasis, the impressive energy, and the commanding authority of the teacher of righteousness. We do not say that these marks are not very perceptible in the other evangelists ; but in John they are more forcibly felt, and more vividly seen. The discourses in his last chapters seem almost as full and particular as if they had been written down as they flowed from the mouth of the holy Jesus. They are so majestic, awful, and yet blended with such a sweet effusion of charity, that while we are reading them we seem to breathe the air of Heaven. We are persuaded that it is the voice of no terrestrial being which we hear ; but that the spirit of God is speaking through the mouth of man.

Allowing then, as we do most conscientiously, the originality of John to be clear beyond dispute, we shall, per-

haps, if in the course of our enquiry we see reasons sufficient to impress the conviction, be induced to believe that the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke were compiled from such sources and documents as appeared to them most worthy of belief. That various memoirs or short summaries of the life and doctrine of Jesus were written and published anterior to our canonical gospel, is a matter of historical notoriety, and is even distinctly acknowledged in the preface to the gospel of Luke: The principal design of the oral preaching of the apostles, and of the first written accounts of the ministry of Jesus, was to prove that he was the Messiah. Nor could this preaching or these accounts well take a different direction: For a native Jew had established the new religion. To Jews that religion was first made known; by Jews it was first taught, and the persons to whom it was taught, were Jews. It was necessary therefore, in order to support the new religion, to shew that it was the natural and predicted progeny of Judaism; and that the new dispensation was in spirit and in substance such as the prophets had imagined and foretold. The apostles could expect to make no converts, but by an historical and prophetical deduction that Jesus was the promised Messiah, whose doctrine was to produce that improvement in the religion and manners of the people which the prophets had so long announced. He, who was thus convinced that Jesus was the Messiah, was initiated into the new society by the baptismal rite. It was by this means that the apostle Peter made in one day 3000 converts, Acts ii. 22—36. It was after a similar instruction that Cornelius (Acts x. 37—41), the chamberlain of Queen Candace (viii. 31—39), the jailor (Acts xvi. 31—33) acknowledged the Messiahship of Jesus and were baptised. Hence to such an introduction to the Christian doctrine some account of the life of Jesus was requisite, and hence it was considered necessary that an apostle or immediate missionary of Jesus (Acts i. 21—22) should have been an eye-witness of what he had said and done, from his baptism to the period of his ascension. Without this qualification, how could an apostle in a satisfactory manner compare the history of Jesus with the prophetic delineations of the Messiah? This instruction was indeed most gratefully received from the mouths of eye-witnesses; but as it was not designed that christianity should be confined to the narrow confines of Judea, teachers soon became necessary who had not themselves been the associates of Jesus, and who were consequently obliged to appeal for the truth of what they asserted to the evidence of the apostles and

others, who had heard and seen what Jesus had said and done. Hence some written account of the points of greatest importance in the life of Jesus became necessary as a basis of instruction and a manual of the doctrine which they had to teach; and hence probably originated the first brief narratives of the points of principal moment in his history.

To such a sketch of the life of Jesus, which was to serve as an historical formulary for the associates of the apostles, nothing more was requisite than a summary of those points in his life and doctrine, which, in that early age, were deemed essential to direct the faith and the practice of the Christian. These accounts, without making any mention of the conception and birth of Jesus, or any circumstances of his life previous to his ministry, appear to have begun with his baptism, and to have ended with his resurrection (Acts x. 37—41. Comp. i. 21. 22). And as they were the compositions of men illiterate and unexercised in the arts of composition, they were drawn up without any historical plan, any artificial or elaborate representation, but tending in the most direct manner to prove that Jesus was the expected Messiah.

We still possess four biographical narratives of Jesus under the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; but it must immediately strike us that these formularies could not be those, which were designed as a manual of instructions for the assistants of the apostles in the functions of their mission. For these narratives do not appear to have been rude or hasty sketches; and they in some measure contain parts of the life of Jesus, which had no place in the primary memoirs. Besides this, the use of at least the three first gospels in their present form did not begin till the close of the two first centuries. For till the end of the second century all the fathers of the church whose works have come down to us, made use of gospels very different from the present; and though they may in many parts agree with the three first canonical gospels, they were not the same identic compositions.

Anterior to any mention which history makes of the gospel of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and others with which we are acquainted either from tradition or from fragments, there are traces of a gospel of the Hebrews (*Evangelium secundum Hebræos*, *Εὐαγγέλιον καθ' Ἑβραίους*). This was used by Ignatius, according to Jerom; and according to Eusebius by Papias and Hegesippus, who wrote in the beginning of the second century, and who do not quote any of our present gospels. This circumstance justifies us in ascribing a

very high antiquity to the gospel of the Hebrews. In the most ancient times it was without exception denominated *Ευαγγέλιον καθ' Εβραϊους*, *Evangelium secundum Hebræos*. And as the title *Evangelium secundum Matthæum*, *Marcum*, &c. designates the gospel which Matthew, Mark, &c. had written, so the *Evangelium secundum Hebræos* must undoubtedly signify a gospel which Hebrews had composed; but still it is a point of uncertainty who these Hebrews were. But in the interval between Origen and Jerom, it was called not only 'secundum Hebræos,' but 'secundum XII. Apostolos.' Thus the tradition of a later period seems to have defined that, times which more likely to have known, appear to have left obscure and indeterminate. This title was probably affixed in order to increase the authority of the work. From the beginning of the third century our present canonical gospels had acquired a general and exclusive consideration, and only the party of Nazarenes and Ebionites adhered to the gospel according to the Hebrews. It is not improbable therefore that they might have been tempted to ascribe to this gospel the venerable names of the XII apostles, in order the more readily to defend it against the objections of the catholic church. The title which this gospel generally bore in the time of Jerom, *Evangelium secundum Matthæum*, is still more destitute of truth. In proportion as the fathers lived later, they pretended to know more, and spoke with less hesitation of the more early transactions of the church. But the name of Matthew was probably given to this gospel because it had a closer resemblance to the present canonical gospel which bears his name, than to any of the rest.

This is certain, that the oldest gospel according to the tradition of the earliest periods of the church was composed by Hebrews; but it does not appear to have been known who those Hebrews were. But of this gospel 'secundum Hebræos', the farther we go back, the more general we find the use. Justin Martyr shews no acquaintance with any but the memoirs of the apostles, *απομνημονευματα των αποστολων*, which, if they were not the same as the gospel of the Hebrews, had a nearer resemblance to it than any of our present gospels. The fathers before Justin Martyr never speak slightly of the gospel to the Hebrews, as of an apocryphal book. Hegesippus employed it in his writings, (Euseb. Hist. Eccl. lib. iv. 22), and from it Papias derived the history of the adulteress, Hist. Eccl. lib. iii. 39. In the earliest remains of the Christian fathers, we find traces of the gospel to the Hebrews. These traces begin with Papias, and run through Ignatius, Hegesippus, and Justin Martyr, to Origen,

Eusebius, and Jerom. The language in which this gospel was written, was the Aramean, or a mixture of the Chaldee and the Syriac, which was at that time the popular dialect of Palestine. This was one of the causes which led to its gradual disuse, except among the small party of the Nazarenes or Ebionites, with whom perhaps the gospel long retained more of its original simplicity than with any other sect of christians. Of this gospel, notwithstanding the two translations which were made by Jerom into Greek and Latin, only a few scattered fragments have survived the wreck of ages. These passages are produced by Eichhorn, and compared with corresponding passages in our present gospels. This gospel Eichhorn supposes at first to have contained only a brief recital of the most important particulars in the life and doctrine of Jesus, such as were most necessary for the teachers to inculcate, and for the hearers to retain; but it was afterwards enlarged by successive additions, and a more copious enumeration of particulars. Eichhorn concludes his remarks with saying, that, whatever may be our sentiments with respect to this gospel in other respects, it is indisputably true, that the most antient gospel which history records, was very different from the compositions of our present canonical evangelists.

Another gospel, which had a considerable approximation to our present Luke, existed in the beginning of the second century. It was ascribed to Marcion, the chief of a numerous sect of the Gnostics, and was long after his death received by his followers, who rejected our present gospels. Marcion, like some moderns, urged the separation of Christianity from Judaism, and rejected the divine authority of the Old Testament. He and his followers were accordingly assailed with every opprobrious epithet which the Catholic church could accumulate, and he was accused with more bitterness than truth of altering the writings of the New Testament, in order to favour the system which he espoused. His gospel incurred the holy anathema of the strictly orthodox. Though it had a near resemblance to that of Luke, yet it differed in various particulars, which Eichhorn details with his usual industry, accuracy and erudition, which he discusses with the most judicious and enlightened criticism, and proves in opposition to the commonly received opinion that the gospel of Marcion, instead of being a mutilated copy or corrupt abridgment of Luke, may fairly claim the honour of an original composition. Instead of the gospel, which is ascribed to Marcion, having been a perverted copy of that of Luke, it is far more probable, and indeed, from the statement of Eichhorn, almost certain, that Luke founded his gospel principally on the basis of that of Marcion. Eich-

horn has collected the remaining fragments of Marcion's gospel, which he has compared with the parallel passages in Luke; from which he infers that Marcion was neither acquainted with the gospel of Luke nor with any other of our present canonical gospels. Justin Martyr (who was born A.C. 89; died 165) a Samaritan of Flavia Neapolis (Naupluse) in Palestine, who from a heathen philosopher was converted into a zealous christian, and who may be reckoned among the earliest christian writers, nowhere quotes our present existing gospels, which he does not appear to have known; a circumstance which deserves particular consideration, as he had spent many years in his travels, and passed a considerable time in Italy and the lesser Asia. But, in his genuine works, whatever he quotes concerning the life or the discourses of Jesus is taken from a work entitled 'απομνημονευματα των Αποστολων' (memoirs of the Apostles). And that these *απομνημονευματα*, 'memoirs,' meant not our present gospel but one individual gospel which went by that name, is clear from this, that in his dialogue against Tryphon (p. 227 ed. Colon.) the Jew speaks expressly of one gospel in the singular number: *εν τω λεγομενω ευαγγελιω παραγγελματα*, &c. 'In that gospel,' says he, 'which you mention, the commands which are delivered are too hard to be observed.' Eichhorn supposes the 'memoirs of the Apostles' to have furnished the principal matter for the gospel of Matthew. It bore a considerable affinity to what was called the gospel of the Hebrews, and the old fathers of the church found so much resemblance between our present Matthew and the gospel of the Hebrews, that many formed the precipitate conclusion that both those gospels were the same work and differed only in the language. But, as far as we can judge from the fragments which are found in Justin, the *απομνημονευματα*, or memoirs, differed from the gospel of the Hebrews, in beginning with some account of the birth and infancy of Jesus which were not mentioned in the gospel of the Hebrews. In this respect the memoirs agreed with the gospel of Matthew, which also differed from the gospel of the Hebrews in containing an *evangelium infantie* which was wanting in the latter. But the narrative of the life and doctrine of Jesus in the memoirs, appears to have been a more hasty production than that of Matthew. There was more brevity and less connection and particularity of detail. As Marcion's gospel was an imperfect Luke, so the memoirs of the apostle were an imperfect Matthew. As the conclusion of our present Luke was wanting in the gospel of Marcion, so the conclusion of our present Matthew appears to have been wanting in the memoirs of the Apostles.

The learned critic next gives an account of the gospel of

Cerinthus and of Tatian's harmony; and then proceeds to examine the gospel which was employed by the apostolical fathers; and, after a minute and highly erudite induction of particulars, he determines that all the biographical notes of Jesus, which were most current in the two first centuries, were essentially different from our present canonical gospels. It is, we know, the general opinion that the apostolical fathers abound with citations from Matthew, Mark and Luke: but criticism pure, enlightened and impartial, is not to be warped in its judgments by popular prejudice or a traditionary creed; it avows without timid hesitation, and it maintains with rational confidence, those results to which it is led by patience of research directed by the torch of erudition. The apostolical fathers from Barnabas and Clemens of Rome, down to Polycarp, introduce in their writings texts which are palpably different from those of Matthew, of Mark and of Luke. Eichhorn has collected all the passages in the apostolical fathers, which are commonly supposed to have been taken from our present gospels. It would lead us into too great prolixity of detail to enumerate all that he has said on this subject; but we believe that his observations will carry conviction to the mind of every reader, not already too much biassed in favour of a particular system to be convinced. Theologians are too apt to measure the validity of a creed by the quantity of personal emolument with which it is connected; such persons we fear will not listen to any evidence, which makes against their own interested notions. The light of truth, however pure and resplendent, finds difficult admission into their hearts. We speak of the men of narrow minds, and of corrupt hearts, who will no doubt revile those conclusions of Eichhorn, which they cannot so easily overturn, and will perhaps vent against us, who have made the English reader acquainted with the substance of his work, every species of invective which malevolence, or ignorance, can supply.

Though we may not be able to shew the particular written accounts from which Barnabas, Clemens of Rome and Polycarp, derived their quotations, yet we know that they were not taken from our present catholic gospels; but the citations of Ignatius were literally borrowed from the gospel of the Hebrews; and those of the other fathers were probably taken from gospels which, though lost, were in circulation in the two first centuries. Our present canonical Matthew was unknown to Cerinthus and Justin Martyr; our present Luke to Marcion; and Tatian had no knowledge either of Matthew or of Luke. This use of gospels different from our present was so widely diffused and so

generally prevalent, that even in the fifth century, Tatian's Diatessaron, which was principally founded on the gospel according to the Hebrews, was in use in many churches which followed the apostolical doctrine; and about the year 423, Theodoret found many copies of this work in the churches with which he was more particularly acquainted.

All these gospels had much in common with our present canonical gospels, Matthew, Mark and Luke, as those gospels have much in common with each other. In the fragments of the above gospels, which still remain, they appear as parts of a trunk which ran into two principal branches, from which each again sent forth some smaller shoots. To one of these principal branches, from which sprung the gospel of Matthew, belonged (1) the gospel according to the Hebrews, (2) the gospel of Cerinthus, (3) the memoirs of the apostles mentioned by Justin Martyr, (4) part of the evangelical harmony of Tatian; to the other branch, from which proceeded the canonical Luke, belonged (1) the gospel of Marcion, and (2) another part of the evangelical harmony of Tatian. But the trunk itself, which gave rise to these two principal branches, appears to have been the brief biography of Jesus, which was prepared as a guide for the teachers of the new religion, a manual of what Jesus had said and done, the work probably of sudden exigency, rather than of deliberate reflection. This original document, which formed the basis of the gospels which were used by the early fathers, was throughout more brief, and less particular than the three canonical gospels, but it was also in the accounts which the former had in common with Matthew, Mark and Luke, more scanty and imperfect, though the verbal relationship, which had its origin in a document or original which was common to all, could not be mistaken. As the apostles and their associates, in their instructions to the people, began their relation of his life with the beginning of his ministry, the earliest gospels, as those of the Hebrews, of Marcion, and of Tatian, contained no account of the genealogy, birth and infancy of Jesus. As the original document was prepared by men, who had little pretensions to literature and little acquaintance with the arts of composition, it must have been very scanty, rude and unfinished in its representations; and thus a more brief and imperfect text pervaded all those early gospels, which appear to have been in the possession of the more early fathers. But these scanty and unfinished productions were successively enlarged with more full and perfect details. Various additions were made to the copies of the same gospel; or what was omitted in one was supplied by the more ample and circumstan-

tial narrative of the other. The memoirs mentioned by Justin, and the gospel of Cerinthus, exhibited the genealogy, nativity and infancy of Jesus, respecting which nothing was said in the gospel according to the Hebrews, or in the productions of Marcion and Tatian. In the same manner, in parallel passages, we find particular parts augmented by continual additions. Thus, for instance, the voice from heaven at the baptism of Jesus originally ran; υἱος μου εἰ σύ· ἐγὼ σήμερον γεγέννηκά σε, 'thou art my son; to-day have I begotten thee.' Other accounts described the voice in these words: σύ εἰ ὁ υἱος μου ὁ ἀγαπητός, ἐν ᾧ ἠδούκησα, 'thou art my beloved son in whom I am well pleased.' Thus the words are read in our present canonical Mark. In the gospel of the Ebionites, as the passage has been preserved by Epiphanius, both the representations of the voice from heaven are united into one; σύ μου εἰ ὁ υἱος ὁ ἀγαπητός, ἐν σοὶ ἠδούκησα· καὶ πάλιν· ἐγὼ σήμερον γεγέννηκά σε, 'thou art my beloved son in whom I am well pleased;' and again; 'to-day I have begotten thee.' By this continual amplification, the original text of the biography of Jesus was sunk in a multitude of additions, till it almost disappeared. Hence it at last happened that truth and falsehood, what was genuine and what was spurious, accounts which had been perverted and falsified by long tradition, began to be blended into one heterogeneous mass. This appears to have induced the church, at the conclusion of the second century, or the beginning of the third, to select out of the many gospels which were then in circulation, four which had the strongest marks of truth, and were best prepared for general use, in order to prevent the total obscuration of the truth or perversion of the simplicity of the gospel; and to deliver to posterity an account of the life and doctrine of Jesus, with the least possible alteration. On these four gospels, to which the preference was thus given, the church impressed the seal of its exclusive approbation, and the rest rapidly lost their influence and fell into disuse. Thus our present gospels were originally approved by the church, not because they were deemed inspired compositions, but because of the many human compositions, which then existed on the same subject, they were deemed the best. This appears to us to furnish the most rational, probable and satisfactory account of the origin of our present gospels, which we have ever seen. It extricates the subject from all the labyrinth of perplexity, in which it is entangled by the theory of inspiration. It accounts for the few dissonances, which are found in the relations of the different evangelists; for by supposing them human compositions, it necessarily infers that they are subject to error; and that, like the other works

of man, they partake of the imperfections of humanity. It appears from what has been said, that about the time when the church conferred on the four canonical gospels, the honour of its exclusive approbation, a multitude of gospels were in circulation, with which from the additions made by successive enquirers, in which curiosity often supplied the place of evidence, much fictitious matter had been mingled; and that those four gospels were selected because they contained the most full, comprehensive, and detailed relation of the life and doctrine of Jesus, blended with the smallest quantity of traditionary or fabulous matter, and represented the precepts of christianity, and the actions of the founder with the utmost simplicity and truth. This account of the origin of the four canonical gospels at the same time, instead of depreciating, increases their authority. For though it considers them as human compositions, it supposes them to be acknowledged by the general suffrage of antiquity, as compositions in their kind of the most consummate accuracy and the highest excellence. Eichhorn, like our own learned, acute and highly meritorious scholar, and theologue, Herbert Marsh, supposes an original document which constituted the common basis of the three first gospels, which common document was enriched with information derived from other sources, and augmented with facts and discourses which farther enquiry had enabled them to collect.

Since no traces of our present Matthew, Mark, and Luke appear before the end of the second and the beginning of the third century, and since Irenæus (about the year 202) is the first who speaks decisively of *four gospels*, and imagines various reasons why the number was limited to four, and since Clemens of Alexandria, (about the year 216) industriously scraped together all the accounts which he could find of the origin of these four gospels, in order to prove that these only should be acknowledged as genuine, it is a self evident proof that at the conclusion of the second or the commencement of the third century, the church was anxiously labouring to bring these gospels into general repute, and to procure for them a more distinguished and exclusive consideration. It would have been fortunate for christianity, as it would have prevented much cavil, perplexity, and doubt, if those, who selected our present gospels for an exclusive circulation, had at the same time introduced by public authority the original document or short account of the life and doctrine of Jesus, which was imparted to the first missionaries, in order to serve at once as the guide and the pledge

of what they taught, without any of the alterations or additions of succeeding times. But this was perhaps then hardly possible, as no copy was extant which was entirely free from these additions : and there was not at that time critical sagacity sufficient to draw the line of distinction between the original matter, and the subsequent additions. But still we should not forget the singular obligations which we owe them for preserving not only one, but three of the biographical accounts of Jesus, which were prepared from this original document. By this means they have rendered it possible for us even after the lapse of so many ages to separate the original life of Jesus from all subsequent additions, and from the same to recompose a life of Jesus purified from the traditions of a later period, and to answer a variety of questions to which it would have been impossible to make a satisfactory reply without the possession of the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, which were formed on the basis of the same original. To these questions,—in what manner was formed the most antient biographical notice of Jesus? in what manner so many gospels arose, the resemblance of which is so striking, and the basis of which must have been the same? whence the four catholic gospels which were so old and derived from apostolical times, did not come into general use till so late a period? The answers which the fathers of the church give to these questions are futile and absurd; and we must either entirely renounce the solution of the difficulty, or endeavour to unravel the perplexing knot by a nice, accurate, profound, and critical comparison of our gospels with each other, and with those fragments of the more antient gospels which are still preserved in the writings of the fathers; but, in this process of critical dissection and research, we must make a distinction between the gospel of John, and the three first gospels. The former is as different from the latter in purpose and in quality, in words and in spirit, as the east is from the west; the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, have the closest resemblance, and must have had their origin in some document which was common to all; but that of John has no dependance on the rest, and preserves the air of an original composition.

The discovery of an original document of the three first gospels will be found of the most essential service in our theological enquiries. First it shews what were those parts in the life of Jesus, which the first teacher of christianity considered the most important to be inculcated and known. The miraculous conception of Jesus is founded only on the two first chapters in Matthew and in Luke, particularly on

Matthew i. 20. and Luke i. 35. The apostles (says Eichhorn) knew nothing of the miraculous conception; it was an addition to the history of Jesus which was made in a later period, when those, who were imbued with the philosophy of Greece, or who had been reconciled to the human divinities of heathenism, wished to aggrandize the founder of the new religion by a supernatural nativity. But, in that original document, which served as the basis of the other gospels, no mention was made of a miraculous conception; Jesus was called the son of Joseph and of Mary. The original gospel, which constituted the basis of Matthew and of Luke, made no mention of the conception, birth and youth of Jesus; and it was not till a later period, in which we could expect no authentic account on these subjects, that the original gospel was enlarged with these exotic additions; and, though they may have some real basis, they have been so embellished with traditionary fictions that it is impossible to separate the few particles of true history from the dense mixture of fabulous narration. From the enquiry, which Eichhorn has so laboriously prosecuted, into the origin of the three first gospels, he asserts that there are few writings of antiquity respecting which more fictions have been circulated. But ought we to wonder that the external history of these books is almost entirely lost? The gospels of the three first evangelists arose from the combination of documents which previously existed, the first basis of which was founded merely on the present exigency, and what followed was intended principally for the use of particular individuals, friends and acquaintance. Can we hence with any probability assume that the three first evangelists were at their first appearance known to many persons, or that they were in general circulation? For the same reason the writers little imagined that those productions would descend to posterity, which they had designed only for the use and put into the hands of particular persons, who were sufficiently acquainted with the design of the author and with the credibility of his narrative. The authors accordingly were not solicitous to give their works such a form as would most recommend them to a general reader, or satisfy the demands of a late posterity. On this account not one of the writers has given any distinct or characteristic information of his own history, of the period of his life or composition. Matthew is only by the subject, tone, and manner of his narrative, known to be a Jew, but hence we learn nothing individual or determinate respecting him. Mark appears to have been a person acquainted both with Jews and Heathens, with the manners and practices of both; but he leaves it entirely undeterminate whether he were a contemporary or an

eye-witness of the facts which he describes; and was not a more accurate knowledge of the author necessary in order to enable us to form a correct estimate of his gospel? Luke furnishes a few more characteristic traits, but still only such as in general teach us that he was a contemporary with the early times of Christianity; who merely gives a narrative of what Jesus had said and done, which he had derived either from the information of eye-witnesses or from the most credible written documents. But does this enable us with any certainty to appreciate the value of his gospel? The evangelists were not so dull as not to know how much depends on the name, the character and circumstances of him who writes a history: still less did they wish to deceive by omitting a more close and characteristic delineation of their persons. Impostors are more wont to aggrandize their importance, and magnify their pretensions. They are willing with as much force and clearness as possible to represent themselves as the persons for whom they wish to pass, and to procure credit for the antiquity to which they pretend by traits in their writings which cannot be mistaken. And would the evangelists, if they had been impostors, or assumed a character to which they had no claim, have adopted a conduct quite the reverse of this, and have nowhere accurately delineated who they were, on account of the cheat which they designed to practise? Does not this silence prove that they were simple and unsuspecting writers, whose object was merely local or personal, who did not write for posterity so much as for certain known individuals and places?

The innocent simplicity, which is so visible in the narration of the evangelists, the plain, easy, and undisguised manner in which they detail the precepts and transactions of Jesus, prove them to have been artless and honest historians, who had no intention of magnifying the hero of their history; but who represent every thing which he said or did exactly in the way in which they believed it to have been said or done. With whatever admiration the evangelists might regard Jesus as their lord and master; with whatever feelings of veneration or of love they might consider the dignity of his character, the sublimity of his destiny, or the excellence of his doctrine, we never find them adopt the tone of vulgar panegyric. We hear no exclamations of praise, no bursts of rapture, no animated eulogy. They relate without any ornament in a cold and homely diction, the precepts, the actions and the fate of Jesus. The only one among them who introduces any remarks or reflections on his life is Matthew; and what remarks, what reflections? There are none on the grandeur of his actions, the divinity of

his doctrine, or the majesty of his character, but remarks which merely tend to prove that he was the Messiah who had been so long promised and expected. And were those remarks different from those which were made in every account of the Christian religion which was to obtain new proselytes to the new religion among the Jews? And were they not necessary to be made in any gospel which was intended for the instruction of the Jews? But as they were less necessary among the heathen, we find them omitted in Mark and Luke. And is not the exact agreement of their narrative with the times in which they lived and wrote, and with the circumstances in which we suppose them to have written, an irrefragable proof of their veracity? No one has yet arisen, who has in this respect convicted them of falsehood; and till this is done, we may boldly affirm their truth.

There are several strange and marvellous appearances in their historical relations, which do not consist so much in the events themselves; as in the peculiar mode of representing them, in the light in which they were seen, in the popular idiom in which they are expressed, or (as in the case of the Demonides) in the popular superstition and vulgar creed with which they were incorporated. These are improprieties in the representation which are quite abhorrent from our present sentiments and modes of historical narration; but we cannot expect that all times should be alike in their views and judgments of events, or in their mode of representing them. There are many occurrences in the gospel, which, dark and perplexed from the manner in which they are detailed, might have had a clear and definite sense to some of the more enlightened contemporaries. It is indeed difficult for us, who live in times in which the combinations of ideas and the modes of belief are so different from what they were then, to draw the right line of distinction between the real events and the popular idiom under which they have been disguised. But we must remember that the evangelists did not write for us, or design their compositions for our use. They could never imagine that their narratives, which were originally drawn up for the sole use of particular individuals (as we see in the preface to Luke's gospel,) would after the lapse of ages, be read in the greater part of the habitable world. If we find so many difficulties in the explanation of these writings, those difficulties should animate us to employ the greater diligence in the attempt, and incite us to exert every power of critical and historical research, which can throw any light on the important subject.

We have thus enabled our readers to form some idea of the nature and execution of M. Eichhorn's introduction to the best, the most consolatory and instructive of all books. His opinions will no doubt be found at variance with most of those who are called orthodox Christians; but the profession of orthodoxy, however loud and positive it may be, was never yet the test of truth. What is vulgarly called orthodoxy is little better than a determination to persevere in error, and to oppose a deaf ear to every argument which is opposite to that persuasion which is cherished by the feeling of present emolument or invigorated by the force of ancient prepossession. Such persons would no doubt readily purchase fire and faggot to consume M. Eichhorn and his works; but we are of opinion that religious truth can be established and religious error subverted only by discussion. And as we deem religious truth to be the greatest good, and religious error, as the opposite of that good, to be the greatest evil, we welcome with unfeigned pleasure every new work in the department of theology, in which the writer strenuously and honestly labours to elucidate the truth. Truth only is the object of our labours, the treasure dearest to our hearts; and we care not from what source it may come, or from what sect it may spring.

The hypothesis of M. Eichhorn is in the most essential particular the same as that of Mr. Marsh. Both suppose that there was an original document, which constituted the basis of the three first gospels; that this document was enlarged by successive additions; that some copies of it abounded more in details than others, and that this document has been more or less incorporated with the compositions of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. M. Eichhorn supposes, and indeed proves, that there were several gospels which were in general circulation anterior to those of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, whose compositions, with the gospel of John, did not receive the exclusive sanction of the church till the end of the second or the beginning of the third century. This late reception and notice of our present canonical gospels may be accounted for by the consideration that they were at first written for the instruction, or designed for the use of private individuals, that thus their circulation must for a considerable period have been confined to private families, before they were honoured with the seal of public approbation. At the end of the second century a great multitude of different accounts of the life and doctrine of Jesus was generally diffused throughout the christian world. These accounts were of greater or less authority; and blended in many cases with fabulous and tra-

ditionary matter. This caused the fathers of the church, out of the mass of existing gospels, to select four, which appeared to them to contain the most copious and authentic details of the transactions and precepts of Christ, with the fewest spurious or unauthorised additions. This supposition, which is supported by the evidence of fact and the inductions of probability, instead of weakening, tends greatly to strengthen the authority of our present gospels, considered as human compositions. The exclusive sanction with which they were honoured, instead of being the effect of prejudice, was an honest and unbiassed tribute to their superior credibility and truth. Hence, though of the many accounts of Jesus, which once existed, we may regret that some have perished, we ought to be grateful for those which still remain, whose excellence we have every reason to believe is considerably greater than that of those which have been lost. Some small quantity of merely traditionary or less credible matter may be blended with the former; but this is small indeed, compared with the mass of the narratives, in which we discern the more than golden ore of genuine, unvitiated truth. We conclude with anxiously hoping that some able theologue will undertake an answer to the arguments and statements of the present work, of which we have given so copious a detail. Whenever such an answer may appear, we will review it with the same candour, the same seriousness, and the same regard for truth, with which we have perused the work of the learned professor of Gottingen. We will endeavour to prevent any prejudices of any kind from giving a false bias to our judgment; and we will, with all that frankness and ingenuousness which we deem so necessary in the censors of literature, confess whether we think that the palm of victory ought to be adjudged to Eichhorn or to his antagonist.

ART. II. *L'Enéide, traduite en Vers Française, &c.*

The Æneid, translated into French Verse, with Remarks on the principal Beauties of the Original. By J. Delille. 12mo. 4 Vols. with the Text. 4to. 2 Vols. without the Text. Paris. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.

IT is unfortunate, though it is not surprising, that all the languages of modern Europe should scarcely supply us a translation that represents the character of its original. But it is surprising, as well as unfortunate, that all the enthusiasm with which the literature of antiquity has been cultivated, should have produced so few translations of any emi-

nence even for independent merit of their own. It could scarcely be expected, that the same genius which created in Greece or Rome the great works we admire, should be revived in a later age to copy them to other nations; but it might have been hoped, that, among the multitude of men of every description of talents, who have devoted their lives to the study of ancient literature, there might have been found not a few of superior abilities, who would delight in the endeavour to re-create to their own country the genius of antiquity, as an offering of their veneration, as a proud indulgence of their enthusiasm. And a philosopher, who, at the revival of letters, had foreseen the growth and diffusion of that ardour, with which the minds of men were then turning to the reliques of antiquity, who had foreseen every future worshipper of the muses of poetry and eloquence, imbibing from those sources his earliest Pierian draught, and still returning to them at every period of his existence to recruit his enthusiasm, to purify his taste, and to drink in fresh inspiration for his own genius, would probably have predicted with little hesitation, that one of the noblest departments of modern literature, would be formed of our translation of the works of Greece and Rome. He would not have suspected that the transfusion of genius from nation to nation, was to be the drudgery of hirelings or the job-work of literary contractors; and that those men, the restoration of whose writings was the day-break of reason and refinement on a barbarous world, would be finally established among the nations they had civilized, in the occupation of solicitors of charity for lean-witted and half-starved authors.

We do indeed possess some few, some very few translations, in which genius has met genius, and the result has been an accession to our poetry or eloquence: but we can hardly name one, which represents the characteristic excellence of its original. It appears as if we must submit to be instructed by experience, and, while we consider a just copy of the finest ancient works, as among the greatest acquisitions that can be wished for to any language, must be contented to resign all eagerness at least of hope for its appearance, and to comfort ourselves with tracing, in what passes for indigenous literature, the features which the race has inherited from the fortunate admixture of that generous blood.

Yet there is one writer the want of whose works will always be to our eyes a more essential defect in the literature of a country. A translation of Virgil would present to us in blended beauty all the varieties of excellence, which are scattered over the writings of the ancients. It would deliver-

ate to modern Europe the loveliest of the souls, whose image has been spared to us from antiquity; and would enrich the language that possessed it with more of that highest poetry, the poetry of the feelings, than any other among the inspired of old has bequeathed to succeeding ages.

The eagerness with which the works of the Abbé Delille have been read and translated in most nations of Europe, the rapidity with which editions of them have been multiplied, and the height at which he has long stood in his own country among the fortunate candidates for literary honours, have raised a very general expectation of the high merits of his long announced translation of Virgil, and have perhaps led many to hope to find in it something like a supply of the great deficiency we lament; especially as the fondness with which the Abbé has always dwelt on the memory of Virgil, whom he invokes as his master, from whom he professes to have derived his poetry, and to whom he seems desirous to ascribe all his reputation, might well persuade them that the proud and grateful enthusiasm of a scholar would animate his efforts, and rouse his genius to the fullest exertion of its strength.

The fame of those former works, and, we might almost say, the anticipated fame of that which we are about to consider, seem to require of us a more scrutinizing investigation of its pretensions than its own deserts alone would have inclined us to bestow, or than they might perhaps even have justified. And before we proceed to bring into view the merits it does really possess, it is necessary; by a very copious display of its omissions of excellence, as well as its positive offences, to satisfy our readers that the honour of giving Virgil to modern literature must be reserved for a happier poet than Delille.

A just translation is obviously that which represents an author's thoughts in his own style; which reflects the forms of the original, and reflects them in their own colours: and a translator will be required to comply more or less with the strictness of this definition in proportion to the excellence of the work he translates. It would be idle to exact that, with the admirable thoughts of a writer, he should preserve his execrable style; or, when he alternates high merit with extreme absurdity, that he should pursue him through the windings of his folly, with the same steady fidelity with which he must follow the happier excursions of his fancy. In translation in general much will be left to the discretion of the translator; and we might name numerous works of interest and reputation, in which we should allow, or even require of him, a very spirited and liberal use of his discretionary powers.

But if there is one poet whom his translator must never hope to improve, to whose thoughts and whose style it is his wisdom to adhere, that poet unquestionably is Virgil. And if we at all succeed in imparting to our readers the feelings that have afflicted us in the examination of this translation, they must be satisfied that M. Delille has abandoned with dangerous presumption or carelessness, or most unfortunate incapacity, that guidance of his master; and that he has raised in the melancholy effects of his ignorance or indiscretion an instructive monument to that master's wisdom.

And now, observing at the outset, as a sinister augury of the whole, that M. Delille adopts the first four rejected lines, and that he opens the Æneid with

‘Moi qui, jadis, assis sous l’ombrage des hêtres,
Essayai quelques airs sur mes pipeaux champêtres,’

we proceed with somewhat heavy cheer to our critical investigation.

Among the characters of Virgil's style which make the earliest impression on the mind of his reader, are the nobleness which, through all the varieties of his subject, he unfailingly sustains—that simplicity and purity of Grecian taste which is not inconsistent with his studied beauty of expression—and that force and fidelity of descriptive language, which delineates to the eye of the reader every event he relates.

It must very soon strike the examiner of M. Delille's translation, that these are precisely the features in the want of which the general character of his work most effectually differs from that of his original; but it requires rather a laborious study of it to exhibit distinctly and satisfactorily any thing like the variety of inventions, by which this opposition of character is so accurately accomplished. We do not flatter ourselves that we have drawn up a complete view of this extraordinary operation, though we do trust that we shall give our reader a little insight into a few of its most important secrets.

One great effect of the style of Delille, which taints his whole composition from end to end of the work, is the perpetual use of abstract, metaphysical forms of expression. In Virgil, as in the writers of every nation whose taste is not very much vitiated by affectation, the persons who appear, think, act, and speak for themselves, after the usual manner of human beings. But in M. Delille, more than in any of the distinguished poets of his country, and they are none of them free from the fault, this is a privilege they are very seldom allowed to enjoy. It is usually some quality, or a feeling, or an act, or some very

abstract modification or accident of their existence, that is called upon to perform their most important and laborious duties. So that it sometimes happens that in a struggle in which their dearest interests are at stake, the principal parties concerned appear among the most tranquil and indifferent spectators of the contest, which is carried on with all imaginable fury and obstinacy, by properties, circumstances, and modes of being.

This appears very soon in the persecution of *Æneas* by *Juno*. These two illustrious personages remain in the most perfect composure. Not so the goddess's '*fiers ressentimens*' who '*troublerent si long tems LA HAUTE DESTINEE d'un prince magnanime, humain, religieux;*' in which they were happily assisted by her '*haine insatiable,*' which prohibited *Ausonia*—not to the *Trojans* but '*aux grands destins de Troie.*' In the next line we find that '*l'inflexible Destin secondant son orgueil*' very much prolonged the exile of her enemies. Which conduct, it may be observed by the way, is rather surprising in '*l'inflexible Destin,*' as *Juno's* party just before appeared in complete hostility to him; for those '*grands destins,*' if they are not himself in the plural number, must certainly be his ministers acting under his directions. Indeed he is altogether a very extraordinary character. On one occasion he actually grows *jealous* of *Creusa's* affection for her husband, as we are told in plain terms, (*Liv. ii. 1057*;) and this is expressly stated to be the real reason why she was not permitted to accompany her husband on his travels: a fact with which we were never before acquainted. He frequently makes his appearance throughout the work, in lights very different from those under which the ancients had misrepresented him, and generally, it must be confessed, very little to his credit. (Thus *L. vii. 812.*) *Juno* completely triumphs over him; and it appears immediately after that even old *Latinus* had succeeded in wresting the reins of government from his hands, for he is declared in *v. 826*, to restore them to him; and what not a little increases the singularity of the transaction is, that he (for the good man is not without his eccentricities) is moved to do so by no other cause than the discovery that he has just been beaten by *Juno*.

To return from a digression which we trust the very curious information it contains will excuse:—the following are a few of the more exquisite forms in which this style of expression may be expected to appear for the admiration of the reader. '*D'une ardente jeunesse la haine curieuse autour de lui s'empresse.*' *Liv. ii. 89.* '*Des morts et des vaincus n'alarmoient pas sa gloire, Et la pitié devoit attendre la*

victoire.' xi. 147. 'L'arstere prudence de Drances irrita les superbes chagrins de Turnus.' xi. 172. 'D'une déitél a fière jalousie ferme a mon infortune et l'Europe et l'Asie.' Though it is not in every page we meet with expressions of such complicated ingenuity as these, or of such boldness as a 'lion's wandering hunger, which traverses fields and forests,' (x. 1075,) there are few pages in which specimens of some degree of interest are not to be found.

When every body goes about enveloped in such a cloud of quantities, modes, &c. it is no wonder that a man who is obliged suddenly to speak to another, should sometimes, without allowing himself time to recollect who is the actual person concealed within, at once address himself to some of the swarm of ideal beings that float around him, and which at first sight appear to compose his individuality. Thus when Æneas laments over Lausus, it is not surprising that instead of 'Heu! miserande puer!' he should address him by 'Assemblage touchant de grandeur et de charmes.'—If Jupiter harangues the gods, it must be very troublesome for him, who, as Lucian has recorded, was never very apt at pursuing long chains of reasoning, to be obliged to develop the real internal nature of the splendid apparitions about him, before he speaks to them: but the first glance satisfies him that he may safely call them 'Ornemens glorieux de ma cour éternelle.' If Venus is to supplicate her son, it is not likely that she will begin with the appellation 'Nate,' which she might have done if she had really seen her son, and only then add her terms of endearment and flattery—'mea vires! mea magna potentia!' The host of circumstances and qualities that dance round him is far too multitudinous. She begins therefore very naturally, by addressing several of them, 'O toi! l'honneur, l'appui, le charme de mes jours, enfant vainqueur des dieux, souverain de la terre!' &c. It is not wonderful either that the poet himself should sometimes in his haste, which often appears to be great, speak of living creatures by titles compounded of their qualities, on occasions where the image produced is not easy to the apprehension of minds less accustomed than his own to consider all things with the eye of philosophy. Thus, Liv. viii. 918, we have a she-wolf who 'Sur l'espoir naissant de Rome encore naissante Promene mollenient sa langue caressante.'

Whatever may be the peculiar merits in poetry of this philosophical habit of viewing in sensible objects chiefly their more remote and speculative relations, it is evident that a system of expression formed upon it is not very happily calculated to represent the style of an author who constantly exhibits real, living beings in motion and action; since

instead of a distinct and interesting picture, it can only fill the mind with a confusion of undefined, unfixed, and dim-discovered shadows. The same effect of obscuring and confusing the images of Virgil, is produced by a device, somewhat akin to that we have just described, which, though it may appear, when stated, so trifling as to be almost harmless, is found, if skilfully applied, or employed with sufficient perseverance, not slightly efficacious. It consists in nothing else than simply making several nominative cases, with each a verb under its authority, start up in the course of a sentence, through the whole of which in the original, all the verbs were governed by one important noun.

A single instance will be sufficient to shew in what manner, from the want of this constant reference of all the actions to the agent, he entirely escapes from our eyes, when it is of consequence that he should be unceasingly and vividly before them.

When Volscens has slain Euryalus, Nisus rushes forwards to revenge his death. The followers of Volscens interpose, and surround and wound him.

‘ —instat non secius, ac rotat ensem
Fulmineum ; donec Rutuli clamantis in ore
Condidit adverso, & moriens animam abstulit hosti.’

It is curious to observe how completely the little operation of breaking the construction, will blot out from the passage, the striking picture of the wild resistless fury of the avenger.

‘ Inutiles efforts ! le glaive furieux
Tourne rapidement dans sa main foudroyante ;
Volscens pousse un grand cri : dans sa bouche béante
Le fer étincelant plonge, & finit son sort.
Ainsi l'heureux Nisus donne & trouve la mort.’ L. ix. 636.

The pictures of Virgil may further be got rid of, by substituting for the action a short statement of its signification ; or, as another resource, and not less effectual, by leaving out idea and image altogether ; as in the following instances :

‘ Talibus Ilionei dictis, defixa Latinus
Obtutu tenet ora, soloque immobilis hæret,
Intentos volvens oculos.
Le roi l'entend d'un air profondément rêveur.’ L. vii. 347,

‘ Taliâ vociferans sequitur, strictumque corusc at
Mucronem, nec ferrè videt sua gaudia ventos.
Il dit, et ne voit pas, dans sa crédule joie,
Que l'air emporte au loin ses discours, & sa proie.’ L. x. 963,

We may close these remarks (though we are still far from having exhausted the subject) by observing that they apply almost solely to the description of—what is indeed rather an important part of an epic poem—the actions of living beings. In descriptions of motionless objects and inanimate nature, the translator is very liberal of descriptive language, as we shall hereafter have occasion to state more particularly.

There are some people who seem to labour under a cruel fatality, which brings forth from their very best intentions the severest injuries they occasion to themselves and their friends. The Abbé Delille is possessed, as we have already remarked, with a violent sense of his obligations to Virgil; and this, exalted by the tender affection which, in his capacity of a poet, he naturally felt for that illustrious member of the fraternity, determined him to some very signal exertion of generous gratitude. He proposes to introduce him to the admiration of his own world of admirers in France. But being apprehensive that the garb of that ancient might not make the most prepossessing impression on the eyes of his intended acquaintance, and himself perhaps a little ashamed of appearing in company with one so much his inferior in that essential point—(for though the raiment of the poet was of exquisite texture, and of wonderful purity and beauty of colour, being woven by the hand of the muses, and dipt in the hues of heaven, there was yet a simplicity and sobriety about it, that did not at all satisfy the Abbé's conceptions of dress)—he resolves at once to re-equip the poor poet, from head to foot, out of his own wardrobe. He has accordingly arrayed him in a profusion of splendour, in which Agamemnon, or Alexander himself, need not have disdained to appear on the French stage, in the days when magnificence and the scorn of costume reigned there in their pride. And to crown his generosity, he leaves the wondering spectator to believe, that all these fine things are actually the poet's own clothes: though with the secret consolation, perhaps, of conceiving to himself the doubled wonder of those who must guess whence the splendour came, because they were acquainted with his *protégé* in the meanness of his original indigence.

Thus in the very opening—*'Multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem, inferretque Deos'*—becomes,

*'Qu'en imagine point la déesse implacable
Alors qu'il disputoit à cent peuples fameux
Cet asile incertain tant promis à ses dieux ?'*

and the line and a half which remain are converted into

six very sublime hexameters, of which the last is 'Et des vainqueurs des rois la ville impériale.'—Immediately after 'Urbs antiqua fuit—Carthago,' is nothing less than 'Carthage eleve au ciel ses superbes remparts.' Then 'Hoc regnum Dea gentibus esse—tenditque totæque,' is exalted into 'là son superbe espoir Veut voir la terre entière adorer son pouvoir.' Pass but two lines, you find for 'Populum latæ regem, belloque superbum, Venturum excidio Libyæ,' 'Un peuple de sa ville orgueilleux destructeur, Et du monde conquis vaste dominateur.' This little collection from the first two pages, will probably satisfy the reader of the sumptuousness of Virgil's new attire. We shall therefore only mark a few passages, which struck us because the circumstances so evidently and imperiously demanded the extreme of simplicity. Jupiter concludes a speech to the gods, informing them of his intentions, and in which every expression is concise, and every sentence short and simple, with 'Fata viam invenient,' that is to say 'Quelque soit leur succès, dans sa course indomptable Le destin atteindra son but inevitable.' L. x. 167. Which having said—'Stygii per flumina fratris Annuït,' by which one word *annuit*, you are to understand that 'Ratifiant du sort l'immuable sentence, Du décret éternel de sa toute-puissance, Par un signe de tête il avertit les cieux.' For there is almost as much meaning in the shaking of Jupiter's head as of Lord Burleigh's.—Turnus, in the council of Latinus, rises highly exasperated, and begins a speech full of indignation and vehemence. But he pauses from his passion, and as if he felt that the opinions of a senate in their grave deliberations of policy, were to be swayed not by a young man's violence, but by argument and conviction, he assumes the calm language of reasoning. The effect of all that part of the speech in which the fiery prince, suppressing the emotion of personal feeling, argues on the national interests with the temper and the views of a statesman, appears to us very happily conceived and executed. The style is admirably supported. We would particularly remark in the following lines, in which he states a maxim to which he wishes to give much weight, a philosophical calmness of expression.

'Multa dies, variusque labor mutabilis ævi
Rettulit in melius : multos alterna revisens
Lusit, et in solido rursus fortuna locavit.

Ignorons nous le sort, et ses jeux inconstans ?
Il détruit, il répare, il change avec le tems,
Et, jetant à son gré des fers ou des couronnes,
Des états ébranlés raffermir les colonnes.' L. xi. 617.

It does not appear to us that this fine flight of poetical fancy, is at all in the style of Turnus's ideas, either when he was in a passion, or when he wished people to believe that he talked common sense. Indeed we cannot easily persuade ourselves that it could enter into the head of any one person then in Italy on any one conceivable occasion.

One instance more, when Æneas appears before Andromache in Epirus, she doubts if it be the living Æneas or his ghost. He answers,

'Vivo equidem; vitamque extrema per omnia ducō:
Ne dubita, nam vera vides.'

whereas it appears he ought to have said,

'O comble de grandeur! ainsi que de misère!
Non! vous ne voyez pas une ombre mensongère.
Oui! malgré moi je vis et pour souffrir encore!'

What renders this tenderness of the Abbé for his poor friend more truly humorous is, that, by an unfortunate inadvertence in putting together this kingly apparel, there are occasionally some little interruptions of continuity in its gorgeousness, and the eye is let in on small strips and patches of some less princely manufacture. Was there a deficiency of the 'purpurei panni'? Were 'all his golden words spent,' when there was suffered to intervene two royal paragraphs 'Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans les aines des dieux?' or, in the midst of magnificence, 'Hébé pour Ganimède essuyant un affront,' and 'La pourpre que l'aiguille a brodée a grands frais:' and the god of whom we are told that 'Un facile succès couronne son message:' and the other god who within thirty lines is 'le diligent Vulcain,' and 'le divin forgeron:' and the fury who we thought 'Cœli convexa per auras Junonem victrix affatur voce superba;' while in fact all that happens is that 'elle court à Junon raconter ses succès;' and poor Delphobus,

'A qui le fer ravit, dans son malheur extrême,
L'organe de l'ouïe, et l'usage des yeux.
Son corps tout mutilé n'est plus qu'un trou hideux;
Et son nez, disparu de son affreux visage,
Du fer déshonorant y marque encor l'outrage.' L. vi. 636.

There are certain concurrences of circumstances under which the disposition of ornaments becomes a more especial treat to those who are in the secret of this little history, and know what M. Delille would be at. Thus in the view of the arts of nations.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aëra,
Credo equidem, et vivos ducent de marmore vultus.
Orabunt causas melius; cœlique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent.

To Virgil, Eloquence guarding the laws of a country, needed no ornament to fit it for poetry: the expression is as simple as possible. The office of Astronomy is only described, and it appears sublime. But to justify the introduction of mechanical arts, he covers them with his elaborate beauty of poetical expression. On which views of his subject M. Delille suggests the propriety of the following improvements:

D'autres avec plus d'art (cédons leur cette gloire)
Coloreront la toile, ou, d'une habile main,
Feront vivre le marbre, et respirer l'airain,
De discours plus flatteurs charmeront les oreilles,
Décriront mieux du ciel les pompeuses merveilles.

L. vi. 1160.

The fourth line may perhaps be ranked at the head of those (and they are neither few nor insignificant) in which M. Delille has successfully illustrated an important truth, that he who is to translate the work of a Roman, must begin by possessing a Roman soul.

The following class of expressions are more fantastic than costly; and seem employed rather in the way of taste than of magnificence. 'Cependant la déesse aux regards curieux, A la bouche indiscrete, a la course légère, D'Euryale immolé vient accabler la mère. L. ix. 684. A valley at once 'Roule l'or de Pactole, et l'or de ses mois-sons:' and Latinus saw in every rank, 'Briller du bien public la noble jalousie:' Ilioneus too must have been pleased to find that 'Les Troyens, qu'enchanter son discours, D'un murmure flatteur lui prêtent le secours:' nor is it easy to fancy the delight of Dido, when instead of a 'monile baccatum,' she received 'Ces trésors arrondis, ces perles que l'aurore De l'onde orientale autrefois vit éclore.' Will not Sir Hugh Evans exclaim 'What phrase is this? It is affectations.'

After all these serious evils of style, it is hardly worth while to observe of the few metaphors which sparkle here and there, that they have not the air of being copied from Virgil; he having no parallel expressions, we believe, to 'faire éclore un fléau,' 'colorer un piège,' 'ma gloire rougit,' 'une armure stérile;' and not yet having been detected in describing the gloom that involves the heavens and the earth, by

La nuit, du haut des cieux jetant ses ciêpes sombres,
Avec ses noirs habits, — et ses mains
D'un grand voile ont couvert les travaux des humains.' L. ii. 329.

Nor can it be even thought a grief of much importance, that we should occasionally find ourselves bewildered in a sentence of such dædalean clauses as

‘——il dit, et d’un bras sanguinaire,
Du monarque traîné par ses cheveux blanchis,
Et nageant dans le sang du dernier de ses fils,
Il entraîne à l’autel la vieillesse tremblante.’ L. ii. 738.

or our sagacity a little staggered at such as

‘L’ombre à peine éclaireit son humide noir cœur.’

and

‘Là, de plus belles nuits éclaireissent leurs voiles.’

To the consideration of the language, we shall add that of the versification, before we proceed to the higher characters of poetry. The versification of Virgil is not only the most harmonious we know, but at the same time the most expressive. Whatever feelings arise in the mind of the poet, the harmony of his verse obeys and expresses them as faithfully as the tones of an eloquent voice. It is soft or solemn, exulting or severe; it is fervid and troubled with passion, or faltering and dejected with the weakness of grief. And not only do these tones (if we may name them so,) add a wonderful charm to the words they clothe, but often before we can gather the idea of the poet from his language, they have filled the mind with his feeling. When Andromache exclaims ‘O felix! una ante alias, Priameia virgo! Hostilem ad tumultum, &c.’ who is there that conceives she is rejoicing in the happiness of another? Who does not feel in the slow-drawn solemn sounds, the expression of a deep and settled sorrow that sends forth its tones ‘imo ex pectore?’ The reader of the translation will be in no doubt about the meaning of the exclamation, for sufficient care is taken to inform him of that; but it is not from the versification he will learn it. She begins ‘Que je te porte envie!’—We shall just cite two passages, in which a contrasted expression is required in two adjoining sentences, and where in the original the changing versification marks very happily the change of feeling, exactly at the division of the sentences. Dido apologizes to Æneas for the strictness of the measures that had alarmed the Trojans:

Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri, et latè fines custode tueri.

It has all the simplicity and modesty of an apology. But the versification rises with her feelings, when she proceeds to argue their security from the general reverence of men for the virtues and the woes of Troy.

' Quis genus Æneadum, quis Trojæ nesciat urbem,
Virtutesque, virosque, aut tanti incendia belli ?

De mes naissans états l'impérieux besoin

Me force a ces rigueurs : ma prudence a pris soin

D'entourer de soldats mes nombreuses frontières.

Qui ne connoît Enée, et ses vertus guerrières ? &c.' L. i. 787.

The chief difference between the two parts here, seems to be that the last line is the least magnificent of all, and that which immediately precedes it the most so. Just after, Æneas appearing from his cloud, addresses them,

' Coram, quem quæritis, adsum,

Troius Æneas, Libycis ereptus ab undis.

—O sola infandos Trojæ misæ rata labores,

Quæ nos, reliquias Danaum, terræque, marisque, &c.

Celui que vous cherchez, dont la faveur des dieux

A conservé les jours, le voici :—que de grâces

Ne vous devons nous pas, ô vous, que nos disgrâces, &c.

L. i. 836.

M. Delille has acquired considerable celebrity for his versification, by his command of this expressive harmony. There is a passage in the '*Homme des Champs*,' which is written, like Pope's, avowedly to show that he is very skilful in the employment of it ; and a note on the passage, with an anecdote to prove that he has succeeded to admiration. It appears to us that in adapting the character of his versification to the description of objects of sense, he frequently has succeeded to admiration ; but that in adapting it to the emotions of the speaker, he has entirely failed : and that perhaps in some degree from not being very clearly aware of the existence of that sort of thing. For this varying harmony he seems to have substituted a general pomp of versification ; interrupted only at times by lines and passages of exceeding lameness and debility, and bearing altogether a very close consanguinity to what we have already remarked as the predominant character of his language.

It seems probable that the constant variations of style both in the language and verse of Virgil, as they are prompted by varying feelings, are among the circumstances which leave on the mind of the reader, an impression of his simplicity. It is the simplicity of truth and nature. The style of the translator is never suggested by his heart. It seems a style which he deliberately and systematically approves and adopts before he begins ; and having once resolved to support it, he does maintain it most magnanimously through all the tumults of passion that assault, and all the witcheries of feeling that lie in wait to seduce him. This appearance of an uniform predetermined style, which lends it-

self but moderately to the variations of emotion, must always give poetry an oratorical air, we might perhaps say more correctly in the present instance an air of declamation. For illustrations we are happy in being able to give the reader who may fall in with the translation a compendious reference to the ends of speeches, which in general rise regularly as they proceed, and if the subject be but a little more elevated than usual, are wound up at the conclusion in most magnificent *tirades* of eloquence.

Venus, in the council of the gods, declares that after all the misfortunes which the gods combine to heap on her Trojans, she perceives it is not the design of fate that Æneas should establish his kingdom in Italy, she resigns all the high hopes of her ambition, and only entreats that she may be permitted to save Ascanius. But then, she adds, what has availed them to have escaped from the flames of Troy, and from all the dangers of the ocean, if Italy is still refused them?

‘Non satius cineres patriæ insediſſe ſupremos
Atque ſolum quo Troja fuit? Xanthum et Simoentia
Redde, oro, miſeris; iterumque revolvere caſus
Da, pater, Iliacos, Teucris.’

It ſeems difficult to characterize more evidently than in the manner of the laſt ſentence, the prayer of a mind, which has fallen from its high expectations, and, humbled by the experience of ſorrow, dares ſcarcely to ſupplicate the little that may yet remain to be wiſhed for, leſt even that little ſhould be denied. There is not much the manner of an afflicted heart in the eloquent declamation of Delille:

‘Non, ce n’eſt pas un trône ou les Troyens prétendent;
C’eſt le choix des malheurs que leurs pleurs vous demandent.
Rendez-leur les combats, rendez-leur les aſſauts,
Et la rage des Grecs, et leur mille vaiſſeaux,
Qu’ils puiſſent, en mourant, voir encor le Scamandre,
Combattre encor pour Troie, et mourir ſur ſa cendre.’ L. x. 91.

Thus Dido in four lines, not particularly extravagant, deſires Æneas to relate the hiſtory of his miſfortunes.

‘Immo agē, et a primā, diē, hoſpes, origine nobis
Inſiſtiſ, inquit, Danaum, caſusque tuorum;
Eſſoresque tuos. nam te jam ſeptima portat
Omnibuſ errantem. tantis et fluctibus æſtiſ.’

But it is a queen that ſpeaks, and ſhe ſpeaks to a prince; and moreover the lines are the cloſe of a canto. We may therefore expect ſomething much ſuperior.

' Enfin je ne veux rien perdre de votre gloire ;
Reprenez de plus haut cette importante histoire ;
Contez-moi d'Iliou les terribles assauts,
Et les pièges des Grecs, et leurs mille vaisseaux,
Et vos longues erreurs sur la terre et sur l'onde,
Car le soleil sept fois a fait le tour du monde,
Depuis que, poursuivi par un sort odieux,
Votre noble infortune a fatigué les dieux.' L. i. 1053.

It is a character of some importance, in all the works of superior genius, that the feelings of the reader follow closely and steadily the feelings of the author from thought to thought, through the whole succession of his ideas. Because, through that whole series each successive conception arises out of the state of mind produced by other conceptions with which he was just before occupied : and in every reader, of course, in whose breast the sources of association are the same as in the poet's, these successive ideas—as strongly and distinctly painted to him in language, as they were strongly and distinctly conceived—will excite the successive feelings of the poet, and will discover to him step by step, in the changes of emotion he himself experiences, the operations of the poet's mind, and the reason of that peculiar order his thoughts have received. Now this is not only a great comfort to the reader, but it is evident also that the mere circumstance of the order of succession is a point of importance, towards judging the peculiar cast of the author's character. And on this ground a translator is bound to preserve it as nearly as his language and the necessity of rhymes will permit.

When it is further considered how much of the spirit of poetry depends on the associations marked by this succession,—that it is this rising of thought out of thought, and of feeling out of feeling, which gives its fervour to composition, which gives to poetry the language of nature, and, disclosing at every step, unforeseen, unsuspected combinations, makes each production of genius a perpetual succession of creations, it must seem no light duty that is imposed on a translator.

And when there is added to all this the consideration that if there is one poet who more than all others has delineated happily in his language the progress and transitions of thought;—who in the arrangement of his words, in the adjustment of the little clauses of each sentence, has studiously and with consummate skill assigned to every portion of thought its place, that poet is Virgil,—we may believe ourselves to have obtained a tolerably clear conception of the magnitude of the offence which we must now proceed to prove against the abbé Delille.

It is but justice to premise that the first instance we give is rather cruelly chosen, as it is a passage of considerable feeling, which is inevitably fatal to the present translator.

Æneas, the morning after an engagement, has been giving directions on different points of importance. He proceeds to the last, the burial of the dead.

‘Interea socios inhumataque corpora terræ
Mandemus :’

a simple direction, though the word *socios* seems to mark that he feels what he is speaking of.

‘Mais, avant tout, il faut consoler la mémoire’
(What is consoling a memory ?)

‘De ceux qui de leur sang ont payé notre gloire,
Et dans leur triste asile accompagner leurs corps.’

Delille's Æneas is fired at once with poetry ; he cannot be quiet ; his oratory invades him, and when he apparently intended to think merely of burying his friends, it crowds upon him images of memories to be consoled, of glory paid with blood, and of the melancholy asylum of corpses. The first thought that occurs to Virgil's Æneas after the simple direction to bury them, is the mournful reflection that this is the only honour remaining for the dead.

‘—qui solus honos Acheronte sub imo est.
Seule marque d'honneur qui reste aux sombres bords.’

But now the subject is fully and strongly before his mind ; now his emotion and enthusiasm come upon him.

‘Ite, ait, egregias animas, quæ sanguine nobis
Hanc patriam peperère suo, decorate supremis
Muneribus.’

How strongly and pointedly is the breaking out of passion marked in that ‘*Ite, ait !*’ What then does he now say ? He repeats his direction. But he now speaks it in the language of enthusiasm : the enthusiasm of affection, of admiration, and gratitude ; ‘*egregias animas, quæ sanguine nobis hanc patriam peperère—decorate, &c.*’ And mark the progress : first, what all must feel, their character ; then the stronger and nearer feeling of their own obligation—‘who with their blood have created us à home :’ then ‘*decorate,*’ which, after these expressions of emotion, marks him confident, from the ardour of his own feelings, of the solemnity, the devotion, the due rites of sorrow with which his warriors will perform the obsequies of their gallant companions. Now search out this in Delille.

'C'est leur sang qui pour nous conquiert une patrie :
Allez donc, et pleurez sur leur cendre chérie.'

The outbreak of emotion is successfully concealed by throwing the 'ite' to the next line; and still more by the little ratiocinatory particle by which it is attended, 'Allez donc:' but the 'egregias,' the 'decorate,' have disappeared. In fact, M. Delille does not seem apt at apprehending a quantity of feeling involved in a single expression. It must be told him pretty plainly in so many words. Where all depends on the selection of two words and the position of a third, it is not likely to figure in the translation.

—— Mæstamque Evandri primus ad urbem
Mittatur Pallas ; quem non virtutis egentem
Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo :

' Dans les murs, dans les bras d'un père malheureux
Remettons ce Pallas si grand, si généreux,
Qui dévoua pour nous sa précieuse vie,
Qu'un sort prématuré nous a sitôt ravie.'

And first, because most distinguished in his valour, and his claims to their gratitude and love, 'Mittatur Pallas.' This sentence rises out of the last. In Delille it merely succeeds him. Then how happily all this is crowned ! The omission of 'mæstam,' by which the fine image of the mourning city is exchanged for the indication of the place to which he was to be borne : for 'Mittatur,' which is here a word of solemnity, 'remettons : ' the trifling of 'dans les murs, dans les bras : ' the vicious form of 'un père : ' the superfluous information that he would be distressed : the antique simplicity, modesty and beauty of 'non virtutis egentem,' exalted into the modern grandeur of 'si grand, si genereux : ' and the melancholy disappearance of all the mingled beauties of 'Abstulit atra dies,' &c. If we had been at a loss for faults, we should carefully have separated this multitude, and distributed them to darken their respective divisions ; but thanks to the Abbé's liberality, we have no need to husband our collection of errors.

Æneas describes the generous kindness of Dido,

' —quæ nos—omnium egenos
Urbe, domo, socias.—Grates persolvere dignas
Non opis est nostræ, Dido, nec quicquid ubique est
Genitis Dardanix—magnum quæ sparsa per orbem.'

The bitter reflexion which starts out of his expression 'quicquid ubique est,' is used merely to describe one of the elements of a calculation.

'Tous les Troyens épars dans l'univers entier
Ne pourroient de vos soins dignement vous payer.' L. i. 847.

This is a subject which might be successfully pursued, particularly through all the speeches without exception. There is not, we believe, one, in which the feeling and character is not to a considerable degree confounded and lost; to which this defect is always greatly assistant.

The 'Fortunati ambo'—is thus translated:

'Couple heureux ! si mes vers vivent dans la mémoire,
Tant qu'à son roc divin enchainant la victoire
L'immortel Capitole asservira les rois,
Tant que le sang d'Enée y prescrira des loix;
A ce touchant récit on trouvera de charmes,
Et le monde attendri vous donnera de larmes.'

From the first quiet idea that his verses may be remembered, he starts at once to a most violent image, which requires an effort of the mind to conceive it, and which no man could have arrived at in a regular way without half a dozen previous ideas gradually rising one upon another; by which high conceptions his mind is so inspired with sublimity, that the next line is actually one of the poorest he has written. Then from these lofty and dilated imaginations of immortal capitols, dictated laws, and monarchs in chains, the transition is easy and natural to people finding charms in a touching recital. If the abbé should ever by any chance happen to compare his translation with the original, he may possibly observe that this is not the course of thought which Virgil has followed in this passage; and that, whenever he does go through the operation of bearing in mind from the beginning of a sentence through the midst of magnificent images, the idea with which he designs to conclude it, it is not while his heart is full of tenderness and grief.

Faunus predicts the future greatness of the descendants of Latinus:

——— 'quorumque ab stirpe nepotes
Omnia sub pedibus—quæ Sol utrumque recurrens
Aspicit Oceanum—vertique regique videbunt.'

The effect of reserving, till he has filled the mind with the conception of a dominion conterminous with the earth, the 'vertique regique,' is not worth preserving.

'Dont les fiers descendants vaincront plus de contrées
Que l'astre étincelant des voûtes azurées
N'en découvre sons lui, quand du trône des airs
Il embrasse les cieux, les pôles, et les mers.' L. vii. 129.

The length to which our criticism has already extended, prevents our pursuing the abbé methodically through the rest of his misdeeds. We must content ourselves with indicating, by the selection of a few passages, some of the great principles of mistranslation which remain to be developed.

The mourners are standing round the bier of Pallas, Tuscans, and Trojans,

Et mæstum Iliades crinem de more solutæ—
Ut verò Æneas foribus sese intulit altis,
Ingentem gemitum tunsis ad sidera tollunt
Pectoribus, mæstoque immugit regia luctu.

' Mais au lit funéraire Enée a peine arrive,
Soudain de tous côtés sort une voix plaintive ;
Et les pleurs, les sanglots, les plaintes, les regrets,
De leur deuil unanime ont rempli le palais.' L. xi. 179.

It will be particularly observed, that by not marking this burst of wailings and groans to the moment of Æneas's appearance, the whole meaning of the passage is lost, independently of other inventions, which are however exceedingly exquisite.

The manner in which the following passage is stripped of all its solemnity of adjuration, is extremely instructive.

Quod te per superos, et conscia numina veri,
Per si quæ est quæ restat adhuc mortalibus usquam
Intemerata fides, oro miserere laborum
Tantum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.

' Grand roi ! prenez pitié de mon destin funeste :
Par les dieux immortels, par la foi que j'atteste
Epargnez l'innocence, et plaignez mes malheurs.'

Liv. ii. 191.

Æneas, in his passage through hell, arrives at the region assigned to illustrious warriors. The Trojan chiefs crowd round him.

Circumstant animæ dextrâ lævâque frequentes ;
Nec vidisse semel satis est : juvat usque morari.
Et conferre gradum, et veniendi discere causas.

All which is happily rendered in these two lines:

' De ces guerriers fameux en foule environné,
De leur nombreux cortège il s'arrête étonné.'

L. vi. 623.

In his prefaces and notes, he is perpetually speaking of

the sensibility of Virgil ; of which, it appears, he had very distinct conceptions.

‘ Talibus Alecto dictis exarsit in iras’—

‘ Alecton a ces mots redoublant de fureur’—

There was no ‘ fureur’ before. She was the aged quiet priestess of Juno. But she bursts into rage, and is at once Alecto in all her terrors. However, she redoubles her rage, and

‘ D’un seul des ses regards le glace de terreur,
Arme du fouet vengeur sa main impitoyable ;
Ses serpens redressés,’ &c.

A regular description of her person and proceedings: after which we are perfectly well prepared to hear that his ‘ levres sont sans voix, ses yeux sans mouvement.’ Now mark how Virgil paints the first appearance of the Fury. He paints it in its effect on Turnus. She ‘ exarsit in iras ;’

‘ —At juveni oranti subitus tremor occupat artus ;
Diriguère oculi :’

then follows the object of his horror, ‘ tot Erinnyes sibilat hybris, Tantaque se facies aperit.’

The title Erinnyes, which marks the sudden change in her appearance, is omitted. The expression of the Fury, *hissing with snakes*—we are told that all her snakes hissed at once. The admired ‘ Tantaque se facies aperit,’ he seems not to have troubled himself about. It does not appear. The effect of *tot* and *tanta*, we could not expect to have preserved.

In the lines that immediately succeed,

‘ Tum flammea torquens
Lumina, cunctantem et quarentem dicere plura,
Reppulit,’ &c.

The effect of throwing in the action of Turnus, into the midst of the description of the Fury’s, which combines their actions, and forms the double description into one picture at one moment before the eyes, will not be found in

‘ Il veut la conjurer : la déesse l’arrêt,
Le repotisse en fureur,’ &c.

The ‘ verberaque insonnit’ was of course too ignoble, and does not appear : but it is intended to be well compensated by the ‘ geminos angues’ which are now ‘ Deux des plus noirs serpens qu’ait engendrés l’enfer.’ For ‘ rabidoque

hæc addidit ore, one of the fiercest expressions in Virgil, we have 'puis d'un sourire amer,' which is quite inconsistent with the situation. Her speech is a little tinctured with that self-conceit which appears, more or less, in most of the characters in M. Delille's *Æneid*.

'Regarde, et vois en moi la terrible Alécton,
La plus horrible sœur des filles de Pluton,

What is 'regarde'? It is 'respice *ad hæc*:' her scourge, and her snakes: the '*these presents*,' which authenticate her commission from hell.

Olli somnum ingens rumpit pavor : ossaque et artus

Perfundit toto proruptus corpore sudor.

Arma amens fremit ; arma toro tectisque requirit.

'Le prince épouvanté se réveille ; et soudain,

Se roule dans les flots d'une sueur glacée,

Il s'agite, il respire une rage insensée :

"Mes armes, mes amis ! mes dards, mes javelots !"

Now not to insist on the probability that he gave himself no time to roll about in sweat, but started up at once in his bed; even if it had been really the case, this rolling is not the image that was to be impressed on us: it is the bursting of the sweat from every pore. Where is '*arma amens fremit*?' is '*il s'agit*' méant for '*fremit*'? Where is '*arma toro tectisque requirit*'?

We are still obliged in conscience to give some specimens of our translator's talents at insertion: which may be conceived to be great and various, as the poem grows about one third in the translation. One source of this augmentation is in little explanations and commentaries which are versified. Sometimes the manner of doing a thing is described; sometimes the motives of an action are explained; sometimes we are entertained by the actor's own reflexions on what he is about; and sometimes we are indulged with the moral and philosophical conclusions that may be deduced from what we see going on. Thus when a person speaks, we are told it is '*d'un ton*' or '*d'un air majestueux*,' or '*d'un ton plein de noblesse*,' or '*plein de douceur*,' or '*d'un air flatteur*,' or '*d'un air de majesté*.' If *Æneas* desires *Achates* to hasten the execution of his orders, '*son ami court, docile à sa loi Remplir les vœux d'un père, et les ordres d'un roi*.' If *Venus* is occupied with the invention of stratagems, we are left in no doubt of the cause: '*Toute fois, s'alarmant pour un héros qu'elle aime*.' If *Mezentius's* sword lies idle for a moment, we are let into its feelings; '*Son glaive à regret repose à ses côtés*.' On *Theseus's* single posture M. Delille thus muses

and moralizes. One, says he, perpetually revolving, ' voyage avec son roue.

' Un destin tout contraire
De Thésée a puni l'audace téméraire.
De ses longues erreurs revenu désormais.
Sur sa pierre immobile il repose à jamais.
C'est là son dernier trône. Exemple épouvantable!

It is found to have a good effect, when people enlarge a little more on their feelings than Virgil has allowed them to do. They are indeed much more explicit. A very usual method of indicating that what they speak of distresses them, is by interjecting such illustrative ejaculations as 'O comble de douleur!' 'O catastrophe horrible!' 'O dés espoir!' 'O douleurs! O regrets! O destins ennemis!' Æneas, when he had ascended the hill and looked down on the rising Carthage, exclaimed.

' O fortunati! quorum jam mœnia surgunt,'
which having never yet been properly understood, he has since been at the pains of explaining it:

' Peuple heureux! vous voyez s'élever votre ville,
Et nous, dit le héros, nous cherchons un asyle.'

Sometimes however the feeling explained is one that we should conjecture was not in the mind of Virgil. When first the phantoms come swarming round Æneas, he lifts his sword, and if the sibyl did not inform him that they were spirits

' Irruat et frustra ferro diverberet umbras.

Marchons, dit la prêtresse et quittons ces lieux sombres.
Ce n'est pas aux héros à combattre des ombres.' L. vi. 383.

The present translation, so inadequate as a representation of Virgil, must however be regarded as a considerable accession to the literature of France. It is distinguished, like the other works of Delille, by a profusion of descriptive expression, and by a freedom of versification, much wanted in the poetry of his countrymen. They have already severe masters of their taste; and the chief obligation their style can yet owe to any of their writers, is probably to him who will force their language to bear the luxuriance of poetry, from which they above all nations seem to have been hitherto excluded. The following passage, with the exception of two or three weak lines, is of great merit.

' Il dit; et, du revers de son sceptre divin,
Du mont frappe les flancs: ils s'ouvrent, et soudain
En tourbillons bruyans l'essaim fougueux s'élance,
Trouble l'air, sur les eaux fond avec violence:

Le rapide zéphire, et les fiers Aquilons,
Et les vents de l'Afrique en naufrages féconds,
Tous bouleversent l'onde, et des mers turbulentes
Roulent les vastes flots sur leurs rives tremblantes.
On entend des nochers les tristes hurlemens,
Et des cables froissés les affreux sifflemens.
Sur la face des eaux s'étend la nuit profonde:
Le jour fuit, l'éclair brille, et le tonnerre gronde.
Et la terre et le ciel, et la foudre et les flots,
Tout présente la mort aux pâles matelots. L. i. 127.

The concluding lines are excellent: and perhaps if there had been no living beings in the *Æneid*, the abbé's translation might have been a fine poem.

It being the object, as we may suppose, of this work to procure to the translator's countrymen a just and complete apprehension of the excellences of Virgil, it was necessary to secure them against the effects of too hasty a glance, or too dull a vision. Not contented therefore with the provisions already made against this danger by the copious commentaries on the original which he has embodied in the text of his translation, he has judged it right to add others yet ampler in their dimensions, under the more express and acknowledged form of a preface and annotations by the translator. There is not much of connected dissertation or learned research in any part of these; but there seem to us to be intermixed with much false criticism many happy observations, which really indicate poetical feeling. In fact, they might have gone far to persuade us that the abbé had some reasonable understanding of the character of his original, if his translation did not stand beside in such fearful witness against him. The following passage is an honourable specimen:

‘Nulle part les passions & les affections naturelles, ne sont représentées avec plus de vérité que dans l'Enéide, & j'ose dire que les derniers livres sont en quelque sorte supérieurs sur ce point aux premiers. On y trouve peut-être des tableaux moins parfaits; mais le sentiment n'y a rien perdu; moins l'art s'y montre à découvert, plus la nature s'y découvre toute entière. Ces derniers livres, que Virgile vouloit retoucher, sont, pour ainsi dire, le premier jet d'un homme qui écrit avec son cœur encore plus qu'avec son esprit. Le poète se proposoit de les revoir dans ces mêmes lieux qui avoient inspiré Homère: si la mort ne l'eut point surpris, il nous eût montré sans doute un génie divin, mais il ne nous eût pas montré peut-être toute son ame; & l'ame d'un poète sensible comme Virgile ne doit pas moins inspirer d'admiration & d'intérêt que son génie.’

Notes sur le dixième livre.

ART. III.—*Eloges du Maréchal de Catinat, &c.*

Eulogies on Marshal de Catinat, on De l'Hospital, on De Thomas of the French Academy, with an unpublished Eulogy on De Claire Francoise De l'Espinasse ; by Guibert. 8vo. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.

M. GUIBERT is the author of *Travels in Switzerland, &c.* which we mentioned with approbation in a former appendix. In the present volume of *Eulogies*, we discern his characteristic good sense, judicious reflections and enlightened views, with a style of nervous and animated eloquence. In the eulogy of Catinat, who was one of the great men whom the age of Louis XIV. produced, we are not disgusted, as in most compositions of this kind, with a continued strain of fulsome panegyric; nor tired with the barren generalities of praise. The panegyric which is bestowed, is measured by the nature of the acts to which it is accorded; and the eulogy contains, as all eulogies which are designed to interest or written to be believed, ought to contain, some detailed particulars of the life of the man. Catinat was indebted for the distinction which he obtained, to his own exertion. He was born of ignoble parents, a circumstance which at that time placed numerous obstacles in the way of promotion. He however possessed a moderate independence; and M. Guibert well remarks that for one person whose courage is increased, whose faculties are energized, and whose heart is exalted by the pressure of indigence, there are a thousand who succumb under the weight; whom it first deprives of patience, and then leaves destitute of principle.

The education of Catinat had been neglected; and he determined to re-educate himself. In this, he appears to have been eminently successful. The times in which we live, often determine the bent of our pursuits, and make us what we are. At the time in which Catinat began his career, France was becoming tranquil after the storms with which she had been agitated during the minority and pupillage of Louis XIV. Mazarine was dead; and Louis alone held the reins of sovereignty. The late dissensions had deposited new germs of vigour in the country; a new and increased activity was given to the mind; which in many took the direction of literature and art, and in others of war and arms. Condé and Turenne, ambitious of new laurels, were intriguing for the honour of serving the master against whom they had drawn the sword; and in all professions there were men who had passed the line of mediocrity.

Louis XIV. himself, notwithstanding the original defects of his education, seemed electrified by the impulse which the civil wars had given to the active genius of the nation; and if his reign was not productive of permanent felicity, it, at least, threw round the French nation for a period of thirty years a splendour which dazzled Europe.

Catinat, who was afterwards to signalise himself as a soldier, was originally bred to the bar, but, after losing a cause which he had every reason to believe just, his sorrow was so acute, that he resolved to relinquish the profession. This resolution perhaps evinced more humanity than judgment. For he who pleads a cause is not to arrogate to himself the right of determining on its merits; that belongs to the superiority of the court to whose decision it is the duty of the advocate to submit whatever it may be. He is to exert his utmost ability for the benefit of his client, and leave the issue to those to whom it is committed by the state. Catinat quitted the bar at the age of 23, to embrace the profession of arms. He obtained a sublieutenancy in the cavalry; and soon went to take his share of active service in the war which Louis XIV. had declared against Spain, the operations of which were chiefly confined to the Low Countries. It was on the part of Louis chiefly a war of sieges; in which Vauban distinguished the sagacity of Catinat. At the siege of Lisle the French had carried a part of the covered way; but owing to the injudicious dispositions of the officer who commanded the assailants, they were repulsed by the enemy; a mine was burst, and nothing but consternation and disorder prevailed; when Catinat, who had observed the mistake and foreseen the consequences, in an instant rallies the troops, arrests the fugitives, flies to an angle where he conjectured that there was a mine, prevents the explosion, and by his well-timed intrepidity and circumspection secured possession of the covered way. Louis XIV. learns the check which the troops had experienced, and sends for the officer by whose exertions it had been retrieved. He instantly gave him a commission in his own regiment of guards, which was then a great mark of distinction; for it was in this regiment that he placed the best officers in his army, from which he afterwards selected them as occasion required, for the most important commands. In the campaigns of 1672, 1673, 1674 and 1675, Catinat served successively under Turenne and Luxembourg. Louis XIV. did not forget the services which he had rendered at the siege of Lisle. He appointed him major general, and he was sent to act on the Moselle under Marshal Rochfort. In this situation he falsified the common opinion that men of genius

are not capable of detail. In the science of war or the administration of the state, men of genius see with a rapidity of perception beyond that of ordinary men, the importance of the smallest details. Mediocrity indeed, which, incapable of comprehending a great whole, confines its attention to minutiae, may accuse genius of neglecting those inferior particulars which it discerns at one glance, but yet views them only as relative to more important considerations. But this was not the defect of Catinat; who seemed to attend to the whole and to all the minutiae of the employment in which he was engaged. It belonged to the character of Catinat to become greater in proportion as he rose to a higher pitch of honour and of power, as ordinary men seem to sink in consequence, in the same degree that their sphere of action is enlarged. Their aggrandisement serves only to increase their degradation. Louvois, who, though bred to the bar, was highly distinguished by his talents in the war department, of which he was the minister, had conceived an esteem for Catinat, and furnished him with opportunities of augmenting his renown. Talents are not so rare as the fortuitous circumstances which are wanting to call them into action.

Catinat was sent with a body of troops to reduce the Vaudois, who had revolted under the dominion of the Duke of Savoy. This he effected by his wisdom and moderation, almost without the effusion of blood; and his heart, which was no stranger to the sensations of genuine benevolence, long dwelt on the memory of this expedition with greater satisfaction than on other more reputedly glorious transactions of his life. In the war, which was consequent on the league of Augsbourg, he was appointed to command an army which was assembling on the frontiers of Italy. There are times, when the want of great men enables mediocrity to usurp the reputation of the great; and when the people, who must have some object on which to fix their admiration, accord to inferiority of talent the homage which is due to genius. This was the case in the war of the succession, when France possessed no generals of superior excellence; and when Villars shone with a lustre which he would not have enjoyed at any other period. But at the time of which we are speaking, Catinat was not indebted for his military fame to the general dearth of military talent. The ashes of Turenne were yet hardly cold; Crequi, whose campaigns almost rivalled those of Turenne, was just dead; Condé in retirement, filled the world with his renown; Luxembourg was still in the meridian of his genius and his fame. Foreigners could boast a Montécuculli, a prince Eugene,

a prince of Orange, a Schomberg. Such were the competitors with whom Catinat had to contend for the palm of martial renown. And as it is more difficult, so it is more meritorious to obtain distinction at a period when many are distinguished, than when all the rest of mankind seem sunk in a state below consideration. More lustre is requisite to shine among the greater constellations than to be replendant among the lesser stars. Victor Amédé, whom Catinat had to combat in the field, had a genius for war, and possessed great resources in his address, perfidy, and intrigue. He commanded his troops in person; and though, when sovereigns become their own generals, they often embarrass the motions of their armies, their presence must contribute greatly to increase the courage of their troops, and to insure the success of their operations. The army which Catinat led into the field, was composed chiefly of new levies and militia. He had besides to contend with the cabinet of Versailles, with the intrigues of his camp, the difficulties of the country, and the excessive insubordination of his troops. He was besides surrounded by persons who were envious of his talents and his fame, ready to misrepresent every particular of his conduct, and to seize every opportunity to effect his disgrace. The opening of the campaign seemed likely to be favourable to their wishes. He was ordered by the court to enter Piedmont, to summon the Duke of Savoy to declare for France, to furnish a reinforcement of six thousand men, and as a pledge of his fidelity, to give up Verua and the citadel of Turin. If these terms were neglected, he was to ravage his states and march to his capital. The Duke of Savoy, who was not prepared to resist this irruption, sent a deputation to Catinat, to request him to desist from hostilities, till an answer arrived from the king, to whom he had written a letter, full of submission. This delay, which was generously conceded by Catinat, was perfidiously employed by the duke in collecting his troops, and increasing his means of resistance. Some detachments of French troops were surprised, and made prisoners. This intelligence gave great offence to the king of France, and Catinat was menaced with disgrace. Without making any humiliating apologies, Catinat leads his army against the Duke of Savoy. He found this prince encamped at Villefranca in an impregnable position. Catinat saw, that in order to oblige him to abandon this post, it was necessary to make an offensive movement at some interesting point; which should, at the same time, appear so hazardous as to make the duke conceive the hope of attacking him to advantage. The duke fell into the snare, and a battle ensued, in which,

though fought under numerous disadvantages, the victory of Catinat was complete. Prince Eugene was in this engagement, and fought under the Duke of Savoy. In this action, Catinat manœuvred like a general, and fought like a soldier; but in the details of it which he dispatched to his court, he was so unsparing in his commendations of others, and said so little of himself, that it was asked, '*M. de Catinat étoit il a cette bataille ?*' '*Was M. Catinat in this battle ?*' After the battle, Catinat went about to visit the wounded, and to thank the officers and men for the services which they had displayed. On coming to one of the regiments, he found the men playing at nine-pins in front of the camp. The soldiers quit their play, and run eagerly up to the general, who requests them to resume their sport. One of the French soldiers, with the native gaiety of his nation, and with that liberty which they would not take except with generals whom they love, proposed to Catinat to be of the party, which he accepted without reserve, and began to play. A general officer, who was present, observed with astonishment a commander in chief playing at ninepins after gaining a battle. *It would indeed have been surprizing*, said Catinat, *if I had lost it.* Heroes are never amiable till they descend from the pedestal on which they are raised above the level of ordinary men, and shew themselves accessible to the sensibilities, the interests, the attachments, and the pleasures of common mortals.

In one of the ensuing campaigns the army of the Duke of Savoy was increased by German and Spanish succours to more than double that of Catinat. The duke threatened at once Dauphiné, Franche-Comté, Pignerol, Nice, and Casal. The court of Versailles suddenly took the alarm; for, in courts where every thing is seen through the exaggeration of ignorance, the transition is rapid and often instantaneous, from security to despair. The measures which Catinat adopted in this critical exigency, in which he had to combat such a vast superiority of force, were not taken from the circle of vulgar ideas. They were so bold as to seem to verge on the limits of temerity; but there are times when temerity itself is more safe than a cold, calculating discretion. There are talents which seem born to command even the caprices of fortune. The Duke of Savoy was prevented by the bold and masterly dispositions of Catinat from deriving any advantage from his great superiority of force, till he was at last defeated in a general action with the loss of from eight to ten thousand men and all his artillery. Catinat was promoted to be one of the marshals of France, an honour which he received with undisguised satisfaction, not only as

it was an acknowledgment of his services, but a pledge of the public consideration. Louis XIV. one day said to Catinat as he was taking his leave to rejoin the army, 'You take such good care of my affairs that I cannot help speaking to you of your own; in what state are they?'—'I have as much as I want,' said Catinat. 'This is the first man among my subjects,' exclaimed the king, 'that ever held this language.'

Catinat spent the latter part of his life in retirement at Saint Gratien, where he employed himself principally in rural occupations, in promoting the happiness and relieving the distress of his neighbours. He had read much in his youth; but he read little in his retreat; a few well-chosen books composed his library. He had already acquired sufficient materials for reflection; those materials which are collected by the curiosity of youth are digested by the maturity of age. In the first period of his retreat, Catinat went to court every year; but he soon appeared no more; though he was often consulted by Louis, who entertained for him that respect which cannot fail to be the result of an undeviating probity. Catinat died of a dropsy at the age of 69. France may have had more able generals, but she appears never to have possessed a more honest man.

The eulogy on De l'Hospital does honour to the pen of M. Guibert. It is a very eloquent and interesting performance. De l'Hospital was one of the most incorruptible judges and patriotic statesmen of his own or of any other times. His youth was tutored by adversity, which is the best of all masters, which accelerates the fruits of experience and the maturation of the judgment. His father was physician and counsellor to the famous constable of Bourbon, whose crimes could not entirely obliterate the traces of his glory. When this prince joined the enemies of France, the father of De l'Hospital would not abandon his benefactor and his friend, even in his exile and distress; and the son was arrested on suspicion of being an accomplice in the treason of the constable. But young De l'Hospital appears to have established his innocence to the satisfaction even of his judges, who were not disposed to shew him any lenity; and from that period he became the steady enemy of the oppressor, and friend of the oppressed. After his liberation from confinement he passed into Italy to visit his father, by whom he was induced to study the law at Padua. Here he spent six years in finishing his education; and imbibed a taste for sculpture, for painting, and for poetry. The last constituted one of his sources of recreation, in the busy anxieties of his public life; and with it he found means to relieve the dry details of legal investigation. This was the

age of the fine arts in Italy, when 'Raphael painted, and Vida sung.' Many memorable occurrences took place during the residence of De l'Hospital at Padua; the battle of Pavia, the captivity of Francis 1st, and the death of the Duke of Bourbon, when scaling the walls of Rome. With him would have perished the hopes of his father, if he had not found resources in the unshaken affection of his son. They repaired together to Rome, where the reputation which young l'Hospital had acquired at Padua, was not unknown. Hence, by the exertions of the cardinal de Grammont, he was restored to his country, which he lived to adorn by his talents and his worth. At Paris he attached himself to the bar. He married the only daughter of Morin, and was made counsellor to the parliament. However much men may in private envy or resist the ascendant of a superior mind, yet in a public assembly, where there is a conflict of talents and opinions, merit will find its level, and command the admiration even of its enemies. The mind of l'Hospital was improved by study, and enriched by a knowledge of antient and of modern jurisprudence beyond that of any other members of the parliament. His eloquence was not distinguished by a superfluity of words, and a dearth of ideas; it was suited to the subject, and proceeded directly to the attainment of its object. During the nine years in which l'Hospital filled the office of counsellor to the parliament, he contributed to check many abuses, and save many citizens from unjust judgments. When his friend Oliviet was made chancellor, he sent l'Hospital as an ambassador to the council which had been transferred by Paul III. from Trente to Bologna. At Rome he had studied the spirit of the court; he had observed the vices of the popes, the rapacity of the clergy, and the profanation of the gospel; but he did not confound religion with the errors with which it had been mingled by the passions and the ignorance of mankind. Even in this age of intolerance and of darkness, the religious opinions of De l'Hospital were purified by a degree of charity and knowledge far beyond those of his contemporaries. He wished to see the religion of Jesus brought nearer to its original simplicity; nor did he consider religion in general, as designed merely to serve the interested ends of priests and politicians; but he regarded it as the corroborant of virtue, the preventive of tyranny, and the balm of woe. He venerated it as the compact between God and man; or, to use the language of Homer, as *the chain of gold which attaches this terrestrial globe to the throne of the Eternal*. With notions of religion so comprehensive and so just, it was not to be expected that De l'Hospital was

likely to meet with many friends at the council of Bologna. But he still trusted that among the assembled prelates some few might be found who would be willing to embrace his views, and concur with him in some measures which were favourable to the best interests of mankind. But this was the mere illusion of a highly virtuous mind, which supposes that the sensations of philanthropy are as easily kindled in other bosoms as in its own. Instead of this he found that those churchmen who were at all enlightened, were debased by the possession or the lust of emolument, while those who had good intentions wanted knowledge to direct them right. Finding it impossible to baffle the narrow-minded schemes of ecclesiastical intrigue, to promote the good which he wished, or to prevent the evil which he deprecated, he solicited his recall; and was welcomed back to France by the congratulations of those who could discern his ability and worth. At this period De l'Hospital became acquainted with Margaret of Valois, the sister of Henry II. by whose interest he was made master of requests, and afterwards became president in the chamber of accounts. While he possessed this latter office, he was indefatigable in promoting economy and preventing depredation. Henry II. was one of the most lavish of princes, but he did not find in l'Hospital a minister at all willing to countenance his prodigality, or to encourage his spoliations of the people. 'Sire,' said he one day to the king, when he refused to pay an exorbitant largess to one of his creatures, *'this money which your majesty is going to bestow is the subsistence of the people; it is the food of twenty villages, which is sacrificed to the rapacity of an individual.'* This unshaken integrity and unadulterated patriotism, as might be expected, soon excited against de l'Hospital an host of enemies: but neither their machinations nor their threats were able for a moment to divert him from the pursuit of the public good. One of the favourite attempts of De l'Hospital was to reform the numerous abuses which had crept into the administration of justice, and, above all, to put a stop to the imposing chicanery and gross venality of the courts. As the basis of this great and salutary reformation, he thought that justice should be gratuitously dispensed. 'If,' said he, 'the king were to administer justice in person, which is the preeminent attribute of sovereignty, would he require to be paid for his decrees? Why then should he delegate this odious right to his judicial representatives?' De l'Hospital was no friend to the proud pretensions of the parliament of Paris, to be the senate of the nation. He did not think that the interests of the country could be so safely entrusted to magistrates appoint-

ed by the crown; to lawyers who were educated in the practice of chicane, and whose notions seldom extended beyond the narrow routine of their professions, as to the states general, who were chosen immediately by the people, and were closely united to them by the ties of sympathy and interest. During the ministry of De l'Hospital these real representatives of the nation were thrice convoked; though they afterwards fell into disuse, and no counterpoise was left to the authority of the throne, but the idle phantom of the parliament of Paris. Thus we see that the ideas of this wise and honest man had advanced at least two centuries beyond those of his contemporaries. The person who thus outstrips the wisdom of his age, is sure to be assailed by every weapon of hostility, which calumny and ridicule, which detected craft and incensed bigotry can supply. During the six years in which l'Hospital was at the head of the finances, he in vain laboured to check the vices of the court and to alleviate the sufferings of the people. The malady which he attempted to cure was so virulent that it seemed to defy every remedy; and when Margaret of Valois, his benefactress and his friend, became the wife of the duke of Savoy, he accepted the office of chancellor to the duke, and abandoned the country which he could not save. Under Francis II. who was only the shadow of a king, the intolerance of the Guises rekindled the persecutions which Francis I. had begun against the protestants. On the death of Olivier the chancellor of France, l'Hospital was again recalled to his native country, and requested to fill the office of chancellor by Catharine of Medicis, who hoped to find in his energy and talents a counterpoise to the influence of the house of Guise. The place of chancellor was then the most important in the kingdom, and to it all the other branches of the administration were subordinate. The times in which De l'Hospital was called to fill this arduous situation, rendered it peculiarly difficult and delicate. Simple and ingenuous, he was environed by complicated intrigues: a friend to the extension of the popular rights, he was surrounded by the agents of an unrelenting despotism: and while his heart espoused the cause of religious toleration, his associates in the ministry breathed nothing but the most sanguinary persecution. In such a state of things the most cautious and delicate management became requisite on the part of l'Hospital. The cardinal of Lorraine, who had monopolized in his own person so many archbishoprics, bishoprics, abbeys, and innumerable other benefices, that he was styled at the council of Trent *the pope on the other side of the mountains*, had at this time conceived the fatal project of establishing the inquisi-

tion in France. He had already brought the other members of the council, and even Medicis, over to his views. The cardinal himself was to have been the grand inquisitor ; and the project seemed too far advanced to be defeated. But l'Hospital, who knew how to unite flexibility with firmness, found means to frustrate the wishes of the cardinal, and to render the scheme abortive. If France therefore had no other obligations to De l'Hospital, this alone would merit a statue of gold. For if it had not been for the vigour, the wisdom, and the prudence of his exertions, at this critical juncture, the tribunals of the inquisition would have been spread over France ; and that country, like Spain and Portugal, might, in respect to reason and to knowledge, have been at least a century behind the rest of Europe. Soon after this, the Guises made every exertion to prevent the convocation of the states general, which was so ardently promoted by l'Hospital. But the ambition of the Guises attempted to throw every thing into confusion. On some prettexts which were unfortunately furnished by the imprudence of the protestants, the prince of Condé, and the king of Navarre were arrested by the order of the court. The prince of Condé was carried before a criminal tribunal, and condemned to death ; but the execution of the sentence was deferred, and he was afterwards released by the interest of l'Hospital with the Queen regent after the death of Francis II. Against the king of Navarre, no evidence could be adduced to give a colour to his condemnation ; but the Guises proposed to Francis to take him off by the more expeditious method of assassination ; and they had already brought the weak monarch over to their designs. Henry was introduced into the royal cabinet ; and persons were ready to perpetrate the assassination, on a signal which was to be given by the monarch. Henry appeared, but the resolution of Francis failed ; he turned pale, hesitated, and suffered him to retire unhurt. The states general were on the point of meeting at Orleans, when Francis II. fell ill and died. Nothing but confusion, perplexity and distress prevailed. Each party was eager to turn the event to their own advantage, and to the destruction of the other. The Guises employ persuasion, intimidation, and artifice, to induce Catherine of Medicis to consummate the execution of Condé, and the assassination of the king of Navarre. The queen is on the point of becoming the instrument of their sanguinary views. She requires a short interval of deliberation ; in which she sends for l'Hospital, whose authority, eloquence and wisdom gave a new and more virtuous direction to her resolutions. The prince of Condé and the king of Navarre were set at liberty. 'Add to this conduct,' said l'Hos-

pital, 'sentiments of toleration and of peace, and I will insure you a solid and a happy regency.' De l'Hospital opened the assembly of the states. He dilated on the origin of the states, on their authority, the necessity of convoking them often, &c. &c.; and in his discourse he did not fail to inculcate his beloved principles of toleration and of peace. The Guises were appalled; and if the inconstancy of Catherine had not again made her listen to their desperate counsels, her administration, directed by the talents and the virtues of l'Hospital, would have established the peace and the prosperity of France. In the conference or council, which was held at Passy in order to settle the religious differences of the time, and restore peace to the church, the discourse which l'Hospital delivered, breathed a spirit of moderation and of charity which is not often seen even in modern times, but which must excite our admiration, if compared with the intolerance and the bigotry of the age in which he lived. 'Let us,' says he, 'avoid subtle disputations; let us reject those questions which are only curious, and imitate that good and artless man at the council of Nice, who professing to know only the preaching of the cross, confounded the erudition of the doctors. Let us not be prejudiced against the protestants; but try whether their opinions be true or false, by the only safe criterion of the scriptures. And after all, if they be false, their errors ought not to alienate our charity. They are still our brethren. They worship the same God; they have been baptised in the same waters; and it is only by the measures of conciliation and of mildness, that we ought to endeavour to restore them to the communion of the church,' &c. But in that barbarous period, these sentiments of universal charity were sounds ungrateful to the ear, and impervious to the heart. This conference, like others of the same kind, only augmented the dissensions, and hardened the sturdy disputants in their previous belief. l'Hospital in vain struggled to exalt the sentiments, compose the animosities, and dispel the fanaticism of his contemporaries; the only consolation which remained to him, was that he had left no exertion untried, which wisdom, or which virtue could suggest. The kingdom soon became the theatre of a civil war; and after the protestants had been lulled into security, the massacre of St. Bartholomew ensued, one of those memorable blots which will never be effaced from the annals of France. De l'Hospital had every reason to believe that he was involved in the proscription. A troop of armed people were seen approaching the residence in the vicinity of Paris, to which he had retired. His vassals and domestics began to make preparations for defence. But the intrepid sage forbade any oppo-

sition. 'If,' said he, 'the little gate be not big enough for their admission, open the great one.' But these troops were only a safeguard which had been sent from the court. They had, they said, orders from the king to say that he took him under his protection, and pardoned his former opposition to his plans. 'I did not know,' said l'Hospital, 'that I had done any thing to make me an object either of condemnation or of pardon.' The intrepidity of De l'Hospital was the result of his inviolate integrity, of a conscience void of offence, and of a life which had been devoted to the happiness of mankind. He did not long survive the catastrophe of Saint Bartholomew; he expired in the arms of his family, at the age of sixty-eight.

ART. IV.—*Traité de l' Insanité, &c.*

A Treatise on Insanity, in which are contained the Principles of a new and more practical Nosology than has yet been offered to the Public, exemplified by numerous and accurate historical Relations of Cases from the Author's public and private Practice, with Plates illustrative of the Craniology of Maniacs and Ideots. By Th. Pinel, Professor of the School of Medicine at Paris, &c. &c. 8vo. Paris. Imported by Deconchy. 1806.

THE author of this treatise esteems the medical and pharmaceutical treatment of the insane to be a point of inferior consideration to the moral discipline, and it therefore occupies only a small part of the work, with which we are here presented. In this idea we cannot but coincide with him. It is but too evident, that no medicine has a specific effect upon maniacal symptoms. It only remains therefore to apply the means in our hands to the greatest advantage possible; to palliate where we are not able to cure, and assist the efforts of nature, where it appears to be within her power to bring the disease to a successful termination. Happily this is often the case; and so much is Dr. Pinel convinced of this truth, that he asserts there are circumstances, in which paroxysms of active insanity are to be hailed as salutary efforts of nature to throw off previous disease. Instances, in which these paroxysms have removed great oppression or an almost total obliteration of the intellectual faculties, have furnished the grounds of this conviction. But it is confessed that such happy events are not to be met with but during the vigour of youth. No examples of such cures have occurred after the age of forty.

Dr. Pinel was entrusted with the cure of the Asylum de

Bicêtre during the second and third years of the republic. It is the custom to transfer insane patients from the Hospice d'Humanité (the ancient Hotel Dieu) to this asylum. This situation would at any time afford very great opportunities of observation. The period at which our author received this trust, has enabled him to make several curious and useful remarks, connected with the tone of mind and the agitation of the passions, produced by that stormy and eventful period.

The work is divided into six sections, from which we shall briefly extract the observations we think of the most value.

The first section contains observations on the circumstances of the disease, but without pretending to give a full and regular history of all its symptoms, infinitely various and complicated as they are. He notices particularly the connexion of the disease with the state of the abdominal viscera, which is so constant as to warrant the presumption that its seat is almost always in the epigastric region. We cannot but notice how much this coincides with the opinion recently advanced by Mr. Abernethy in his Essay on the Connexion of the general Health with Disease of the digestive Organs. An opportunity is also taken of showing how variable are some of the most singular features of the disease. If there is often a quantity of muscular energy, which gives the idea of a strength almost supernatural, in other instances there is present a considerable degree of muscular debility. If some bear extremes of hunger with impunity, others languish even to fainting from a deficiency of nourishment. If some support an astonishing degree of cold, others shiver even in the warm months. So fallacious is the practice of generalising from partial and insulated facts.

The second section contains the moral method of treatment, on which he principally depends for success. As every case has its peculiar singularities, to the circumstances of which it is necessary to adapt the treatment, it is obviously impossible to lay down very precise and definite rules on the subject. Dr. Pinel has chosen therefore to illustrate his ideas by examples, in which the means seem to have been skilful and judicious; but where the success was not always equal to his expectations. We are happy to observe that the brutal treatment to which the wretched maniac has been so much exposed, is reprobated as not only useless but pernicious. Cords, stripes and blows often serve but to exasperate a sensorium already under the highest irritation from internal causes. In the expedients resorted to in particular examples, the address, intelligence and prudence of the superintendant is chiefly conspicuous. Our readers may be amused by the following example, and be apt to think that those

who gave occasion to the transaction it describes, must have been nearly as insane as the unhappy agents in it.

‘ In the third year of the republic the directors of the civil hospitals, in the excess of their revolutionary zeal, determined to remove from those places the external objects of worship, the only remaining consolation of the indigent and unhappy. A visit for this purpose was paid to the hospital de Bicetre. The plunder, impious and detestable as it was, was begun in the dormitories of the old and the infirm, who were naturally struck, at an instance of robbery so new and unexpected, some with astonishment, some with indignation, and others with terror. The first day of visitation being already far spent, it was determined to reserve the lunatic department of the establishment for another opportunity. I was present at the time, and seized the occasion to observe, that the unhappy residents of that part of the hospital required to be treated with peculiar management and address ; and that it would be much better to confide so delicate a business to the governor himself, whose character for prudence and firmness was well known. That gentleman, in order to prevent disturbance, and perhaps an insurrection in the asylum, wished to appear rather to submit to a measure so obnoxious than to direct it. Having purchased a great number of national cockades, he called a meeting of all the lunatics who could conveniently attend. When they were all arrived, he took up the colours and said, “ Let those who love liberty, draw near and enrol themselves under the national colours.” This invitation was accompanied by a most gracious smile. Some hesitated ; but the greatest number complied. This moment of enthusiasm was not allowed to pass unimproved. The converts were instantly informed, that their new engagement required of them to remove from the chapel the image of the Virgin, with all the other appurtenances of the catholic worship. No sooner was this requisition announced, than a great number of our new republicans set off for the chapel, and committed the desired depredation upon its sacred furniture. The images and paintings which had been the objects of reverence for so many years, were brought out to the court in a state of complete disorder and destruction. Consternation and terror seized the few devout but impotent witnesses of this scene of impiety. Murmurs, imprecations, and threats expressed their honest feelings. The most exasperated among them prayed that fire from heaven might be poured upon the heads of the guilty, or believed that they saw the bottomless abyss opening to receive them. To convince them, however, that heaven was deaf equally to their imprecations and their prayers, the governor ordered the holy things to be broken into a thousand pieces, and to be taken away. The good will and attachment, which he knew so well how to conciliate, ensured the execution of this revolutionary measure. A great majority immediately seconded his wishes. The most rigid devotees, who were comparatively few in number, retired from the scene, muttering imprecations, or agitated by fruitless fury.’

In considering the question (in the third section) whether mania is dependent on organic lesion of the brain, our author is inclined to take the negative side; we think upon insufficient foundation. Careful observations on the form of the cranium, prove that there is no change in its size or configuration in maniacal subjects, nor any particular disproportion to the magnitude of the body. But in idiots, those especially who have been so from birth, the fact is otherwise. They have the brain compressed, the cranium irregular; the length of the whole head, which in well formed subjects is very nearly an eighth of the whole body, is often no more than a tenth. These facts are curious, though not leading immediately to any useful results.

We have not received much satisfaction from the attempt at a new nosological arrangement, which occupy the fourth section. Dr. P. has made five species of mental derangement; viz. melancholia, or delirium upon one subject only; mania without delirium; mania with delirium; dementia, or the abolition of the thinking faculty; and idiotism, or obliteration of the intellectual faculties and affections. We may say in general of these distinctions, that as these conditions of the brain often alternate in the same subject, they cannot form a just foundation for specific difference, however useful it may be to observe them in a history of the disease. M. Pinel has himself observed fits of insanity to act as a cure to a state of obliteration of the intellect. We may observe too that he applies the word melancholia in a more extensive sense, than is authorized by the usage of the first authorities. He defines it delirium exclusively upon one subject. But the usual signification is hallucination upon one subject connected with the person or bodily feelings of the patient. 'Melancholici,' says Sauvages, 'dicuntur, qui uni potissimum cogitationi constanter affixi, circum semetipsos aut statum suum delirant, de cæteris objectis ritè ratiocinantes.'

The police of lunatic asylums next comes under consideration; but many of the remarks contained in the section appropriated to this subject, belong more properly to the moral management of the insane. The following history paints in strong colours the evils suffered by the French nation during the early periods of the revolution, which penetrated even the asylums of misery, and increased the horrors of a situation, already so wretched as to appear incapable of aggravation. At the same time it exposes completely the dangerous error of those, who conceive a system of low dieting to be applicable without discrimination in the treatment of mental derangement.

‘I leave to the historian of the revolution to paint in its proper and odious colours, that most barbarous and tyrannical measure, which deprived infirmaries and hospitals of their valuable endowments, and abandoned the diseased and the infirm to all the vicissitudes of public fortune. It is sufficient for my present object to mention a few facts, of which I have been an eye witness, and of which the recollection cannot but be painful to a man of any sensibility. To meet the well ascertained wants of the hospital de Bicetre, it was determined by the constituent assembly, to increase the allowance of bread to one kilogramme, (two pounds) daily. For the two succeeding years, I witnessed with great satisfaction the operation of that salutary measure. I then ceased to be physician to that hospital. But during one of my friendly visits, (4th Brumaire, year 4) which I occasionally paid to my old insane acquaintances, I learned that the usual allowance of bread had been reduced to seven hectogrammes and a half per day. (A hectogramme is equal to 3oz. 4dwts. 8.4097 Troy.) A great number of the old convalescents had relapsed into a state of raving madness, and were complaining loudly and bitterly, that they were about to be starved to death. But this system of retrenchment was afterwards carried to still greater lengths; the allowance being gradually reduced to five, four, three, and even to two hectogrammes of bread, with a small supplement of biscuit, which frequently was far from being of a good quality. The consequences were such as could not have escaped attention. Upon inquiring into the state of the institution, it appeared that in the short space of two months (Pluviose and Ventose, year 4), the total number of deaths in the lunatic department alone had been twenty-nine, while during the whole of the year 2, twenty-seven had died. A similar but still more deplorable result, was obtained from a survey of the same kind which was made of the hospital de Salpetriere. In the months of Brumaire, (October and November,) of the year 4, there were no fewer than fifty-six deaths, which more immediately were occasioned by the extreme frequency of colliquative diarrhœa and dysentery.’

Asylums for lunatics ought never to be situated, if possible, in great cities. Besides the great inconvenience of such situations in not affording the means of a perfect seclusion, and thus exposing the patients to idle visits, and the impertinencies of misplaced curiosity, they must commonly be deficient in the space, which is requisite to a complete establishment of this nature. A Scotch farmer gained great reputation in the treatment of insanity. This was chiefly founded upon his manner of occupying his patients, which consisted in employing them in agricultural labour. As in children perpetual activity of the body seems necessary to expand their exuberant spirits, it cannot be doubted that the restlessness and agitation of maniacs seeks relief in bodily exertions. Nothing surely then can be more senseless

than to apply confinement, cords and solitude to such a condition, and thus to counteract the strongest indications of nature. Mechanical employment, sometimes to the degree which may be called laborious, seems happily adapted to expend their effervescent excitement, to correct the wanderings of the imagination, and to withdraw the mind from the objects of their hallucination. The following picture gives a pleasing view of this species of employment, and holds forth encouragement to follow so laudable an example :

‘ In a city of Spain, Saragossa, there is an asylum which is open to the diseased, and especially to lunatics of all nations, governments and religions, with the simple inscription, *URBIS ET ORBIS*. Manual labour has not been the sole object of solicitude on the part of its founders. They have likewise sought an antidote to the wanderings of the diseased imagination in the charms of agriculture, a taste for which is so general that it is commonly considered as an instinctive principle of the human breast. In the morning may be seen the numerous tenants of that great institution, distributed into different classes, with their respective employments awarded to them. Some are kept in the house as domestics of various orders and provinces : others work at different trades in shops provided for the purpose. The greatest number set out, in different divisions, under the guidance of intelligent overlookers, spread themselves over the extensive inclosure belonging to the hospital, and engage, with a degree of emulation, in the soothing and delightful pursuits of agriculture and horticulture. Having spent the day in preparing the ground for seed, propping or otherwise nursing the rising crop, or gathering the fruits of the olive, the harvest or the vintage, according to the season, they return in the evening and pass the night in solitary tranquillity and sleep. Experience has uniformly attested the superiority of this method of managing the insane. The Spanish noblesse, on the contrary, whose pride of birth and family presents insurmountable obstacles to a degradation so blessed and salutary, seldom recover the full and healthy possession of a deranged or lost intellect.’

Of the power of pharmaceutical preparations we have already said that Dr. Pinel has a very low opinion ; and he attributes all-sufficiency in curable cases to the physical and moral regimen. We believe that he attaches far too much importance to this regimen : at least the expectations we might be induced to form of it are by no means confirmed by the facts furnished by the work. The insane most commonly die of the same diseases as those which prove fatal to those of sound intellects. The pharmaceutical treatment must therefore be the same as in ordinary cases. But neither on the subject, nor on the use of medicines thought to be suited to insanity, have we met with any

remarks worthy of particular notice. The subject of diet too, one which we think should occupy the first place in a treatise of this nature, we are surprised to find passed over in total silence.

Upon the whole we have received considerable satisfaction from this work. Not that it is distinguished for any novelty in theory or any great improvement in practice; and it is with a very ill grace that the author affects to undervalue the labours of the English writers in the same field. His own cannot bear a comparison with some of the productions of our countrymen for acuteness of observation and profound research. It is pleasant also to remark the parade with which he ushers in the most trite observations. Every thing at first, he informs us, presented to him a scene of chaos and confusion. From established systems he had little assistance to expect; and his first labour was to divest himself of his own prepossessions and the authority of others. He dilates on the variety and profundity of knowledge requisite in the physician who undertakes the treatment of insanity—qualifications with which we are to understand himself to be abundantly endowed. To form a suitable distribution of mental derangement, he felt the necessity of commencing his studies with examining the numerous and important facts, which have been discovered and detailed by modern pneumatologists. When we estimate the product of these mighty labours and profound studies, we are forced to ask with the poet,

‘*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?*’

But we are unwilling to detract from the real merit of the work, merely because it is written in the favourite style of the great nation; and we hope it will be of service to the most unhappy part of our species, by enforcing those maxims of mildness and humanity, which are calculated to afford to them all the alleviation of which their condition is susceptible.

This work has been lately translated by Dr. Davis of Sheffield, who has upon the whole executed his task with elegance and fidelity. The translator has prefixed a long and well written introduction, in which he has given an account of the labours and opinions of the principal writers, both ancient and modern, on the subject. It is published by Cadell and Davies.

ART. V.—*Recherches historiques, &c.*

Historical Researches into the political, civil, and military Government of the Romans, under the Kings, the Consuls, and the Emperors, to the Time of Justinian. By C. F. Delamarche. First Part. 8vo. Paris. 1803. Imported by Deconchy.

THE republican constitution of antient Rome, if we consider the length of its continuance and the beneficial tendency of its effects, the admirable manner in which it secured individual liberty and prevented individual oppression, in which it guarded against slavery on the one hand, and anarchy on the other, with the rude times in which it originated, and the half-barbarous people by whom it was formed, appears to have been a structure, on which the praise of wisdom can hardly be too lavishly bestowed. Of those constitutions which have been formed in a later period, when knowledge and civilization have been more diffused, which, if we except the British, can be compared with that of republican Rome in sagacity of contrivance, grandeur of effect, or solidity of structure? Or what constitution can we name, in which the form has been republican, and the sovereignty elective, which has for any considerable time been able to guard against the usurpation of an individual? But in Rome, where the executive power was chosen by the suffrage of the people, we have an instance of a government, which preserved itself, for the space of more than 400 years, from the abolition of royalty to the times of Sylla, free from the despotic invasion of any individual. In times of great public danger, indeed, particular individuals had been, by general consent, for an interval invested with absolute power, for the public good.—An hereditary executive appears to us at present the best, and, as far as modern experience extends, (for the example of America is almost too recent to justify any inference) the only means of preventing the usurpation of the sovereignty by an individual. The attempt, which was made in this country after the execution of Charles 1st, to establish a republican government, with an elective sovereignty, soon proved abortive, and terminated in the usurpation of a military chief. In France the executive power, after having frequently changed its possessors during the tempestuous period of the revolution, has at last fixed its residence in the hands of a military usurper. But, in Rome, where the sovereignty was vested in two consuls, who were replaced every year, we have no instance of a similar usurpation for more than four hundred years. This is a singular phenomenon, which perhaps it may not be easy to solve. For as the love of power and distinction may be

supposed to operate alike in all ages and all climes, we may suppose that the Romans of that time were not less sensible to ambition, or less eager for aggrandizement, than the inhabitants of Britain or of France in a later period. Whatever may be the age or the country, we believe that, where the power of rule is placed within the reach of any individual, the heart will seldom be found impervious to the incentives of ambition. The splendid exception of a Washington is so rare, that it hardly seems just to rank such a man with the common species. And the singular rarity of the exception, instead of weakening, only strengthens the general conclusion. Instead therefore of attributing the absence of any individual usurpation during so many ages of the Roman republic, to any extraordinary imbecility in the operations of the ambitious principle during that period, we ought perhaps rather to ascribe it to the wise checks and contrivances of the government, which restrained the ambition of individuals within the coercion of the laws, and the bounds of the constitution.

First, the executive of the Roman republic was not lodged in the hands of an individual, but divided between two consuls of equal authority and power; and the equilibrium of both operated as a check on the ambitious views which either of the two might entertain. Secondly, the period of their power was only for a year; so that they had hardly time to make any preparations for the usurpations of the sovereignty, or to tamper with the army, before the fasces of office and the ensigns of command were transferred to their successors. The rapid rotations of persons in places of distinction and of power, seems to be the animating and saving soul of republican liberty; and was particularly observed in the republic of Rome. In the best days of that republic, no man was allowed to taste the sweets or emoluments of office or command, till his palate was vitiated by the continuance, and till he forgot the humble obedience of the citizen in the insolent domination of the chief. In every republic, which wishes to guard against the usurpation of individuals, that command which is great, ought not to be of long continuance. A brief and definite period should be fixed for the termination, which neither merit nor favour ought to be suffered to prolong. Rome lost her liberty by continuing the command of Cæsar in Gaul, so long after the time appointed by law for the expiration. Republics are often called ungrateful, because they are apt to evince a distrust of popular commanders, or meritorious chiefs. But those, who know the fascinations of power, will consider that distrust only as a wholesome jealousy for the preservation of liberty.

No people, who are intent on the preservation of their freedom, will ever behold, without fearful apprehension, any increasing exorbitancy of power, in any individual. It is the patronage with which the executive is invested, which principally renders it so formidable, which multiplies its dependents, diffuses its influence, and consolidates its power. But the patronage which the consuls possessed, was not very great or extensive; and it was always limited by the brief duration of their command. They could not appoint to any of the distinguished offices of trust or power; these the people wisely kept in their own hands; and by this means probably preserved their freedom longer than they otherwise could. In the governments of modern Europe, what is called the patronage of the state, is not vested in the people, but in the executive; which is thus armed with a power that is too often exercised against the public interest. In Rome the public interest and the interest of the magistrate could hardly be at variance with each other; because he owed his appointment to their favour, and was not likely to exercise it so as to excite their displeasure. But, in the governments of later times, the patronage which is possessed by the individual, is employed to corrupt the spirit, or undermine the liberties of the people. It is a power acting in opposition to the public good. It is the conflict of private against the public interest. In Rome, where the great mass of patronage was left in the hands of the people, the government was most eager to obtain the suffrage of popular approbation; but in modern governments, where the patronage is vested in the executive, each individual is striving to become a sort of pensioner on the government. Individuals are continually holding up their hungry jaws, and suppliant faces to the executive for the emoluments of office, or the gratifications of power. In the flourishing era of the Roman republic, the public good was the main spring of political conduct; the good of the community swallowed up all narrow and interested considerations. In modern governments, private interest is the great rule of action; it is influence, or some sordid personal motive of avarice or ambition, which oils the wheels and facilitates the movements of the political machine. It is indeed often said that the executive government of any country cannot be carried on without patronage. But, what is this but to affirm, that no executive government can subsist, unless it can bias men to violate their duty from interested considerations? For of what is the patronage of the executive composed, but of the places of emolument and distinction which it has to bestow? But whence did it happen that the Roman executive could pursue

a career so prosperous and so honourable for so many centuries with so little of that patronage, which seems the great engine with which modern governments operate their effects? The truth is, that there was among the Roman people of those times a degree of public spirit, of which hardly a particle is left among us, or which is transmuted into the base and adulterate material of a calculating selfishness and a vicious interest. To suppose that the executive power of any country would be weak or palsied in its operations without an immensity of patronage, is to suppose not so much that the people are unprincipled, as that the measures of the government are opposite to the public interest. For that people must be even more besotted in ignorance than sunk in vice, which would not support an executive, whose operations were directed solely to their good. But, when that public spirit, which excludes all sinister views and sordid interests, expired among the Roman people, it soon produced the subversion of the government and the loss of liberty.

The Roman government in the purest ages of the republic seems to have been rather a complex piece of mechanism, and composed of adverse and jarring powers; which however, for a great length of time, harmonized in promoting the public good. But whence could this harmony proceed but from that public spirit which was so generally diffused through the body politic, and without which every political body soon becomes a carcase of corruption?

No nation can enjoy any great degree of freedom without a good code of civil and criminal law. For, without this, there can be no security of person or property; and without security of person and of property, political freedom, whatever may be the form of the government, can be but a name. The wisdom of the Roman people is very conspicuous in their jurisprudence; and their laws appear to have been preferable to those of Solon, Draco or Lycurgus. Of the twelve tables indeed, which constituted the basis of Roman jurisprudence, many of the laws were borrowed from the Greeks; but, even here, wisdom was shown in the choice and the adaptation: and great part of the code, instead of being a foreign importation, appears to have been constituted of that common law, which had been established by long usage, and had prevailed even from the times of their kings, some of whom particularly excelled in the art of legislation. The best laws in general appear to be those which owe their existence to their utility, and which usage itself will often establish without the necessity of any particular ratification. Thus the common law of this country, which is the product of long and almost immemorial custom, is hardly equalled in wisdom by the statute law; and constitutes one of the fairest branches

in the tree of English liberty. It is probable in the same manner that at Rome the common law furnished some of the best and most sacred materials for the code of the twelve tables. It is to the wisdom and the utility of the common law of Rome, or of those laws of which the greatest part was not written, that Dionysius of Halicarnassus, (lib. ii. cap. 27,) ascribes the prosperity which Rome enjoyed for so many ages.

Numa did not disturb the laws and customs which Romulus had established. His object was to establish, on the basis of justice, of laws, and morals, a city which owed its origin to violence and outrage. Many of his regulations were preserved by the decemvirs, and inserted in the laws of the twelve tables; and perhaps common usage might give permanence to many of the rest. The three kings who succeeded Numa, made few laws. The warlike reign of Tullus Hostilius caused many to fall into disuse; but Ancus Martius restored those which Numa had enacted in favour of agriculture, and severely reproved those by whom they were neglected. He had these laws engraved on tables, and exposed in the forum to the daily inspection of the people. (Dionys. Hal. lib. iii. cap. 12.) Servius Tullius, who is regarded as the principal author of the civil law among the Romans (*præcipuus Servius Tullius sanctitor legum*), made a collection of laws, of which most were only a re-establishment of the ancient laws of Romulus and Numa; but he added fifty others which were entirely new, on debts, usury, contracts, and robberies; which were confirmed in an assembly of the curiæ. In these laws he rendered the condition of the plebeians equal with that of the patricians in every thing which concerned the administration of justice. They were all engraven on tables and fixed up in the forum; and they composed with those of the other kings that body of laws which was called the *Papian* (afterwards *Papirian*) law, *jus Papianum*, from Caius Papius, who made the collection. Tarquin the Proud abolished the wisest laws which had been established by his predecessors, and subverted the antient constitution, in which there seems to have been no small share of popular liberty. The tables, on which the laws were written, were removed from the forum, and broken by his orders. But the revolution, which put an end to royalty, restored part of the antient jurisprudence. These laws indeed were no longer observed as royal ordinances, but as customs of the country, which had, as it were, been domesticated by established use. It is thus that the laws of Romulus and of Numa were retained. Indeed the patricians, who wanted the assistance of the plebeians in the establishment of the new government, restored the laws of the first kings, and particularly those of Servius Tullius, because they favoured the people.

But the concord between the patricians and the plebeians was of short duration. Their mutual jealousies were not extinguished by the revolution in the government. For the patricians, when they established the consular office, deprived it only of the external symbols, the sceptre and the crown, and not of the real attributes of sovereignty. Thus, according to Livy, (lib. ii. cap. 1.) this new liberty consisted in little more than the exchange of two consuls appointed for a year, instead of a king for life. The new magistrates soon made the people feel the weight of their authority. Fierce and bitter contentions arose, in which the plebeians demanded a code of laws, by which they might be governed without being subjected to the arbitrary vexations of the patricians. After a long period of contention and many delays, ten commissioners, named *decemvirs*, were elected for the purpose of framing a new and equal system of civil and criminal jurisprudence. The code of laws which they formed, was a compound of indigenous growth, and of Greek extraction. These laws were offered to the suffrage of the people, and unanimously approved. Such was the origin of the twelve tables, the laws of which, says Livy, (lib. iii. 34,) though confounded with so many others, which have been successfully accumulated, are still the source of all public and private law. Cicero extols them above all the books of the philosophers. 'The little code,' says he, 'of the twelve tables appears to me to surpass all the writings of all the philosophers in real wisdom and practical importance.' Cic. de Orat. 1. 44.

The historical researches of M. Delamarche into the political, civil, and military government of the Romans, appears, as far as we can judge from the first part, which is all that has reached us, to be executed with learning and ability. The authorities are constantly quoted in the margin; and the language is perspicuous, without much of that false glitter and metaphorical frippery, by which the productions of the French press are so commonly disgraced.

ART. VI.—*Leçons de Physique, &c.*

Lessons in Physics at the Polytechnic School, upon the general Properties of Bodies, and principally upon the Phenomena observed in the capillary Tubes; on the Effects of Heat relatively to the Dilatation of the Metals employed in the Arts, and to the Construction of Thermometers and Pyrometers; upon the Phenomena of the Atmosphere, with

Explanations of the different Kinds of Eudiometers, Barometers, Hygrometers, Anemometers, Anemoscopes, and aërial, aqueous, igneous and luminous Meteors. Digested and published according to the Course of that School, by J. B. Pujoulx. Preceded by an Introduction to the Study of Physics, by Historical Notices upon that Science, and by the Explication of some Phenomena, proper to complete this Part of the Course of general Physics; by the same. With ninety Figures. Octavo. pp. 291. Imported by Deconchy. 1805.

THIS title-page of tedious length bespeaks its origin; and the recesses of a bookseller's shop in Paris breathe the same air as they have long done in the British metropolis. The taste of men must every where be suited with literary productions adapted, in expence, to their ability to purchase, and in matter, to their advancement in knowledge. Many whose time is chiefly occupied in procuring the means of subsistence, must necessarily have recourse to compilations: and though compilations are in their way very good things, as a low man may become very opulent, and remain very excellent; yet as the latter ever retains something indicative of his origin, so the former have a certain flavour of the soil, which betrays the purposes of gain for which they were undertaken. This, however, in these times, we must consider as a venial fault, and rest satisfied if we can discern a sufficient portion of ability and attention in the conducting of the enterprize.

These Lessons, we are informed in the advertisement of the editor, have been taken from the course of lectures delivered every year in 'the most celebrated school of the sciences in Europe.' They have hitherto been known only to those educated in that institution. But the editor, penetrated with the sense of the utility of these elementary parts of physics in general, and with the excellence of this course in particular, to say nothing of other motives, has no longer been able to refrain from presenting to the public this compilation, which may afford explanations of many phenomena, the knowledge of which must be useful in domestic affairs. Besides that this branch of natural philosophy which is explained in an elementary manner, is supposed to be well fitted to be offered to the world at large; above all, on account of the figures which are here added; and which are represented as occupying with advantage the situation of the experiments which they retrace. Some figures indeed may do something of this kind, though the best are awkward and imperfect attempts to imitate nature. But we can only laugh at the ten wretched plates which are pompously proclaimed

in the title-page as ninety figures of supereminent excellence.

We have not the honour of M. Pujoulx's acquaintance, and the editor, amongst the notices of various particulars in his *avis*, has not included any information regarding his literary agent. We are informed however, that sketches of unpublished lectures cannot be published in Paris without the consent of the professor; a necessary piece of information in this country, where we have occasionally seen the whole course of lectures committed to the press without either his knowledge or approbation: and if the restriction of the liberty of publication in France has the effect of preventing such literary robbery, we must confess that it is one good consequence of a very bad system. But the subjects treated in this volume affording employment to several professors of the Institute, and little gaps being occasionally left between the courses of these learned men, M. Pujoulx, 'familiar with these objects,' has been engaged to supply the deficiencies, which he has done in an introduction, and some appendixes. The language of the title-page is however somewhat different, and M. Pujoulx would there seem to play a more important part than the editor is disposed to allow, and to have interfered in the composition of the whole work.

This volume then is of the elementary and popular kind, and is not without a great deal of merit. In the introduction the reader is first let into the secret of the derivation of the French word *physique*, which originally meant the study of nature, and has in our language been so restricted in its meaning as to apply only to the pathological history of the human frame. The origin of the natural sciences is traced briefly but correctly from the early ages of Grecian antiquity to the present enlightened era, since, whatever may be the merits of these latter days in other respects, they claim an undisputed pre-eminency in the profound branches of human knowledge. In this part of the work M. Pujoulx adverts to the artificial divisions, which have been made of the natural sciences, and gives the following remarks, of which the truth is undoubted:

'Notwithstanding, it must be confessed, that it is in vain that men, in order to facilitate the study of nature, have divided into three distinct sciences, with yet further subdivisions, our knowledge of the wonders which every instant strike our senses. It is in vain that they have said to the naturalist, you shall describe, you shall class the living beings, and the mineral substances, as they commonly appear: to the natural philosopher, you shall observe all the general phenomena which shall present themselves to your notice, while you endeavour to imitate in order to explain

them, without attempting to decompose the bodies, lest you should trespass on the province of the chemist, who in his turn shall study the nature, the proportions, and the affinity of their composing parts. It is in vain, I say, that the learned have imposed these laws on themselves, and have wished to set up limits to separate the spaces which each ought to cultivate. Nature, without whose consent these frail barriers have been erected, overturns them at every step, and levelling, unknown to the natural historian, the natural philosopher, and the chemist, the globe around which they make their observations, reunites them every moment on one of those little spaces which in their vain classifications ought to have been the unchangeable property of one of the three.'

The reader, however, is not embarrassed any further with the consideration of these distinctions; and in twelve lessons are explained the principles of part of what the French comprehend under the denomination of physics, excluding however many important branches, and wandering, as if the author were anxious to justify his opinions by his practice, into the regions of chemistry. At the end of the introduction a short account is given of the phenomena of combustion, of crystallisation, of gravity, and of affinity. We have not observed any material error in these sketches, which are exceedingly brief, and can hardly be expected to produce a clear or lasting impression on those *gens du monde* whom the author is so anxious to instruct. It was scarcely to be expected that any great favour was to be shewn to foreigners in a work of this sort; and though on some of these subjects the labours of the British philosophers have been conspicuously successful, we find here little notice of their discoveries. One exception we must make: the name of Newton, the most illustrious of philosophers and almost the greatest of men, is frequently mentioned with that respect which no man, out of regard to his own reputation, can refuse to pay to acknowledged merit.

Upon arriving at the body of the work, the first subject treated of is the extension of matter, which is followed by some considerations concerning infinite divisibility. This latter part is very well explained, and the illustrations used are both more numerous and more happy than those generally employed. At the end of this discussion we are surprised to find ourselves suddenly transported into another region, and without well knowing why or how to have entered into the question of the best method of forming sympathetic inks. It appears as if the author was resolved that so amusing a subject should not be passed over in silence, however little connected with physics, and that science and arrange-

ment should on due occasions give way to the hope of attracting readers by the detail of showy experiments.

There are twelve lessons contained in this volume : of the first of these we have just stated the contents. The second treats of impenetrability and porosity ; and in ten pages we find a sufficiently clear and concise elucidation of these properties of matter. Every where we observe the best theories of the French school, often though not always compared and improved by the speculations of foreign philosophers. No great connexion seems to be thought by the author necessary between the different parts of the work, and he appears satisfied if he can convey just information in clear and precise terms. Under the head of porosity we meet a dissertation upon cutaneous perspiration, though the whole of the relation of that subject to physics, consists in a sort of indifferent pun upon the word porosity. Surely nobody can suppose any analogy between the pores of the skin, which are real holes formed by nature for a specific purpose, and the pores of inanimate bodies, or the distances which exist between the integrant particles of matter. This branch of the subject is too superficially considered.

The third lesson contains a very good account of elasticity: but when the author was relating the experiment of the Academy *del Cimento* upon the compression of water, and observing very justly that it did not prove the incompressibility of that substance, but rather the inadequacy of the means of compression, he should not have forgotten to state that the experiments of Canters in this country seem to have put an end to all doubt, and to have demonstrated that water is susceptible of a certain though moderate abridgment of its bulk by pressure. In the latter part of this section the author adopts the conclusion now generally received; that caloric is the cause of the elasticity of bodies in general, and that it is unnecessary to provide the molecules with any repulsive power, when we have an agent in heat ready at all times to produce the desired disposition to expand.

In the fourth lesson M. Pujoulx proceeds to the subject of affinities, by which he seems to understand what in this country we are accustomed to style capillary and cohesive attraction. There is nothing very interesting in this part of the work. In the fifth lesson a more extensive subject is treated, and we may say justly, one which is daily extending its limits. We allude to caloric, which it may be remarked is throughout great part of this volume called *caloricité*. This branch is allowed in general to belong to chemistry, and accordingly it is not here treated of at large. A few of its properties only are discussed, and a brief account is given 1st. of some of the ef-

fects of heat upon bodies when it does not change their form; 2d, of the different methods of measuring the conducting power of bodies; 3d, of the advantage which the arts derive from the knowledge of these facts. Under these heads a good deal of information is to be found, though little or nothing which has the smallest pretensions to novelty.

The sixth lesson affords a very respectable history of the invention, construction, and use of thermometers, and the seventh contains a similar account of pyrometers. In the eighth lesson the phenomena of the atmosphere are considered; and as it is a more interesting subject, more room is devoted to its elucidation, and more pains have apparently been bestowed. After detailing the common theories, the barometer is described, and its application to various purposes of curiosity and use distinctly stated. A very good account is afforded of the most approved methods of measuring the heights of mountains by means of this instrument, of which the following is the conclusion.

‘It has been remarked, *ceteris paribus*, when the pressure of the atmosphere is equal to 76 centimetres at the surface of the earth, that at an elevation of 102.83 centimetres the mercury falls one centimetre. The air being compressible nearly in the ratio of the weight by which it is charged, at similar temperatures, its density ought to be proportional to the height of the barometer; its inferior strata are then more dense than the superior strata which compress them; and they become more and more rare as they are elevated in the atmosphere. If their temperature were the same, their heights would increase in arithmetical progression, while their density would diminish in geometrical progression: the elevated regions of the atmosphere being colder than the surface of the earth, the density of the superior strata is a little augmented by the cold. It has been observed, that near the temperature of melting ice, a degree of caloric more or less augments or diminishes the volume of the air by $\frac{1}{250}$; whence it follows that we can correct the effects upon the density of the air arising from variations of temperatures.

‘Hence, from the relation between the heights of the atmosphere and its pressure observed by the barometer, we can measure the heights of mountains with this instrument.

‘If at all times and in all its extents the heat of the atmosphere be equal to that of melting ice, it follows that by multiplying by 17972.1 metres, the tabular logarithm of the relation of the heights of the barometer observed at any two stations, we shall find the heights of one of these stations above the other. But this height requires a correction relative to the error of the hypothesis of an uniform heat, and of a temperature equal to zero. It is obvious that if the

mean temperature of the stratum of air comprehended between the two stations is greater than zero, its density becomes less; and we must go to a greater elevation to obtain the same fall of the barometer. We must then augment the multiplier 17972.1 by so many times its 250th part as there are degrees in this mean temperature above zero, which may be done by observing the degrees of the thermometer at the two stations, and by multiplying their sum by 35.944 metres, the product to be added to 17972.1. The density of the mercury must be corrected also by $\frac{1}{5412}$ for each degree of temperature in the two stations, in order to have the height at zero. By means of this rule, we have a very near approximation to the difference of the two heights if the stations are not very far removed from each other.'

In this extract it must be remarked that the measures are French, and the degrees are of the centigrade thermometer.

In the ninth lesson, the consideration of atmospherical phenomena is continued. The different doctrines of the power of air to dissolve or contain water and aqueous vapour are examined at some length, and we have a statement of the opinions of the French philosophers on some of those hypotheses which have recently originated in this island, and which seem to have excited a great deal of discussion, and to have procured some respectable adherents amongst our ingenious and scientific neighbours. We observe the experiments of Mr. Watt on the bulk of steam here detailed, though the name of that philosopher is altered to Walt. The method of measuring the moisture contained in the atmosphere by hygrometers, and that let fall by it by rain-gages is explained, and the results of experiments in various situations are stated. Before the publication of Dalton's Memoirs upon the State of Vapour in the Air, the French in general seem to have been attached to that mode of explaining the evaporation of water, which allows to air a dissolving power by chemical attraction, though at the same time requiring the assistance of caloric. If we may trust this author, the following propositions by Monge constituted the theory of the affinity of air to water.

' 1. The atmospheric air is a true solvent of water; it is susceptible of saturation by it; but the point of saturation is variable according to the different temperatures, so that air requires more water to saturate it at high than at low temperatures.

' 2. The point of the saturation of air is variable according to the pressure which it suffers; so that air absorbs more water to arrive at saturation under a great than under a small pressure.

'3. When air dissolves water and makes it pass into the elastic state, it yields it a part of its caloric, and it suffers a loss of temperature; reciprocally when air becomes supersaturated by water by any other cause than cooling, the water which it is forced to abandon, restores it the caloric which was employed to hold it in the elastic state, and the air becomes hotter.

'4. The specific gravity of air diminishes in proportion as it holds more water in solution: that is to say, air in dissolving water is augmented in volume proportionally still more than in mass.'

The second of these propositions is not altogether obvious. It is founded upon the fact, that when the air is rarified in an air pump, vapour is produced, which is very true, though the cause is not so certain as is here imagined. In this part of the work it is remarked, that though the clouds formed in the air pump may have been long noticed, yet their application to explain the phenomena of rain is recent, and took place only about twelve years ago in France. Now we have proof that a similar application was made many years before in this country, in an Essay on Rain by Dr. Irvine, who supposed the clouds in the air pump to arise from the diminution of temperature which takes place by experiment, that diminution of temperature from a change of the capacity of the air and vapour for heat, and that change of capacity from rarefaction; and all this he applied to explain the origin of rain.

In an appendix to this lesson we find a recapitulation of the theory mentioned in the body of the work, and an account of Dalton's opinions, and of the impression made by them in France on the minds of some of the distinguished philosophers of that country. Dalton conceives that as water evaporates in vacuo, the attraction of the air has no influence upon it; and he shows that there is a remarkable and beautiful coincidence between the column of mercury sustained by steam formed in a vacuum, and that which can be supported by vapour in the atmosphere at the same temperatures. He attributes the existence of vapour to caloric alone, and explains upon this hypothesis many phenomena with singular clearness and ingenuity. Berthollet, we know, in his Chemical Statics, combats this theory, and adduces the instances of nitrous gas and oxygen, as well as those of other aeriform substances, to prove that gaseous bodies may act on each other. Häuy also, in his *Physique Elementaire*, observes that Dalton's hypothesis does not agree with the hydrostatic principle that the pressure to which a fluid is exposed, is equally supported by all parts of it. Laplace, however, has taken a different view, and is disposed to support the opinion of the English philosopher, as far at least as to deny the chemical action

of air upon water or aqueous vapour. The sentiments of that distinguished philosopher are reported in the following terms:

‘Permanent gases may be considered as being formed of molecules separated from each other by interposed caloric, and carried to a greater distance than that of their radius of activity; one force tends to approximate them, and that is, the pressure of the weight which they support, and that pressure forms an equilibrium with the expansive effort of the caloric. In this way of considering the constitution of gases it appears that they may exist without affinity between their molecules. The radii of the activity of gases are very different; as long as these radii are less than the distance of the molecules, mixtures of gases of different natures act as mixtures of permanent gases of the same nature; it is thus that oxygen or azotic and carbonic acid gases act in mixture, and when exposed to compression, as if they were altogether composed of molecules, of oxygen, of azote, or of carbonic acid. But when the radii of activity of the molecules of different gases are greater than those of similar molecules, the gases combine in their mixture; and it is thus that the combinations of oxygenous and nitrous, ammoniacal and muriatic, oxymuriatic and sulphurated hydrogenous gases are produced. In the same manner, if we approximate the molecules of permanent gases to a distance less than their radius of activity, they combine; and it is probably by this approximation that water can be formed by compressing oxygenous and hydrogenous gases in a condensing pump, as has been done by Hassensiratz in the Polytechnic school.’

We cannot afford room to extend this extract, which is however sufficiently interesting. The question of which it treats is one of the most curious of meteorology, and is far from being determined to the satisfaction of the philosophical world. The discussion of it has already produced many valuable experiments, and its ingenious and indefatigable author has distinguished himself no less by the novelty of his theoretical conceptions than by the number, the variety, and the clearness of his experimental observations.

The tenth lesson treats chiefly of winds and their causes, and includes a description of the most approved instruments for observing the direction and measuring the force of these aerial currents. In the eleventh lesson the author proceeds to what he calls aqueous meteors or phenomena, such as rain, hail, snow and dew. There is nothing very remarkable in any of these heads, and the only circumstance worthy of notice is a short discussion regarding the probability of good or bad weather following the indication of the barometer. That instrument, it is generally known, measures the weight of the atmosphere, and not its disposition to part with moisture. But it has been observed that a light atmosphere often precedes rainy weather, though by no means constantly.

Sometimes we have rain with a high barometer, and sometimes fair weather when the mercury sinks. According to M. Pujoulx water is dissolved by the air from two causes, heat and pressure, of which one only is indicated by the barometer; and he endeavours to elucidate the proper inferences to be formed from the observation of the state of the mercury in the following passage, which we quote for the benefit of such of our readers as, having little else to do, obtain some relief from the misery of perfect idleness in attending to the changes of the weather.

‘ Thus by combining these causes two by two we have eight indications, of which four only being the result of the pressure of the air are pointed out by the column of mercury in the barometer. Two are indecisive, since they arise from the united action of the temperature and the density; and the two others depending absolutely on temperature cannot be indicated by this instrument.

‘ The developement of this proposition may be presented so as to be understood by those even who are not accustomed to calculations. Calling P the pressure, p the change of pressure, T the temperature, t the change of temperature, $P+T$ will indicate the variation.

‘ We have 1° $P+T+t$ =good weather.

2° $P+T-t$ =rainy

3° $P+T+p$ =good

4° $P+T-p$ =rainy

5° $P+T+t+p$ =good

6° $P+T+t-p$ =good, variable, or rainy in the ratio of the relation of t to p .

7° $P+T-t-p$ =rainy

8° $P+T-t+p$ =good, variable, or rainy in the ratio of the relation of t to p .

‘ We see then that the barometer only indicates the results of the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 7th, such as they really happen; that with regard to the 6th and 8th it indicates the one in augmentation and the other in diminution, and that the other changes of weather depending on the relations of one and two are not measured by this instrument.’

There is no great reason however to put much faith in this scale in practice, as it must always be a difficult point to ascertain from what cause the rise or fall of the mercury occurs, or rather one wholly out of our power; and the principles upon which the calculation of the above formulæ are made are not unquestionably just.

In the twelfth and last lesson fiery and luminous meteors are the subjects of discussion, and the ordinary theories of their nature and formation are delivered without any thing very peculiar in the method. The work concludes with an explanation of those figures to which we have already alluded.

Upon the whole, this report of the lectures delivered in the French Institute may prove of considerable utility to those

who desire a slight and popular, but correct view of the branches of natural philosophy which it explains. The sketch however is extremely incomplete, and by no means corresponds with our ideas of the extent of that science. In this country courses of natural philosophy for the most part include some account of the mechanical philosophy, of the laws and nature of motion, of optics, of hydraulics, and hydrostatics, of electricity, and of magnetism: all subjects of great interest and importance, susceptible of amusing illustration, and at least as much adapted for the public ear as any part of human knowledge. It is of more consequence however to do well than to do much, and we are unwilling to censure merely for brevity, a fault of which it would sometimes be desirable that we were enabled with justice to complain.

ART. VII.—*Hiob. Ein religieuses Gedicht, aus dem Hebräischen, &c.*

Job; a religious Poem, newly translated from the Hebrew, examined and explained, by Mathias Henry Stuhlman. Hamburg. 8vo. 1806.

THE German language abounds perhaps more than any other in excellent translations of the whole, and of different parts of the Hebrew scriptures. It is besides greatly to the honour of the numerous critics and commentators in that language, that their opinions, equally unbiassed by authority and unfettered by system, are the result of free inquiry and impartial examination. The book of Job has already been illustrated by the elaborate criticisms and penetrating observations of Schultens, Michaelis, Hufnagel, Schnurrer, Eichhorn, &c. But still we welcome every new attempt to elucidate the obscurities, or to heighten the beauty of so difficult but interesting a composition. The book of Job, from the depth of the reflections, the simplicity of the narrative, the sublimity of the style, and the richness of the imagery, will never fail to be perused with singular satisfaction. Its numberless beauties combined with its singular antiquity multiply the attractions and heighten the charm. The author of the present translation appears to have observed a happy medium between a paraphrastic and a literal version, and he has avoided many Hebraisms which disfigure even the translation of Michaelis. Nor does he appear deficient in poetic genius, without a portion of which, no poet can be well translated. The introduction discusses the purpose, plan and antiquity of the book of Job. The author of this poem, says M. Stuhlman, delineates a good man conflicting with

adversity. The object and moral of it is, to warn us against distrust in the divine Providence; and to furnish irrefragable arguments for this belief. But there are who maintain a different supposition; and who consider the discourses of Elihu an unsuitable addition, a part heterogeneous to the whole. According to the account of M. Stuhlman, the poem consists of three different parts; the prologue, the discourses of Elihu, and the epilogue. Each of these he ascribes to a different author. The origin of the poem itself he places in the Ante-Mosaic period; and leaves it undetermined whether the author lived in Egypt or in Idumea. The prologue, he thinks, was composed by a Jew in the time of the Babylonish captivity. This he infers from the mention of Satan, the knowledge of which personage the Jews are supposed to derive from the Babylonians, and to have thenceforward incorporated into their religious creed. The author of the preface was not acquainted with the discourses of Elihu, since he makes no mention of such discourses, or of the person of Elihu, even though he names the three other persons, (11 Chap. 11. v.) who came, as it is said, 'to mourn with and comfort him,' Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, who afterwards reprove the want of resignation in the sufferer, and reason with him on the moral government of God. The discourses of Elihu are accordingly of a later origin than the prologue; or, if they had a previous existence, they could not have been found in all the copies, and particularly in that which the author of the prologue employed. The passage xxxiii 30, proves that they are the productions of a later period; nor is the matter in unison with the simple theology of the whole. Even the poetry of these discourses is not so original or elevated as the rest; they seem compiled with more or less success from the poem itself. This reasoning deserves examination, and at least evinces the sagacity of the writer. But with respect to the first point, though we were to allow, what the author assumes, that the writer of the prologue and of the book of Job itself were different, we should still be unwilling to assert that the prologue any more than the epilogue was an useless appendage, nor does the omission of the name of Elihu appear to justify the inference of M. Stuhlman. Though we do not refer the omission to the oversight of the writer, which is no improbable supposition, it may still have been occasioned not by negligence but design, as he might choose to mention only the three persons who first visited Job in his affliction, and opened the controversy before Elihu came. With respect to the other arguments, they rest on critical considerations which are not likely to obtain general assent. Many men

of penetration and of taste esteem the discourses of Elihu of equal excellence with the rest. If we find in them a frequent recurrence of the same turns and imagery, we should remember that the same thing is found in other parts of the book; and that the eastern poetry in general revolves in a very confined circle of images and thoughts. Though different hands may at different periods have been employed in the construction of the poem, still the supposition that so considerable a fragment, which is so well compacted with the composition of the whole, should have been the work of a stranger in a later period, if it do not exceed the boundary of belief, is placed far within the line of doubt. But at any rate the fact itself is not susceptible of very cogent or satisfactory proof. When the author says that the book was probably introduced into Palestine by David after his conquest of Idumea, that there are allusive passages to it in the Psalms, that it could hardly have been in the Temple-library, that the arrangement of the whole, is imperfect, that there are many verses out of their proper places; these are assertions which require more copious investigation and more ample proof. We meet with some good remarks on the poetic character of the work; and we shall be happy to hear that the author continues to dedicate his time to the critical elucidation of the ancient and valuable records of the Old Testament.

ART. VIII.—*Dernieres Années du Regne, &c.*

The last Years of the Reign and Life of Lewis XVI. by Francis Hué, one of the Officers of the King's Chamber, called by that Prince to the Honour of remaining with him and the Royal Family after the Day of 10th of August. Deboffe. 1806.

AFTER the publications of Cléry and De Moleville, and the works of Mounier and Lacratelle, we confess we did not expect to derive from the work of M. Hué much additional information regarding the history of Lewis XVI. The circumstances which led to the revolution in France, and the secret springs of action which influenced the conduct of the various parties, are reserved for the enquiries of other men than those who merely officiated about the persons of the royal family. The perusal of the volume before us, has served only to confirm our apprehensions: the most hackneyed anecdotes are introduced into the narrative, with the addition of a few unimportant particulars, which we believe may have never before been presented to the public eye; and

the whole is worked up without much skill in arrangement, or even neatness of language.

As we should have expected from one who had experienced the kindness of so benevolent a master as Lewis, and the persecution of his enemies, our author regards every thing with the eye of prejudice. Every event which tended, however indirectly, to produce the revolution, is held out as an object of horror; and the actors in these scenes of danger and innovation are generally confounded in one indiscriminate sentence of guilt. It is but justice, however, to state, that to this there are some exceptions; and M. Bailly in particular, has obtained from our author that acknowledgment which his amiable virtues must ensure, even from those who condemn the cause in which his zeal was exerted. On the other hand, the characters of Neckar and La Fayette are represented with a degree of illiberality, which is hardly excusable even in the retainer of a court. According to M. Hué, the former of these was actuated in his whole conduct, solely by an inordinate ambition; and his schemes for the reform of the government of France, and the restoration of her ruined finances, are, with a shortsighted fervour, regarded by our author as the causes of all the horrors which followed.

‘What,’ he asks, ‘must be the remorse which he (M. Neckar) must suffer—haunted day and night by the bleeding form of the monarch whose misfortunes he has, innocently *perhaps*, occasioned;—by the angry manes of a million of Frenchmen; by the indignation of his age which condemns him; and by the judgment of posterity which will blast his memory?’ (P. 9.)

And does this weak mortal conceive, that the exertions of M. Neckar were necessary to produce the overthrow of a system already sinking under the load of its own crimes and abuses? or does he mean to assert, that the motives of the minister were dishonest and criminal? In our conception, M. Neckar was the man of all others whose salutary counsels bade fairest to stem the torrent which so speedily overwhelmed France. What would have been the effect of any particular line of conduct, in a crisis so trying, no human abilities can determine; but there is little doubt that the fluctuating conduct of Lewis, and the frequent dismissals and recalls of Neckar, served only to weaken the hands of government, without rendering that minister’s advice of any truly beneficial effect.

The errors of La Fayette are magnified by our author into atrocious crimes, and his character is denounced in the following strain of childish invective.

‘M. de la Fayette possessed no one quality calculated to procure him public esteem. An irresolute character, an imagination

without warmth, a want of facility of expression, marked him with the seal of complete mediocrity. His friends had induced the belief that his natural taciturnity, which arose only from a want of ideas, was deep thought. They had attributed to heroism his first voyage to America, which, *according to many*, proceeded from nothing but a frivolous motive. In the American war, M. de la Fayette displayed neither the qualities nor the talents of a general: he neither knew how to improve an advantageous occurrence, nor how to produce it.' (p. 120.)

A general error which we observe to pervade the whole of M. Huë's work is a most unaccountable ignorance of the real state of the public mind throughout France at the period of the revolution. If we believed our author we should suppose, that it had been effected by the exertions of a few conspirators, who contrived to seduce the community into rebellion, and not by the universal sense of the corruption of the government, and the inordinate pressure of its burdens. The supposition in itself must appear absurd; but the history of the events of that period, even from the pen of M. Huë, prove that it is totally groundless.

The famous convention of Pilnitz is spoken of by our author in high terms of approbation, although he appears at the same time to be aware of the designs of the confederated powers to take advantage of the weakness of France, and strip her of a part of her possessions.

'The kings of Europe could not arm in a more just or honourable cause. But the convention of Pilnitz, although originating apparently in a feeling of common interest, had not laid to rest those distrusts among sovereigns, those rivalships, and perhaps even those feelings of ambition, which the disorders in France awakened, and might encourage.' (p. 232.)

Nothing can be more true than the reflection of the French monarch on the attempts of the neighbouring potentates to reinstate him on his throne. In conversing upon this subject with M. Malesherbes during his confinement in the Temple, Lewis observed,

'Were the war to effect the re-establishment of my throne, it is at best a violent method, which, far from restoring to me the affections of my people, would only irritate them more. The throne if reconquered by force would every day experience new shocks; while the ruined state of the finances and the suggestions of a wise policy would prevent me from retaining for a length of time in the heart of the country such a number of foreign troops as would enable me to re-establish order. No sooner should they be removed than the factions would renew their intrigues. It would therefore be more fortunate for me, and more safe for the repose of the state, that I should owe the restoration of my authority to the love of the French.' (p. 456.)

Such are the wise and benevolent sentiments of a monarch, whose history must excite in every breast feelings of reverence for his mild and amiable virtues; while we regret that irresolution of character, which, at least, hastened his destruction. We are willing to acknowledge that in many instances his sanction to the decrees of the assembly was forced from him by the menaces of popular fury, and therefore that they cannot be regarded as free acts by which he was bound. But in the perusal of the work before us, we have remarked a propensity in the author, to represent the king as averse from the whole train of measures by which the revolution was effected. For the honour of Lewis, we sincerely hope that his biographer is mistaken in thus attributing to him, feelings so totally hostile to all his professions: nor do we hesitate to assert that whatever reluctance he might testify to some of the proposed measures, yet the great wish of his heart was to give happiness and freedom to his people.

The same prejudiced partiality which we have already noticed, induces our author to set his face against every thing that may reflect in any degree upon the members of the royal family. Thus the red book, which certainly did contain evidence of the most culpable expenditure of the public money, is passed over hurriedly with a violent invective against the Lameths, who are said by him to have been the only persons, on whom the book proved that money had been improperly expended. We heartily wish that this point could be made out, and that the sums given to the French princes during the administration of Calonne, had been applied to the purpose of educating young men of equal merit with the two Lameths. The character of the queen of France, which has been so cruelly aspersed by the malignancy of faction, certainly did call for some exertions in its defence, on the part of one who regarded her with the awe and veneration which our author professes. General assertion however supplies the place of argument, and the detail of facts; and to close the whole, we are presented with the fulsome compliments which the Chev. Boufflers addressed to her, in the year 1789, in the name of the French academy. Sympathising as we do in the misfortunes of the daughter of Maria Theresa, we find it difficult to avoid admitting, that her influence with the king often ruined the best plans of his ministers, and that it is to her we must chiefly attribute that indecision and seeming want of faith with which the king has been so often charged.

After the execution of the king and queen, M. Huë, although he had been twice thrown into confinement, and on the point of being brought to the scaffold, continued with a laudable courage to watch over the fate of the young

prince, and of Madame Royale. An ineffectual attempt was made by this faithful adherent, to gain admittance to the prison of Lewis XVII. to attend upon him, and alleviate his misfortunes. His application to the *committee of public safety* was rejected, and the unfortunate youth was left to languish under all the miseries which a lengthened confinement, and the brutality of his keepers could inflict. The following is the horrid picture which M. Hué presents to us, on the authority of Messieurs Sornin and L'Anes, under whose care the wretchedness of this prince's situation was afterwards in a great degree alleviated. The young prince, whom some of the regicides called the young wolf of the Temple, was abandoned to the brutality of a monster named Simon, who had formerly been a shoemaker, a debauched drunken gambler. The age, the innocence, the misfortunes, the beauty, the languor and the tears of the royal infant had no power to soften this ferocious keeper; one day, while intoxicated, Simon struck him with a towel, and nearly plucked out the eye of the young prince, whom he had forced by a refinement of outrage to serve him at table.

'Capet,' says Simon to him one day, 'what wouldst thou do to me if these *Vendéens* were to deliver thee?' 'I would pardon you,' replied the young king. Some months after, Simon having been removed from the tower of the Temple, Lewis XVII. remained alone, unprovided with linen or clothes, deprived of all those attentions which were necessary for his age, and entirely at the mercy of the turnkeys. No one made his bed or swept his chamber. His bed clothes were never changed. In the morning and evening they threw to him, rather than presented, some coarse food. Each day new commissaries for the guard of the tower replaced those of the preceding evening. Under the pretext that they must ascertain the presence of their young captive, they called out at the door of his chamber, at all times of the day, and sometimes even during the night, 'Capet, Capet, are you there?' The child suddenly awaking started up in terror saying in a trembling voice, 'Here I am; what do you want?'—'Lay down again,' replied these Cerberuses. (p. 475.)

On the liberation of Madame Royale, now Duchesse d'Angouleme, which took place in 1795, our author accompanied her to Vienna, and afterwards assisted at her marriage in Courland; thus conducting out of France the last relic of the Bourbons which that country contained.

After what we have already said, perhaps it would be injustice not to add, that the work is very handsomely printed, and contains a portrait of Lewis XVI. engraved with great smoothness and delicacy: of the design, which is by M.

Hu  , we cannot say much; but it seems to have cost him no small trouble, if we may judge from his anxiety to explain it, and to tell us what we cannot fail to perceive if we look at the engraving. If these circumstances, and the very particular manner in which he has named the *gardes du corps* who fell in the different struggles at the commencement of the revolution, do not ensure a sale for this volume, we fear we cannot flatter the author with any great hopes from the merit of the work as a literary production.

ART. IX.—*Th  orie du Monde politique, &c.*

Theory of the political World, or of the Science of Government, considered as an exact Science. By Ch. Ilio: 8vo. Paris. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.

WE have read this tract without being much wiser than we were before. It is one of those superficial performances, which are continually issuing from the French press; but what political work of the least value or importance can we expect to issue from the French press, while it continues to be watched by the jealousy or overawed by the frowns of Fouche, Talleyrand or Buonaparte? There is a certain class of writers, who are very happy in giving new names to some very familiar and well known truths, and who thus think that they have made some wonderful discovery, because they find that what was true when expressed one way is equally true when expressed another. This author calls what commonly passes under the denomination of the executive power, *l'homme-pouvoir*; and this *homme-pouvoir* or *power man* or *man of power* should, he says, possess *une force d'impulsion*, or force of impulsion, which is to give life to the government. He moreover tells us that this *homme-pouvoir* should have the *exclusive initiative* of every law, or of what he calls *toutes les volont  s g  n  rales*; for the author seems to think that plain sense would not be good for much if it were conveyed in plain language. He adds that the *corps sociaux*, we suppose that he means the deliberative and judicial powers, should only be employed to sanction those primary motions or *exclusive initiatives* of the executive. Thus therefore he would give the legislative body no power of originating laws, but only of ratifying such laws as the executive might think proper to propose. If this would not prove the subversion of liberty, what would? This author seems to think it more wise to give the legislative a sort of *veto* on the motions of the executive, than, according to the common me-

thod, to enable the executive to negative the will of the deliberative power. It cannot be supposed that the executive would ever propose any laws which should set limits to its own power, or which should in any respect circumscribe its exercise; yet such laws may be often necessary: and though in constitutions where the legislative body may originate such laws, it cannot cause them to be enacted without the concurrence of the executive, yet the mere discussion of them in the legislature, will often produce such a force of public opinion in their favour, as will render it neither very wise nor very safe for the executive to refuse to ratify what the general will demands. The executive power may possess the disposal of the whole public force, and yet where all measures may be freely discussed and laws freely proposed in the legislative body, that body will soon be armed with a moral force, the force of public opinion, which will in the end be no unequal match for the physical force of the sovereign. But where a legislative body is deprived of the power of proposing laws, it can be considered as little better than an assembly, whose sole occupation it is to register the edicts of the sovereign.

ART. X.—*Russland unter Alexander dem Ersten, &c.*

Russia under Alexander the First. An historical Journal, published by H. Storch. Seven Vols. 8vo. with Charts, Copper-plates and Tables. Petersburg. 1805.

M. STORCH had formerly published a Picture of Russia and Petersburg, which was rendered equally attractive by the subject and by the mode of execution. The present Journal, which contains a greater variety of matter, will furnish ample materials to the future historian, who wishes to delineate a government, which is equally remarkable for its beneficence, its justice and its wisdom. In this journal the author makes mention of every thing which concerns the politics, business, trade, arts and sciences, education, progress of civilization, manners, &c. In the political part, the new constitution demands the first place; and from this point of view we survey the legislative provisions of the present emperor. The object of both is to transform the autocracy of the prince into the sovereignty of the law. The introduction of a new government is announced in the establishment of a perpetual council, the abolition of the secret inquisition, the new organization of the senate, and many other measures, the sole object of which appears to be the public good. 'The

emperor,' says the writer, 'is only the executor and guardian of the law; the law is above him, and the exercise of the sovereignty consists in a conformity to the law.' The medal, which has been cast, well expresses this character; we see the image of the emperor in the front, the crown resting on a strong pillar in the reverse, with the inscription, *Lakon* (the law). If the constitution have not accurately drawn the line between the rights of the crown and of the senate, and if, in surveying the plan of legislation, many parts are not disposed in their proper places, we shall find ample compensation in the liberality with which the one promoted, and the noble views with which the other opposed an *immediate* legal constitution. Even the annals of the criminal jurisprudence clearly shew of what the kingdom stood most in need. The author enumerates the several philanthropic institutions for the relief of the poor and distressed, which seem to be under the most judicious management, and subject to the wisest regulations. The emperor prosecutes the system of colonization in his extensive dominions, in the same spirit and on the same plan as the empress Catharine; and many beneficial effects have been the result. Vaccination has made a rapid progress in this vast territory; and even been widely diffused over Siberia. From the amount of the military recruits the author concludes that the population of the Russian empire considerably exceeds 40 millions: for, only two men taken from every five hundred, amounted to more than 74,000. Thus Russia contains more than 18½ millions of males; and, allowing the number of females, which is probably greater, to be only the same, the sum of the population, without reckoning the numerous exemptions, will be 37 millions. What is the intellectual and moral progress which Russia is making under its humane sovereign, it may be difficult to determine; but we may certainly affirm that few governments have paid so much attention to the promotion of knowledge and morals, have exhibited such a comprehensive mind, such enlarged and methodical views, so much liberality and patience, so much art in persuading by example, as that of the emperor Alexander I. The ministry, which has been appointed for the instruction of the people, already expresses the determinate tendency of the government; and since both the education of youth and the diffusion of science have been made part of their province, *the previous principles, for the execution of the general plan*, were the means of convincing the prince (who terms this part of his political administration superior to every other in importance), that the choice of the persons corresponded with his wishes. It would lead us into too great length, only to enumerate the articles

which appear under the title, *public instruction*. The government employs every means in its power to excite the free and vigorous exercise of the mind. The first great step which it took for this purpose, was the ukase of 9th February 1802, in which the office of censor was subjected to new regulations; and though books which contain any thing contrary to religion, to government or good morals may still be subject to prohibition, yet the spirit of the government is the best commentary on the act, and at least, thus much has been gained, that the office of censor has been transferred from the police to the universities, with the exception of St. Petersburg. The order respecting the censorship of the press, of 1804, served to prevent some mistakes in the execution, or some doubts in the interpretation of the first. Besides this circulation of ideas and of knowledge with foreigners, the most animated encouragement is afforded to literary pursuits. The second class of the order of St. Anne is given to almost all writers of merit and in the service of the state; others receive boxes, rings, medals, money for travelling, for printing their works, &c. &c.; and many are the institutions which have been enriched by the munificence of the sovereign. We know not which most to admire, the grandeur of the gift or the delicacy of the giver. The author has collected and published every thing relative to the improvement and diffusion of instruction; but still he has been less communicative than we could have wished, in respect to the inferior schools, and the contrary, in respect to the universities, institutions for a particular purpose, the academies, and private literary corporations. He has devoted so much space to the accounts of the six universities, that of St. Petersburg excepted, that he has mentioned the charters, plan of lectures, the celebrated foreign teachers, the visitations, statutes, boundaries, travels of the learned, &c. &c. Though an university has been founded at St. Petersburg we have met with no particular account of it. The institutions of instruction for *particular purposes*, are continually increasing. There are agricultural schools at Petersburg, Moscow, Kaluga, Mzenok, a commercial school at Odessa, many military schools at St. Petersburg, a pilot-school at Cronstadt for the Baltic fleet, a school for naval architecture at Petersburg; veterinary schools at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Lubny. The Russian academy which the empress Catharine established for the promotion of the languages, and particularly for the improvement of the Russian language, and which was deprived of all support under Paul, has been restored by the present emperor. The imperial academy of sciences at St. Petersburg, which is subject to new regulations, proposes

prize questions and bestows premiums, while it sends pupils to study in foreign parts. The academy of medicine and surgery is considerably enlarged. The emperor is anxious to lay the basis of moral improvement in the instruction of the schools, as well as by more direct encouragements and rewards. The virtue and sobriety of the emperor himself, his retrenchment of all superfluous expense, as of four millions in his household, his boundless beneficence, when any good is to be produced, must operate very forcibly and auspiciously on the public morals. Under the title of *noble and patriotic actions*, M. Storch has collected numerous particulars, which bear ample testimony to the generous sentiments and increasing civilization of the people of this mighty empire. The satisfaction which this pleasing picture excites, is indeed a little abated by the murder of General Boek by his peasants whom he had loaded with benefits; by 512 murders, and 582 suicides, which took place in the year 1803. But when we compare the present times with the past, we shall see that no small progress in civilization has been made, when, out of every 88,000 men, only one has been a murderer or murdered. The emperor has endeavoured to render the theatre subservient to the moral culture of the people. The religious illumination of a people will be better promoted by passive means than by active interference; and, in this respect, the emperor is greater in what he does not do, than in what he does. Soon after his accession to the crown, the emperor defined the rights of the nobility and other classes of men, which had become so precarious under the former government. The nobles enjoy the privilege of first proposing candidates from amongst their own order, for political situations under the government, &c. The last of a noble family possesses the right of disposing of the family estate. The clergy are exempted from all corporeal punishments; the country clergy are excited to turn their attention to agriculture; their office is thereby rendered more useful, and the condition of the citizens and boors has been improved. Since the publication of the ukase of 20th Feb. 1803, 16,000 persons have, in the course of two years, risen to the condition of free husbandmen. The article entitled *the new organization of the Cossacs*, combines all the ukases and descriptions. *The economical administration*, exhibits such sound principles as promise the most beneficial consequences. Such encouragements have been afforded to agriculture during the present reign, and such wise measures adopted, that even the roving tribes of Tartars, &c. begin to adopt habits of tillage. The *instructions of the minister of the interior*, Count Kotschubie, form a new epoch in the administration. In comprehension,

in unreserved communication, in method, and precision, these instructions appear to excel Necker's *Compte rendu*; and while they diffuse such an uncommonly clear light over the political state of Russia, they contain principles which merit an admission into all the cabinets of Europe. In one part of the work, M. Storch exhibits in 21 tables a clear and luminous view of the trade of Russia in all its branches, in the years 1802 and 1803. Besides this we have a description of the new canals which have been finished in the present reign, or which are begun and not yet finished. We are next presented with an account and engraving of the new exchange at St. Petersburg, a magnificent pile of building, 222 feet wide by 234 feet long. The new harbour at Arabat on the sea of Asoph for the reception of merchant vessels, was to be finished in 1807, at the expence of 62,691 rubles. In one paper we have an accurate representation of the origin, the progress, and the present state of the Russian army; and in another we find a description of the Russian marine; an historical view of its commencement, its gradual increase and present situation. At the conclusion of the year 1803 the whole mass of regulars amounted to 395,287 men, including 3316 cavalry and 9305 infantry of the guards; 49,738 marching cavalry, 219,125 infantry, 70,884 garrison troops, 42,919 artillery. The number of invalids amounted to 12,770 men, of irregular troops to 98,211, and a field-battalion of Greeks of 461 men, making a total of 493,959 men, exclusive of 13,084 officers of the staff and superior officers, with a multitude of priests, surgeons, &c.

In the second account, which comprehends the minutest details of the marine, we find that the whole number of sound, useful, and new ships amounted to 32 of the line, 18 frigates, 5 transports, 226 gallies, making in all 5598 guns. The numerous mutilations which people practise in order to render themselves unfit for military service, prove the general aversion from that kind of life. The measures which are taken to prevent this, are severe but not cruel; no corporeal punishment is inflicted, but the family is made answerable. These mutilations prevail most in the governments of Simbirsk, Kasan, Orenburg, Wjatka and Nishegorod; there are villages which cannot furnish a single recruit.—The journal affords but a scanty detail of foreign politics; but the author has published the diplomatic correspondence between Russia and France from the 16th of May to the 16th of August, 1804; and we are obliged to him for more accurate copies than appeared in the newspapers, as well as for an introduction which breathes the true spirit of patriotism.

The geographical part of this journal is less comprehensive and valuable than the rest. The article entitled the *reorganized constitution* of the empire is the most important. The author shews the resemblances and the difference between this and the constitution which was introduced by the empress Catharine, and corrects the errors of most geographers, who suppose both to be the same. Few governments have with their names retained their former divisions; some are divided into more towns and districts; most have experienced diminution. The Russian Atlas, which came out at the end of the reign of Catharine, is rendered of little use by the new alterations. The first voyage of the Russians round the world, which was undertaken in the reign of the emperor Alexander, at the expence and for the benefit of the Russian and American company, is here copiously described. The accounts of the Russian mission to Japan in the year 1792 and 1793, go back as far as that of Captain Spanzenberg in the year 1738, and communicates an extract from the valuable journal of Lieutenant Adam Laxmann.—In the historical part we meet with a biographical sketch of Suwarrow, which contains some new and interesting information relative to that extraordinary character. In the moral details of M. Storch, we meet with accounts of actions which prove, as we have observed before, the increasing civilization of the people, and the wisdom and beneficence of the present government. The emperor Alexander appears to be one of those few crowned heads, whom we can contemplate with unmingled satisfaction. The object of his life seems to be the happiness of the people whom he rules. If we may judge from the measures of his reign, his mind is cast in no common mould; and his heart expands with sensations of benevolence, which, if they often inspire the exertions of the philosopher, we have seldom seen very operative in those who sway the sceptre of nations.

ART. XI.—*Campagnes des Français à St. Domingue, &c.*
Campaigns of the French in St. Domingo, and a Refutation of the Attacks made upon General Rochambeau, by Ph. Albert de Lattre, Ex-Minister of the War-Department for St. Domingo. 8vo. Paris, 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

WHILST the kingdoms of civilized Europe are daily suffering beneath the scourge of revolutionary phrenzy, an

event of the most astonishing nature has occurred among the barbarians of the Western hemisphere. A race of men formerly thought incapable of entertaining a rational idea, have suddenly emerged from slavery to empire; and have in their turn exercised the most despotic tyranny over their once despotic masters. The loss of St. Domingo, so important to France, our author ascribes to the infernal policy of England.

'The English,' says he, 'have pierced the bosom of the nurse of France. The genius, the preserver of France, had applied the salutary balm, which would have healed all her wounds: but the demon who presides over the destinies of England, spread through the colony his poisonous breath, and aggravated the disease. The prosperity of France depends upon the restoration of St. Domingo; the tranquillity of Europe is interested in that colony being peaceably possessed by France, if they wish to avoid the return of the fifteenth century, and not to oblige her to become upon the continent a second Rome. This is what the English desire, because they cannot ensure their existence without delivering up the continent to carnage. They are enraged that the cabinet of the Thuilleries wish all nations to cultivate commerce in security. Venice in the possession of Austria, gives them umbrage; they know that the Venetians have ruled the seas, and that they have enjoyed the commerce of India, through Egypt; they are afraid lest they should recover their ancient glory.'

We shall not insult the understandings of our readers by the slightest attempt to refute the various attacks upon the character and government of our country, which occur in this publication, as they are too contemptible to excite indignation, and are merely the angry overflowings of a disappointed ambition. Who for instance will think it worth his while to listen to a vindication of Englishmen from the charge of piracy, or the insinuation that in England 'high-way robbery is reckoned one of the rights of men?'

There is however one accusation of so ludicrous a nature, that we cannot resist the opportunity of indulging our readers with a hearty laugh.

'The cabinet of St. James's' (p. 22.) 'in order to attain its ends, began with making the English abjure the religion of their fathers, because it had for its basis the love of their neighbour, and unity among men. The religion of England affords this advantage to the cabinet of St. James's, that it dispenses with *auricular confession*. Its antisocial policy stifles the remorse of conscience. What may not be dreaded from such a government?'

If Mr. Perceval had read this book, we do not doubt but he would have imputed to the late ministers the intention of

restoring the Roman catholic religion in compliance with the wishes of Ph. Albert de Lattre.

The charges which have been brought against General Rochambeau, are twelve in number: as it would exceed the limits allotted in our Review to articles of this description, we shall notice only the eleventh, which treats of the surrender of the artillery to Dessalines. It must be recollected, that at the time when General Rochambeau treated with Dessalines, it was impossible to retain the Cape.

‘ The evacuation of the Cape was forced; that of the mole of St. Nicholas must soon follow. It was better to prevent the English from making themselves masters of a part of the colony, and particularly from taking possession of this last place, that they might not make it a pretext for compensation at the time of a general peace. It was a wise policy therefore which dictated, though with regret, the placing of the negroes in a situation to resist England; to punish thereby her perfidy towards France, and to destroy her projects. It would have been a better expedient, it has been said, to surrender the artillery to the English. Doubtless it would, were they actuated by the principles of other civilized nations; but they are more barbarous than the negroes. Their character is worse than that of the robbers of Tunis and Algiers. They would have sold the artillery for a thousand times its value to the negroes, and they would have obliged them, from the want which they felt of it, to deliver up to them their principal places.

‘ By delivering this artillery to the English, they would have left themselves entirely at their discretion, and it is well known with what barbarity the latter conducted themselves at Port au Prince, where they gave up a part of the inhabitants to be massacred, by opening the gates of the city to the negroes, before the colonists were embarked, who wished to follow the army. They would have acted in the same manner at the Cape. The death of a Frenchman inspires the English with the most atrocious joy. It is, they say, *one Frenchman less*.

‘ In order to render the negroes independent of the English, the general then was obliged to abandon the artillery to them. But say his adversaries, by so doing he put the negroes in a condition to resist the French, when they should again display the Imperial flag at St. Domingo. The English, it has been proved, instigated the revolt of the negroes. When they were subdued by General Le Clerc, they caused them to revolt; and though at peace with France, they furnished them with artillery, with arms and ammunition.

‘ It has been pretended that the commander in chief ought to have thrown the cannon, arms, and ammunition into the sea. The general and his soldiers would have perished to a man sooner than have renounced the honours of war. The delivery of the artillery to the negroes, gave them ten whole days to evacuate the place, which enabled the inhabitants of the Cape to follow the

army. As to the English, they from the first refused to grant the troops the honours of war; they demanded the feeble remains of the army to surrender at discretion. The commander in chief notified to them, that if they persisted in their pretensions, which were dishonourable, he would set fire to the frigates and French ships which were at anchor in the bay, and that he would endeavour to force his way with the troops to St. Domingo, though certain of perishing from the overpowering numbers of the negroes. He would then have been obliged to abandon the Cape to the ferocity of the English and the negroes. Can any thing be conceived more cruel? Lives there a Frenchman who would have been savage enough to throw the artillery into the sea, with a certainty that by this action he should condemn his brave troops, and the whole white population to inevitable destruction? Soldiers, who had the courage to die when their honour was at stake, surrendered their artillery to save the lives of seven thousand old men, women, and children. They had the honours of war. The massacres which followed on the evacuation of the Cape, are to be ascribed to the barbarous policy of the cabinet of St. James's!!!

Such is the defence of every accusation alledged against General Rochambeau, and such the groundless anger and contemptible spite of the author against our brave and generous countrymen.

RETROSPECT

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

ART. 12.—*La Bataille d' Austerlitz, &c.*

The Battle of Austerlitz. By the Austrian Major-General Stutterheim. 8vo. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.

THE consequences of the battle of Austerlitz were too fatal to the cause of Europe, not to render a detailed account of it interesting, even to the reader, who has no skill in military tactics. The author of the present publication, commanded a brigade of Austrians on that memorable day; and, as under a government like that of Austria, he would hardly have ventured to publish the particulars (at least with his name attached to it), unless he felt himself sanctioned by the highest authority, it may fairly be considered as the official Austrian account of the battle.

At any rate the work bears evident internal evidence of authenti-

city. The author nowhere attempts to conceal or palliate the inability or the mistakes of the generals of the allied army, nor to undervalue the marked and superior talents of the enemy. The particulars will be peculiarly interesting to military readers. The general causes of the eventual result of this great engagement, are thus summarily drawn up :

‘ It will not have escaped the observation of the experienced soldier, that it is principally to the following causes that the loss of this battle is to be attributed. To the want of correctness in the information possessed by the allies, as to the enemy’s army; to the bad plan of attack, supposing the enemy to have been entrenched in a position which he did not occupy; to the movements executed the day before the attack, and in sight of the enemy, in order to gain the right flank of the French; to the great interval between the columns when they quitted the heights of Pratzen; and to their want of communication with each other. To these causes may be attributed the first misfortunes of the Austro-Russian army. But, in spite of these capital errors, it would still have been possible to restore the fortune of the day in favour of the allies, if the second and third columns had thought less of the primary disposition, and attended more to the enemy, who by the boldness of his manœuvre, completely overthrew the basis on which the plan of attack was founded.’

It is obvious from the whole tenor of General Stutterheim’s account, that the battle of Austerlitz was a contest of genius against incapacity. Many a man may be able to manœuvre 10, 15, or 20 thousand men with credit and success, who would feel himself utterly incompetent to the command of a larger army. Kutusow indeed, the commander in chief, was at the commencement of the action completely disconcerted by a movement of the enemy, which took him by surprise, and let him know that he was attacked, when he had intended and fancied himself to be the assailant. The combined troops are represented by our author to have amounted to 82,000; but a French officer, who has republished this work at Paris with notes, remarks that the Austrian general has evidently diminished the real strength of the allies *by one-fifth*. We are not able to settle this difference.

This publication has lately been translated by Major Coffin, assistant quarter-master general in the British service. British military officers, though possessed of acknowledged and transcendent bravery, are in general scandalously ignorant of their profession. It gives us real pleasure whenever we see any of them rising above their fellows, and improving their minds by useful professional knowledge.

ART. 13.—*Clef des Phénomènes de la Nature, &c.*

A *Key to the Phenomena of Nature, or the living Earth.* By M. Chérel Dessaudrais, formerly an Advocate in St. Domingo. pp. 367. 8vo. Paris. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.

THAT France should have her Bréduns, Guests, and Siblys, is

perfectly natural. M. Dessaudrais is of the same genus. He candidly avows however his consciousness of being mad, and to that effect consulted his physician, who assured him, after feeling his pulse, that he was not a fit patient for the *petites maisons*. We are of the same opinion, as we are not disposed to apprehend any serious consequences, from the author's renewal of the obsolete notion of our globe's being a living animal, a huge tortoise. M. Dessaudrais is also seriously grieved that his animal-earth should live alone, as he considers the animal-moon to be at too great a distance to be a husband to the animal-earth, which he likewise apprehends never sleeps. The elegant *niaiserie* and sentimental *sottise* of St. Pierre were tolerable ; but the tasteless, vulgar *galimatias* of the present writer are beneath contempt.

ART. 14. *De l'Indigestion, &c.*

Observations on Indigestion: in which is satisfactorily shewn the Efficacy of Ipecacuanha in relieving this, as well as its connected Train of Complaints peculiar to the Decline of Life. By M. Daubenton, Member of the Royal Med. Soc. Svo. Paris. Imported by De Conchy.

THIS is a memoir which which was read many years ago by its very respectable author, before the Parisian Royal Society of Medicine. Its object is to recommend the use of ipecacuanha to relieve that system of indigestion, which depends on a debility of the coats of the stomach. In consequence of this (an affection which is apt to be very harrassing in old age, though not peculiar to that time of life,) this organ becomes unable to expel its contents, it becomes loaded with flatulence, and a train of depressive and distressing symptoms are produced. To relieve these, M. Daubenton had recourse in his own person, to the use of very small quantities of this medicine taken early in the morning, when the stomach is empty, himself a medical practitioner ; but experiencing relief from this practice, benevolence prompted him to communicate it for the use of others. The original having become very scarce,* the translator (Dr. A. P. Buchan) thought it would be useful to diffuse by the medium of an English dress, a practice which promises to be beneficial, and which is but little known in this country. We believe he has judged right: for we find that this little tract, which bears strong characteristics both of a sound judgment, and a lively imagination, has, in the course of a very short time, arrived at a second edition: a cogent proof, as the translator observes, either that the complaints, for which the author recommends this medicine, are very prevalent, or that the afflicted have derived benefit from the use of it. The first hypothesis we know to be true. We wish that the second may be so likewise.

* The English translation is published by Callow, price 1s. 6d.

ART. 15.—*Histoire Abrégé de la Campagne de Napoleon, &c.*
An Abridgment of the Campaigns of Napoleon the Great in Germany and Italy until the Peace of Presburg, revised and corrected by an Eye Witness, and dedicated to the Grand Army. Paris. 12mo. 1806.
 Imported by Deconchy.

WHOEVER has read the *Moniteur*, has read this book. The motto prefixed to it is horrible blasphemy. Alluding to Buonaparte, the author has prefixed these words: ‘*Fuit homo missus a Deo.*’

GERMANY.

ART. 16.—*Actemässige geschichte der Räuber-Banden, &c.*
Judicial History of the Banditti on both Banks of the Rhine. By Citi-zen Becker, Justice of Peace in the District of Simmern. 8vo. 2 vol. Cologne. 1806.

AT the conclusion of the war between France and Germany at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, numerous bands of robbers were formed in the countries bordering on the Rhine and the Moselle, which had suffered so much by the ravages of war, and who perpetrated an incredible number of devastations, which were often accompanied with circumstances of the most revolting cruelty. These persons were not suppressed, or at least dispersed without incredible pains and considerable difficulty. The author gives an account of the atrocities which were committed by this banditti, with the apprehension and punishment of the principal offenders. They had formed themselves into nine gangs or classes, which were named from the places or countries from which they came. The history of the two first classes, or of the Holland and Brabant gangs, is given in the first volume; and the second describes the robberies and murders of the rest. The seven last gangs consisted according to computation, of 205 persons, who had committed 360 robberies, and to the amount of three and a half millions of francs. Notwithstanding all the pains which were taken, we are informed that 124 of these criminals escaped from the hands of justice. Though the multitude of atrocities which are here related, cannot but produce horror and disgust, yet the history is in many respects instructive both to the moralist and the judge. Among the most depraved of these miscreants, we sometimes remark a trait of virtue or of sensibility, as was evinced in Buckler the victorious leader of the Moselle gang in the affection for his wife; and in Fetzer the chief of the Neuwied-band in the tender concern and fondness for his children. And the judge will find many interesting hints with respect to the confession of criminals.

AMERICA.

ART. 17.—*The Gleaner, a miscellaneous Production, in three Vols. 12mo. By Constantia. Published according to Act of Congress. Boston.*

THE generality of these essays were first published in the *Massachusetts Magazine*; the favourable reception which they met with no

their first appearance induced the ingenious authoress to publish them collectively; yet through extreme diffidence she has forbore to indulge us with her name. Reader, the 'Gleaner' of America which we here recommend to thy notice, is not a collection of epitaphs or old women's stories, such as the 'Gleaner, through England and Wales' has of late favoured us with, but an assemblage of moral essays, criticisms, and historical characters, written for the most part in language clear and expressive. The greatest fault which we find in this transatlantic writer, is that she is too flowery, and sometimes affected; that her compound words are too numerous, and not always elegant; that she adopts words which are unknown in the mother-country, such as *grade*, *approbate*, *celebrious*, *orphanage*, *tempest*, (used as a verb,) and many others of American growth, and that her quotations from poets in blank verse, are printed like prose, no attention being made to metrical arrangement. Notwithstanding these faults, which in an English author would be considered inexcusable, we should be happy to see them reprinted in this country, which the authoress is desirous of doing, if they meet with a favourable reception from the critics, to whom she has sent them over from America for the purpose. We shall present our readers with a pretty long extract, from which they will be able to form some judgment concerning Constantia:

'I do conceive that the hand of skilful cultivation may implant an ardent thirst for knowledge; or, in other words, a love of reading in that mind of which it was not the original growth; nay, further, I affirm, upon the authority of experience, that the useful and fertile exotic will take as deep root, flourish as luxuriantly, and produce as plentiful a harvest, as in its native soil; and perhaps the conformation of this artificial taste, is one of the *most eligible uses which can be made of novel reading*. Curiosity in the minds of young people is generally if not always upon the wing; and I have regarded curiosity, combined with necessity, as the grand stamina of almost every improvement. Narrative, unencumbered with dry reflections, and adorned with all the flowers of fiction, possesses for the new-plumed fancy a most fascinating charm; attention is arrested, every faculty of the soul is engaged, and the pages of the interesting and entertaining novelist are almost devoured. Thus an attachment to reading is formed, and this primary object once obtained, in that paucity of those kind of writings, *which the watchful parent will know how to create*, the entertaining biographer will become an acceptable substitute; the transition to history will be in course; geography constitutes an essential part of history; and the annals of the heavenly bodies will ultimately be studied with avidity. Pope's Homer may originate a taste for poetry, even in the very soul of frigidity; and a perusal of the beautifully diversified and richly ornamented numbers of the *Adventurer*, induces a peregrination through every essay which has been written, from the days of their great primogenitors, Steele and Addison, down to the simple numbers of the humble Gleaner. In this view, novels may be considered as rendering an important service to society; and I question whether there is not less risk in

placing volumes of this kind in the hands of girls of *ten or twelve years of age*, than during that interesting period which revolves from *fifteen to twenty*. The mind is instructed with much more facility at an early age, than afterwards ; and I have thought that many a complete letter writer has been produced from the school of the novelist ; and hence, possibly, it is, that females have acquired so palpable a superiority over us, in this elegant and useful art. Novels, I think, may very properly and advantageously constitute the *amusement* of a girl from *eight to fourteen years of age*, provided always that she pursues her reading under the judicious direction of her guardian friend ; by the time she hath completed her fourteenth year (supposing the voice of well judged and tender premonition has occasionally sounded in her ears) I am mistaken if her understanding will not have made such progress, as to give her to rise from the table with proper ideas of the lightness of the repast ; of the frivolity of those scenes to which she hath attended ; of their insufficiency, as sources of that kind of information which is the offspring of truth, and of their inability to bestow *real knowledge*, or those substantial qualities that nerve the mind, and endow it with the fortitude so necessary in the career of life.

‘ Under the requisite guidance, she will learn properly to appreciate the heroes and heroines of the novelist ; repetition will create satiety, and she will have risen from the banquet before the consequences of her intoxication can materially injure her future life. She will have drank largely, it is true, but revolving hours will give her to recover from her inebriety, and happily those hours will intervene ere yet she is called to act the part assigned her ; and she will have extracted every advantage within the reach of possibility from this life of reading, while the pernicious effects attributed thereto, can in no respect essentially hurt her.

‘ When a torrent of novels bursts suddenly on a girl, who, bidding adieu to childhood, hath already entered a career, to her of such vast importance, the evils of which they may be productive are indeed incalculable ! Aided by a glowing imagination, she will take a deep interest in the fascinating enthusiasm they inspire ; each gilded illusion will pass for a splendid reality ; *she will sigh to become the heroine of the drama ; and, selecting her hero, it is possible she may be precipitated into irremediable evil, before she may have learned to make a just estimation of the glittering trifles by which she is thus captivated.*’ I say, therefore, I would confine novels to girls from eight to fourteen years of age ; and I would then lay them by, for the amusement of those vacant hours, which, in advanced years, are frequently marked by a kind of *ennui*, the result, probably, of a separation from those companions, with whom we have filled the more busy scenes of life.

‘ I grant that novels, and a proper direction, might be made much more extensively subservient to the well being of society, than, with a *very few exceptions*, they have ever yet been. Was not love, unconquerable, unchanging, and omnipotent, their everlasting theme, they might abound with precepts and examples conducive to the best of

purposes. This remark leads to the consideration of the question proposed by my anxious correspondent. *In my toleration of novels, have I not exercised a discriminating power?* Most assuredly I have. There is a class of novels, and of plays, which it appears to me should be burnt by the hands of the common executioner; and were it not that the *good natured world* generally takes part with the sufferer, I could wish to see strong marks of public odium affixed upon the authors of those libidinous productions.

'But it is as painful to dwell upon subjects of reprehension as it is pleasurable to hold the pen of panegyric—let me hasten, therefore, to a selection which I have conceived indisputably worthy of preference; and, in the first grade of those writings, that take rank under the general description of novels, and that are entitled to the highest notes of eulogy, I have been accustomed to place the history of *Clarissa Harlowe*.

'In my decided approbation of this admired production, I have the satisfaction to reflect that I am not singular. My paternal grandfather, who was one of the most respectable characters of the era in which he lived, indulged, perhaps to excess, an invincible aversion to novels. Yet, the Holy Bible and *Clarissa Harlowe*, were the books in which he accustomed his daughters to read alternately, during those hours in which he attended to them himself. The Rev. James Hervey, Rector of Weston Favell, in Northamptonshire in England, celebrated as well for an exemplary life and purity of manners, as for the elegance and piety of his literary compositions, in a treatise written upon the education of daughters, recommends *Clarissa*, as a suitable present to those young ladies, who are to be trained in the paths of virtue and propriety; and a *late writer*, has asserted, that *Clarissa Harlowe* is the *first human production now extant*. He hesitates not to place it, for *literary excellence*, above the *Iliad of Homer*, or any other work, ancient or modern, the sacred oracles excepted.

'But without taking it upon me to defend this opinion, I will only say, that it appears to me admirably well calculated as a useful companion for a female, from the first dawn of her reason, to the closing scene of life. It has been said that many a *Lovelace* has availed himself of plots, fabricated and developed in those volumes, which would never else have entered his imagination—be it so, I only contend for the placing them in female hands: and I affirm that they contain the best code of regulations, the best directions in every situation which they exemplify; in one word, the best model for the sex, that I have ever yet seen portrayed. The character of *Clarissa*, it has been asserted, is too highly wrought: but I ask, what perfection did she possess that we should be willing to dispense with, in the female, whom we should delineate as an accomplished woman? Was I to advance an objection against a work of such acknowledged merit, I would say that it is the character of *Lovelace*, and more particularly of the *Sinclairs*, the *Martins*, the *Hortons*, and the *Harlows*, of those pages, which are too highly wrought. It is surely much more easy to conceive of an

amiable woman, acting precisely as did Clarissa, than of that degree of turpitude and inexorable severity, which must have preceded the perpetration of actions so black, and the manifestation of rigour so ill founded and unrelenting.

‘It has been generally imagined that Clarissa’s only deviation from strict propriety, consisted in her flight from the protection of her father; but a moment’s reflection will evince the error of this conclusion; *that cannot be a fault to which I am compelled.* Clarissa met her betrayer with a design to remonstrate, and to conciliate, but with a *determined resolution not to abandon the paternal mansion*; it appears that she was precipitated upon that fatal step, and, environed by the deep laid machination of the deceiver, her escape would have been miraculous, yet she continued to struggle; and even at the moment she was hurried away, the beauteous sufferer still vehemently protested against accompanying the wretch, who was armed for her destruction. Clarissa’s error, (*if indeed, all circumstances considered, she was ever in any sort reprehensible*) must be traced further back; it consisted in her correspondence *after the parental prohibition, and in her consenting to meet the treacherous villains*. Yet, when we take a view of the motives which stimulated her to those decisive measures, we can scarcely deem her censurable; and she extorts from every bosom that kind of applause, which we spontaneously yield to persecuted merit.

‘Love, in the bosom of Clarissa, was always subservient to virtue: It would never have taken the lead of duty; and, had she been left to the free exercise of her fine faculties, had she been permitted to call into action those rare abilities of which she was mistress, she would have *completely extricated herself from every embarrassment.* Love, in the bosom of Clarissa, was *the noblest of principles*; it was uniformly solicitous for the *genuine felicity, establishment and elevation of its object*; but it would never have permitted her to have allied herself to a man, who could *barbarously triumph in the destruction of that sweet peace of mind, which is the bosom friend of the innocent and of the good*; who could *inhumanly meditate the ruin of those confiding females who were entitled to his pity and his protection.* Liberated from the resentment of her hard-hearted relations, and moving in that enlarged and elevated sphere to which her matchless intellect and uncommon information entitled her, she would doubtless have investigated. The libertine would inevitably have stood confessed, and would as assuredly have been discarded from her favour. In one word, love, in the bosom of Clarissa, was what I wish, from my soul, it may become in the bosom of every female.

‘The deportment of Clarissa, after Lovelace had so artfully betrayed her into a step which her judgment invariably condemned, has been the subject of much cavilling; she is accused of undue haughtiness; but surely such censurers have not well weighed either her character and situation, or that ambiguous mode of conducts which the despoiler so early assumed. How often did he *hold her soul in suspense*, and how necessary was it for his nefarious purpose, thus to do.’

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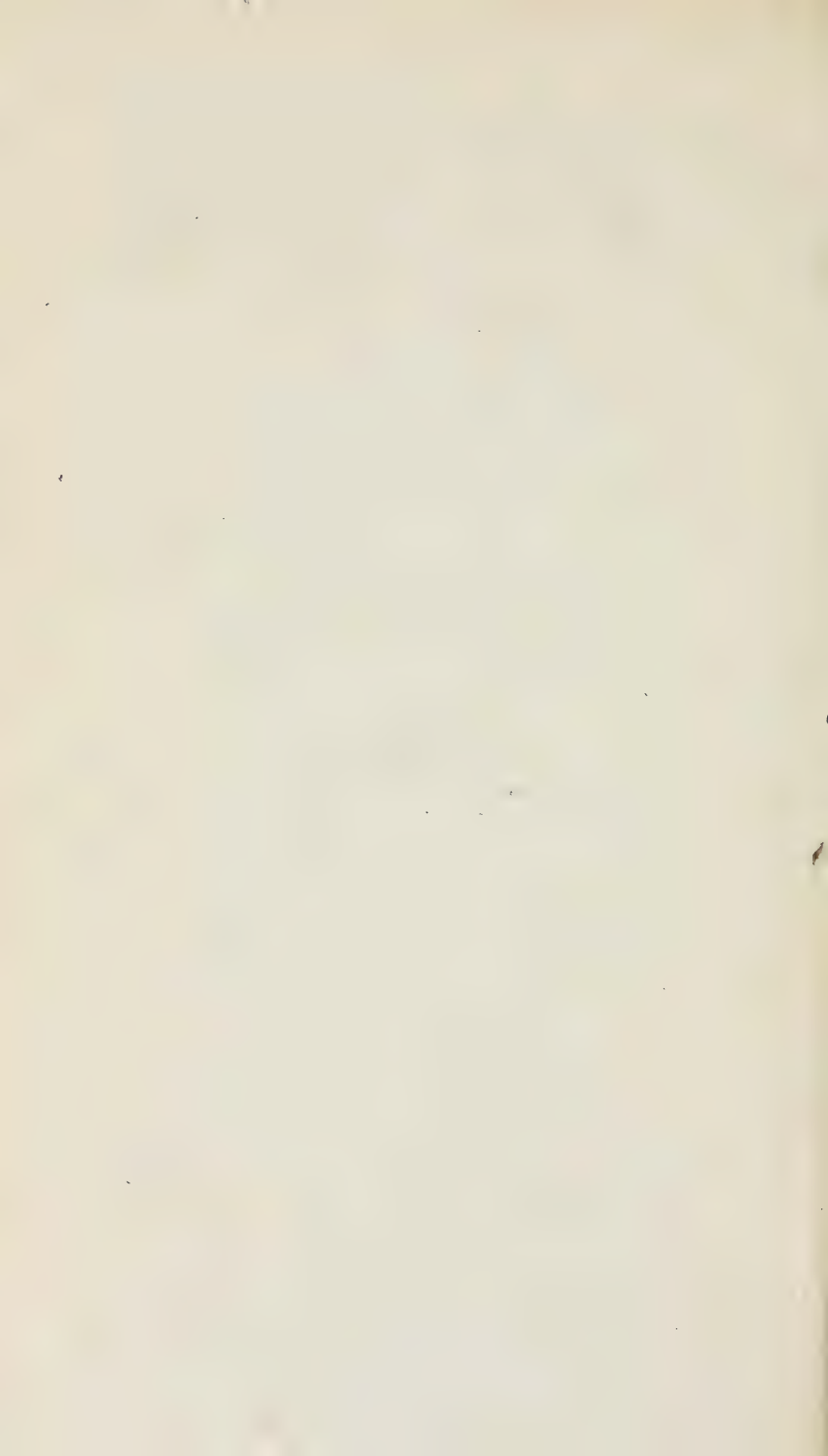
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